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# CARMINA

FOR THE

# SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AND

## SOCIAL WORSHIP

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

REV. LEWIS W. MUDGE, D.D.

AND

REV. HERBERT B. TURNER.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

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# PREFACE.

IN this volume, a sincere effort has been made to provide a hymnal worthy of suited to the occasions of Sunday School life. To this end every publicati American and foreign, that promised a reward to faithful search, has been examined.

The tunes, new and old, have also been carefully chosen within the range children's voices, and adapted to the hymns and the character of the service. T design has been to accomplish for the Sunday School, within the limits of hymnals youth, what has been done for the worship of the greater congregation.

Special attention has been given to scriptural hymns, and a larger number didactic hymns of high character admitted than would be appropriate in a book adults. A selection has been added for teachers' meetings and Sunday School pray meetings, which, it is believed, will be welcome.

Copious indexes have been furnished to facilitate the intelligent and ready u of the hymns, with the hope that the service of song in the School may be as intimate connected with the other exercises, and made as much a part of the worship as it is the Church service.

LEWIS W. MUDGE.
HERBERT B. TURNER.

*New York, 1894.*

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# CARMINA

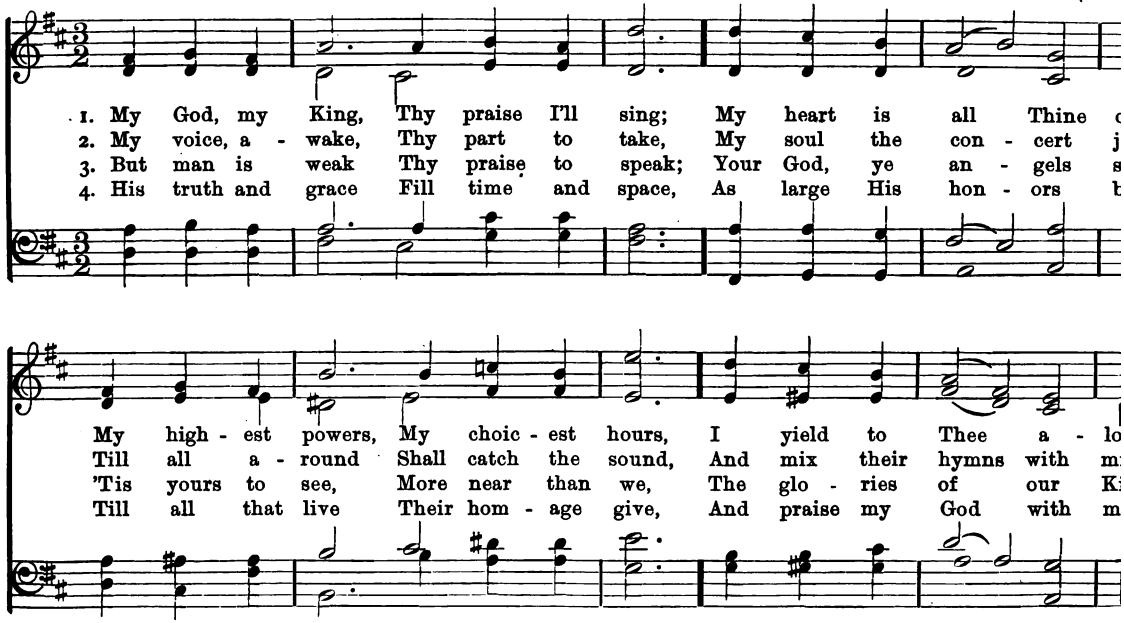
FOR THE

# SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## INVOCATION.

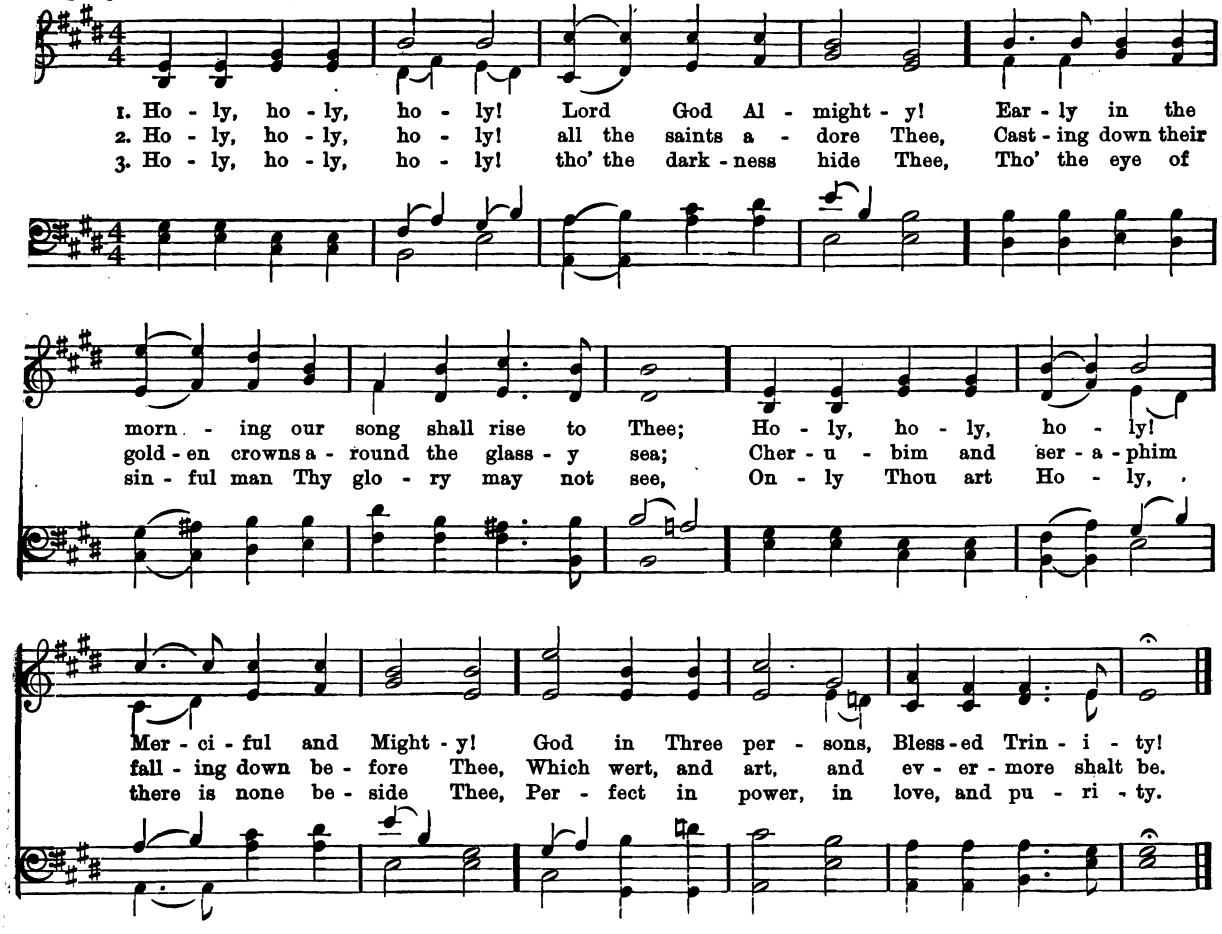
1

### My God, my King.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834. "BRACONDALE." Josiah Booth (1852-

1. My God, my King, Thy praise I'll sing; My heart is all Thine
2. My voice, a - wake, Thy part to take, My soul the con - cert
3. But man is weak Thy praise to speak; Your God, ye an - gels
4. His truth and grace Fill time and space, As large His hon - ors
My high - est powers, My choic - est hours, I yield to Thee a -
Till all a - round Shall catch the sound, And mix their hymns with
'Tis yours to see, More near than we, The glo - ries of our
Till all that live Their hom - age give, And praise my God with

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

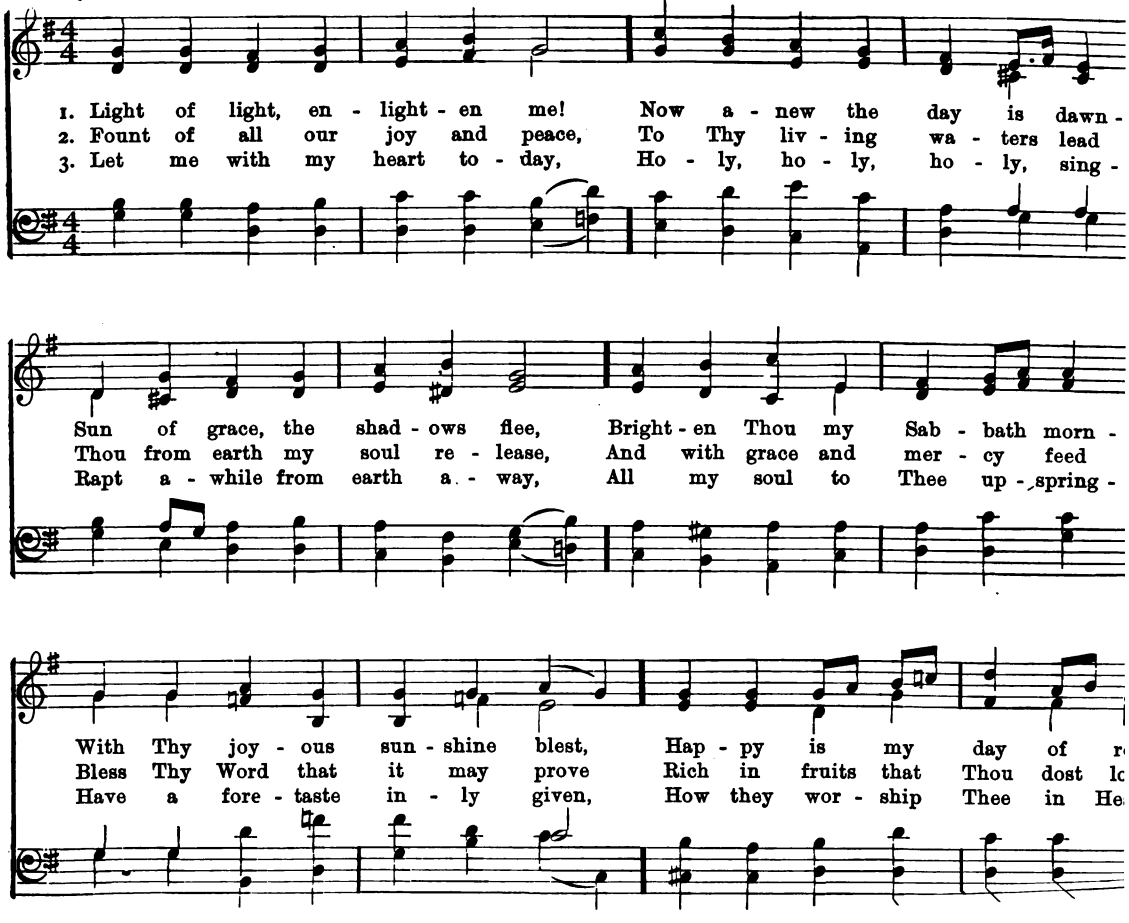
Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827. "NICÆA." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876) 1861.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

# 3 Light of Light, enlighten Me.

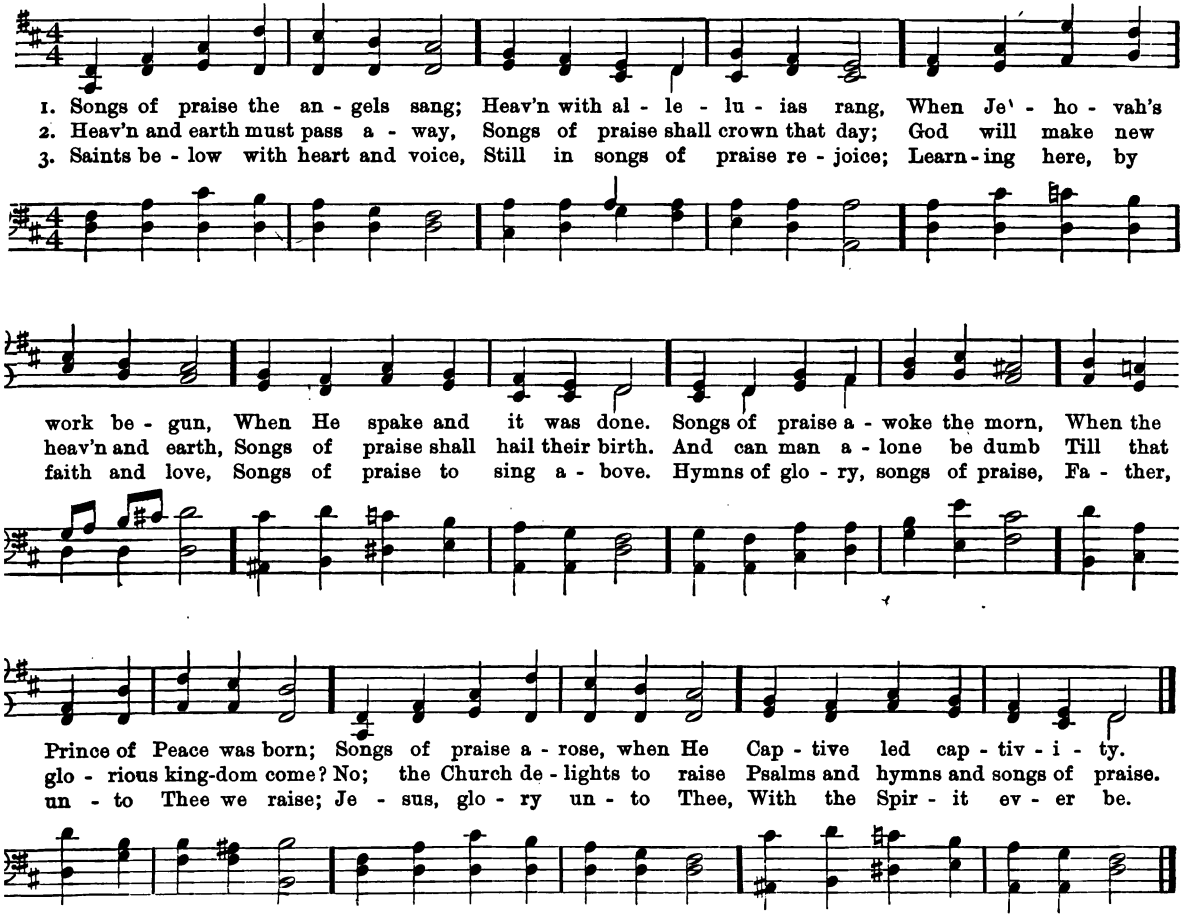
Rev. Benjamin Schmolke (1672—1737), 1704.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1858.

"LUX LUCIS."

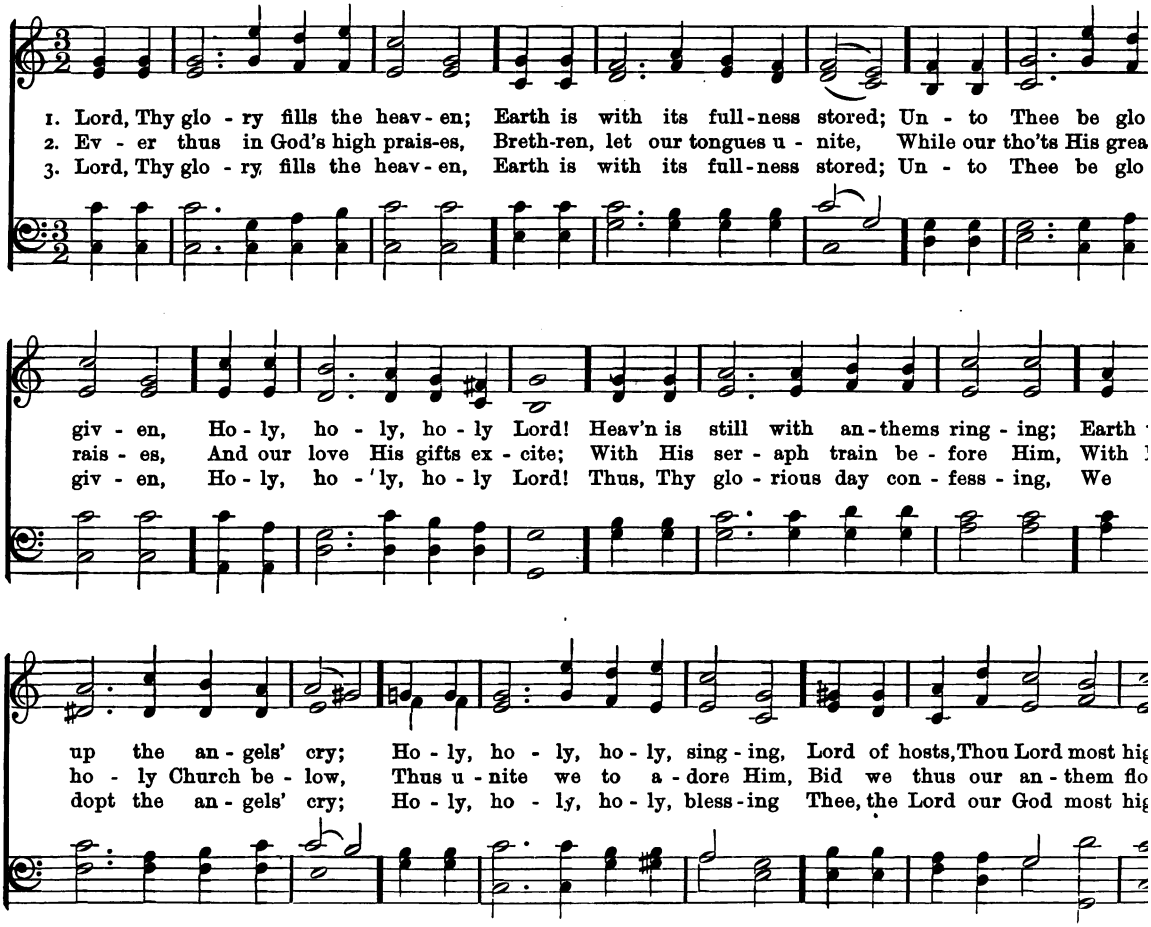
Joseph Barnby (1838— )

1. Light of light, en - light - en me! Now a - new the day is dawn -
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead
3. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing -
Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee, Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn -
Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed
Rapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee up - spring -
With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of r
Bless Thy Word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost lo
Have a fore - taste in - ly given, How they wor - ship Thee in He

# Songs of Praise the Angels sang.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819. "HONITON." E. Flood.

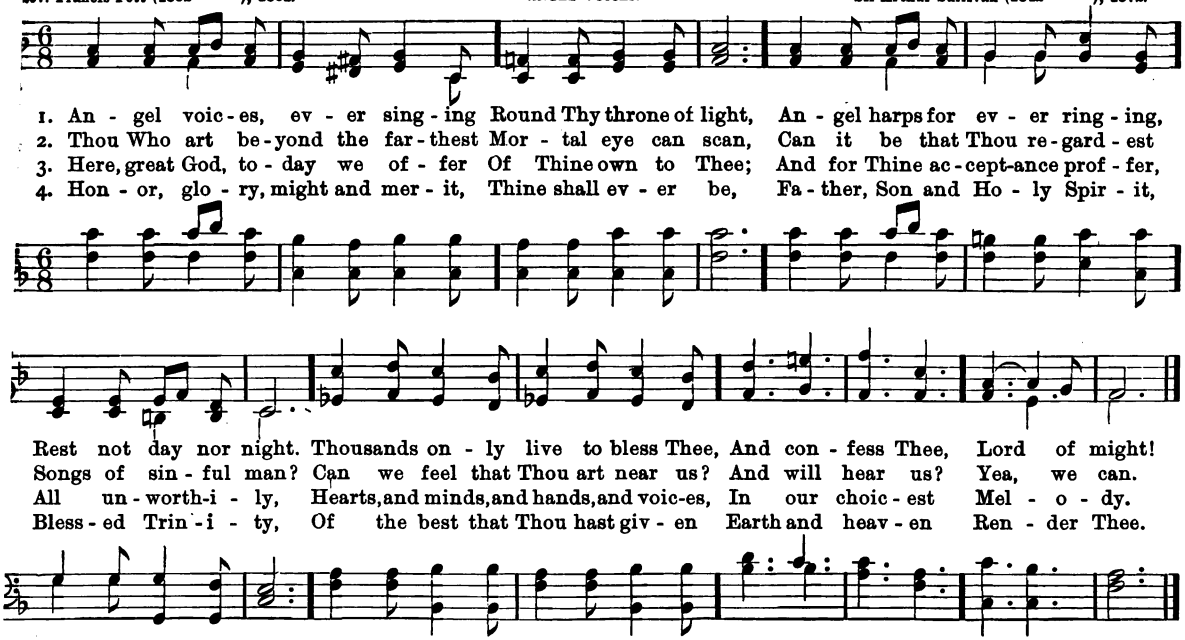

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je' - ho - vah's
2. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new
3. Saints be - low with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by
work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the
heav'n and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that
faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther,
Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
glo - rious king-dom come? No; the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
un - to Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it ev - er be.

# 5 Lord, Thy Glory fills the Heaven.

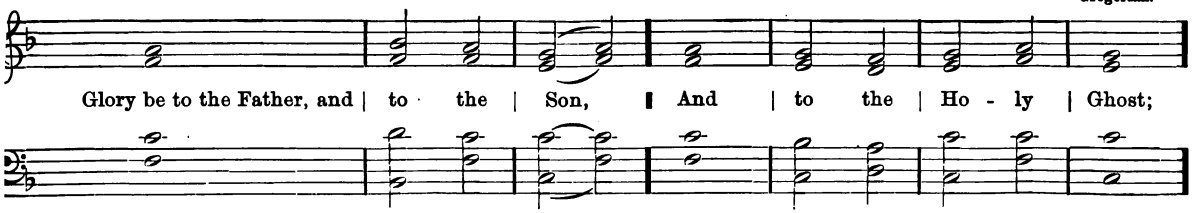
Bp. Richard Mant (1776—1848), 1853. "FABEN." John Henry Wilcox (1827—1875), 1

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais-es, Breth-ren, let our tongues u - nite, While our tho'ts His grea
3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its full - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heav'n is still with an - thems ring - ing; Earth
rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite; With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - 'ly, ho - ly Lord! Thus, Thy glo - rious day con - fess - ing, We
up the an - gels' cry; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most hig
ho - ly Church be - low, Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flo
dopt the an - gels' cry; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most hig

# Angel Voices, ever Singing.

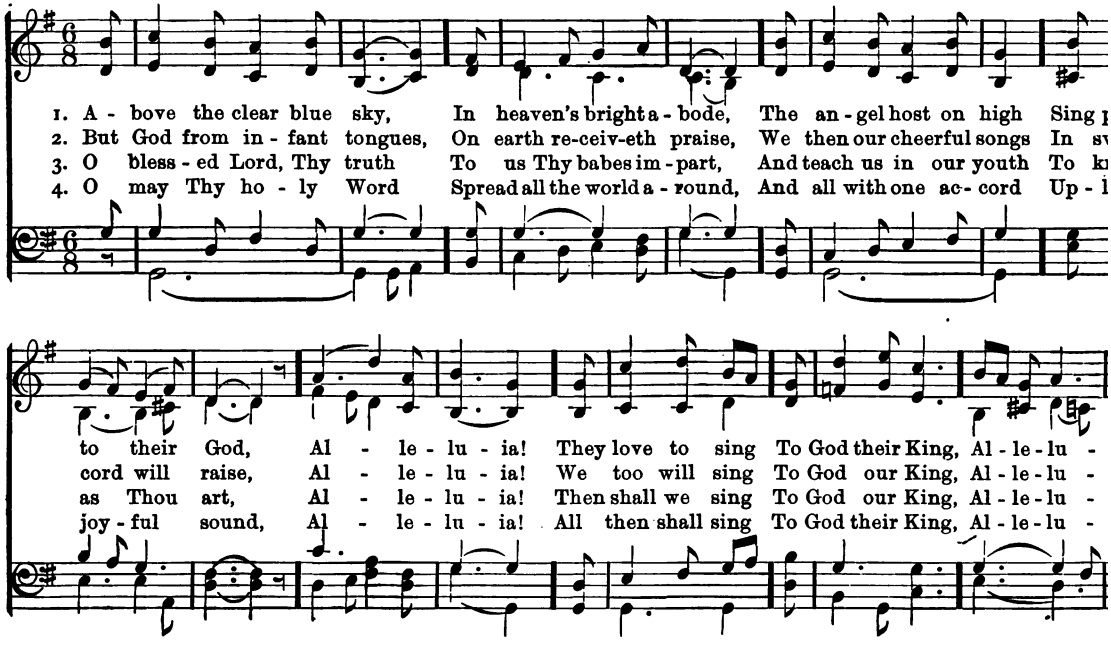
Rev. Francis Pott (1832— ), 1861. "ANGEL VOICES." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ), 1872.

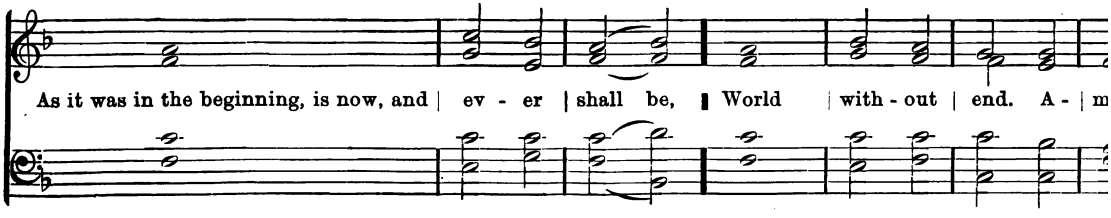

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing,
2. Thou Who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine ac - cept-ance prof - fer,
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it,
Rest not day nor night. Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us? And will hear us? Yea, we can.
All un - worth-i - ly, Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voic-es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.
Bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Of the best that Thou hast giv - en Earth and heav - en Ren - der Thee.

## 7 Gloria Patri.

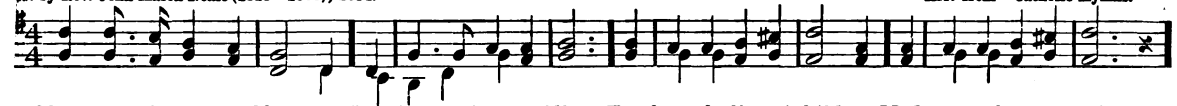
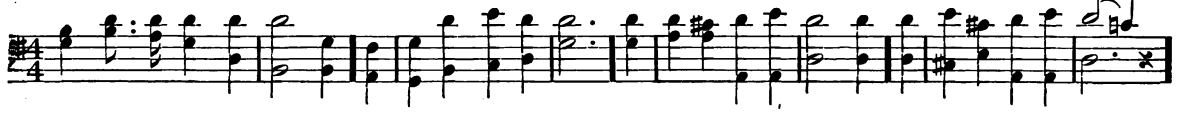
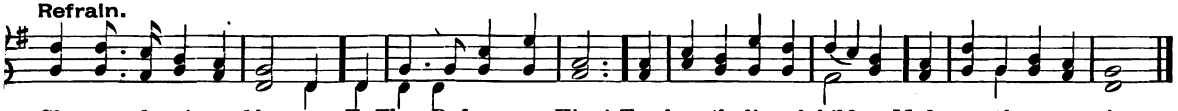
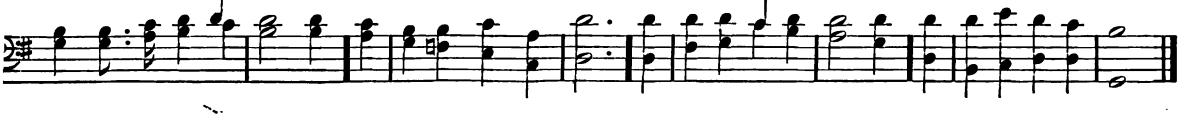
Gregorian.

# 8 Above the clear Blue Sky.

Rev. John Chandler (1806—1876), 1841. "CHILDREN'S VOICES." Edward John Hopkins (181

*Voices in Unison.*

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a - bode, The an - gel host on high Sing
2. But God from in - fant tongues, On earth re-ceiv-eth praise, We then our cheerful songs In s
3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us Thy babes im - part, And teach us in our youth To k
4. O may Thy ho - ly Word Spread all the world a - round, And all with one ac - cord Up - l
to their God, Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King, Al - le - lu -
cord will raise, Al - le - lu - ia! We too will sing To God our King, Al - le - lu -
as Thou art, Al - le - lu - ia! Then shall we sing To God our King, Al - le - lu -
joy - ful sound, Al - le - lu - ia! All then shall sing To God their King, Al - le - lu -

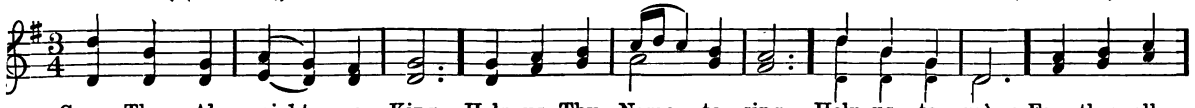
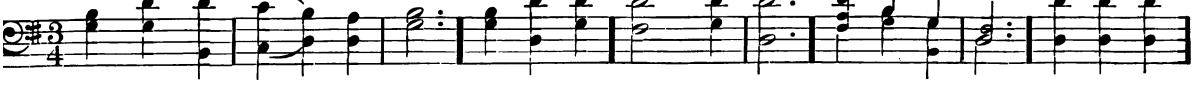
## Gloria Patri.—Concluded.

# Glory and Praise and Honor.

Theodulph of Orleans.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1854.

Arr. from "Catholic Hymns."

. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To Thee, Redeemer, King! To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.
. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son, Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and blessed One.
. Thou didst accept their prais-es; Accept the pray'rs we bring, Who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King!

Refrain.

Glo - ry and praise and hon-or To Thee, Redeem-er, King! To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.

# 10 Come, Thou Almighty King.

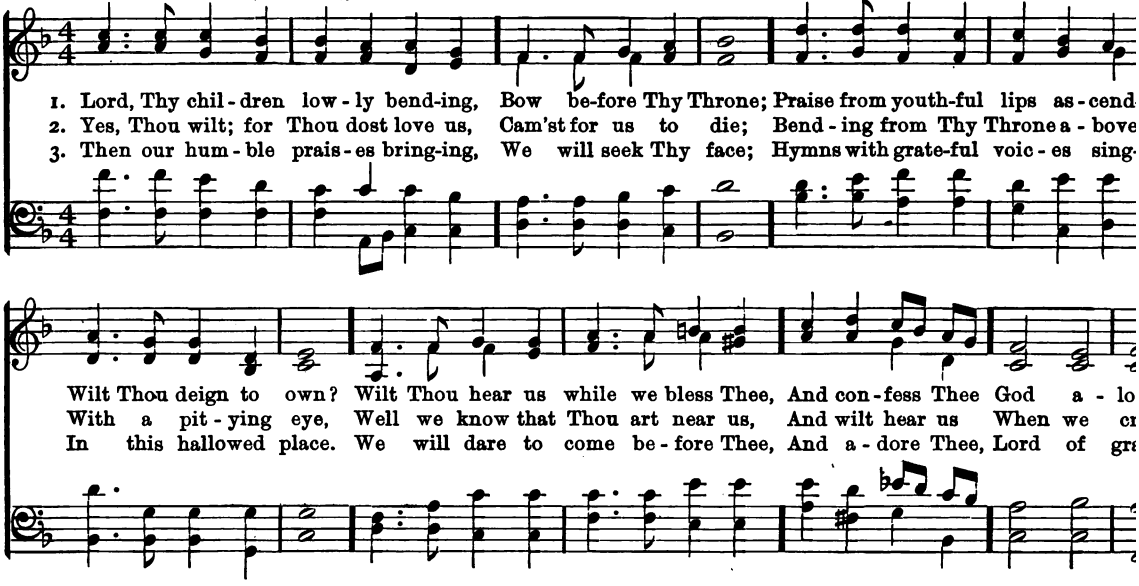
Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1757.

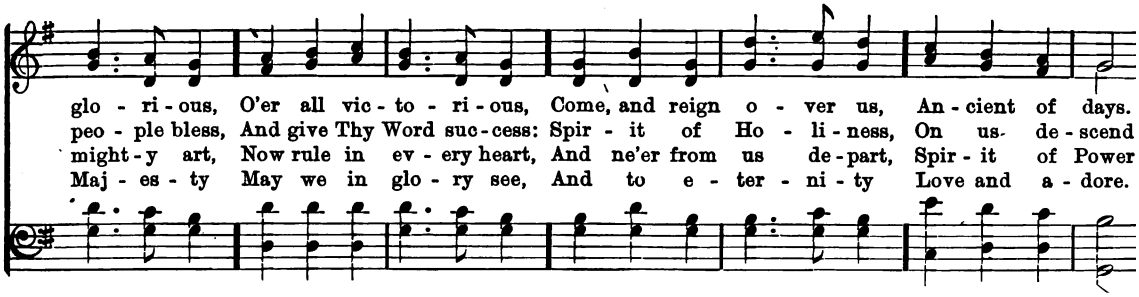
"ITALIAN HYMN."

Felice Giardini (1716—1796), 1765.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all -
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who Al -
4. To the great One and Three E - ter - nal prais - es be Hence, ev - er - more. His Sovereign

11

# Lord, Thy Children Lowly Bending.

Rev. Thomas Alfred Stowell (1831— ), 1875. Walter Cecil Macfarren (1826—

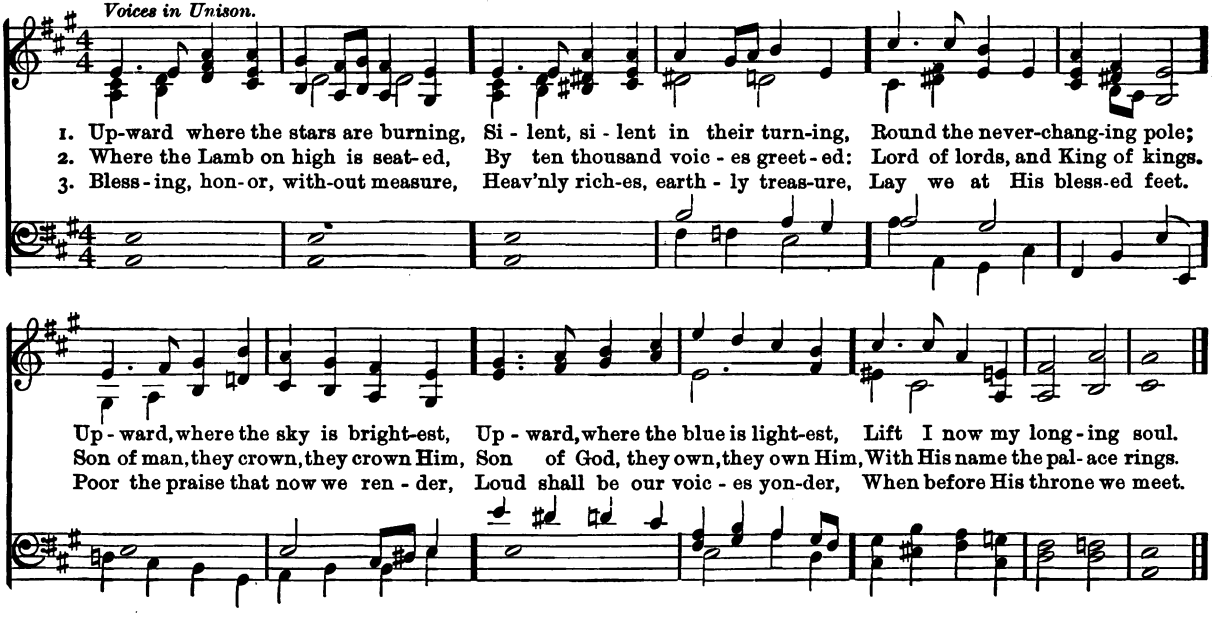

1. Lord, Thy chil - dren low - ly bend-ing, Bow be-fore Thy Throne; Praise from youth-ful lips as - cend
2. Yes, Thou wilt; for Thou dost love us, Cam'st for us to die; Bend - ing from Thy Throne a - bove
3. Then our hum - ble prais - es bring-ing, We will seek Thy face; Hymns with grate-ful voic - es sing
Wilt Thou deign to own? Wilt Thou hear us while we bless Thee, And con-fess Thee God a - lo
With a pit - ying eye, Well we know that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us When we cr
In this hallowed place. We will dare to come be - fore Thee, And a - dore Thee, Lord of gra

## Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of Ho - li - ness, On us de - scend
might - y art, Now rule in ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of Power
Maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## 12 Upward, where the Stars are Burning.

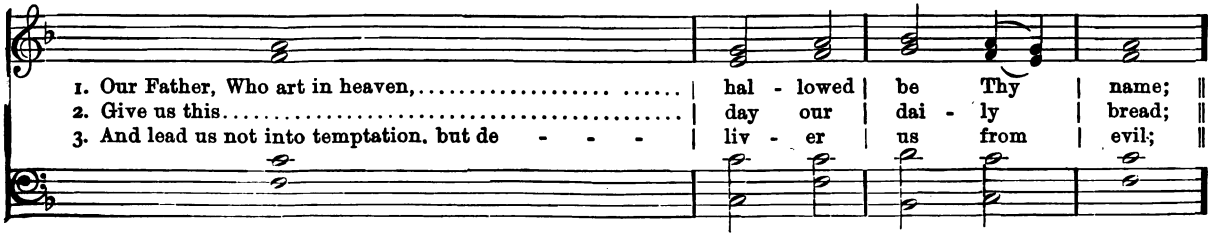
Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1866. "BONAR." John Baptiste Calkin (1827— ), 1872.

*Voices in Unison.*


1. Up-ward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing, Round the never-chang-ing pole;
2. Where the Lamb on high is seat-ed, By ten thousand voic - es greet - ed: Lord of lords, and King of kings.
3. Bless - ing, hon-or, with-out measure, Heav'nly rich-es, earth - ly treas-ure, Lay we at His bless-ed feet.
Up - ward, where the sky is bright-est, Up - ward, where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His name the pal-ace rings.
Poor the praise that now we ren - der, Loud shall be our voic - es yon-der, When before His throne we meet.

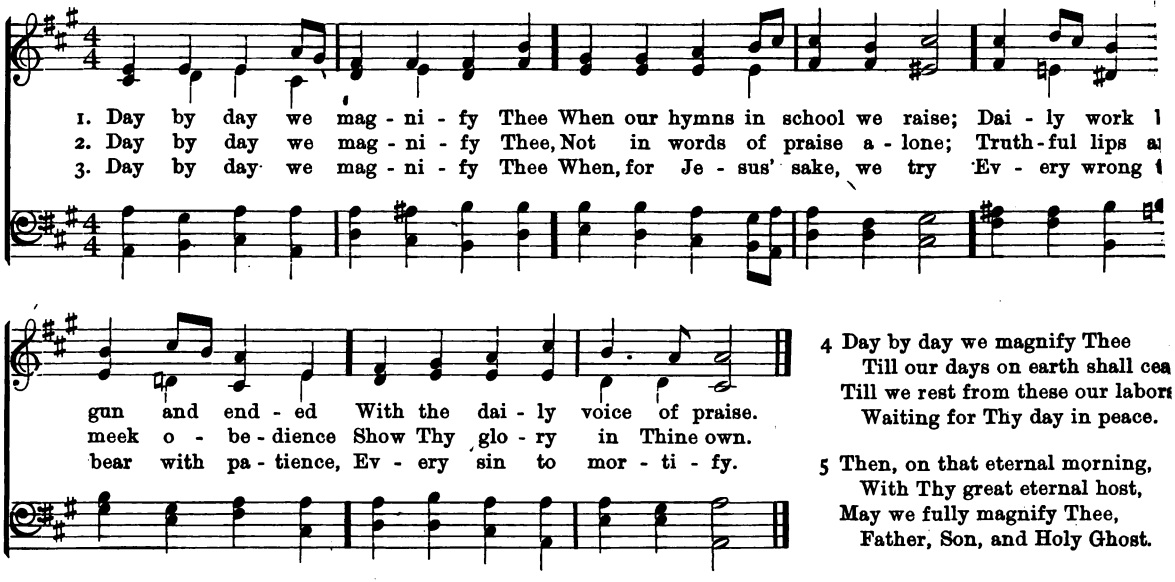
## 13 Our Father, Who art in Heaven.

Matt. 6 : 9–13. Gregorian.


1. Our Father, Who art in heaven, ..... hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this ..... day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - - - liv - er us from evil;

# 14 Day by Day We Magnify Thee.

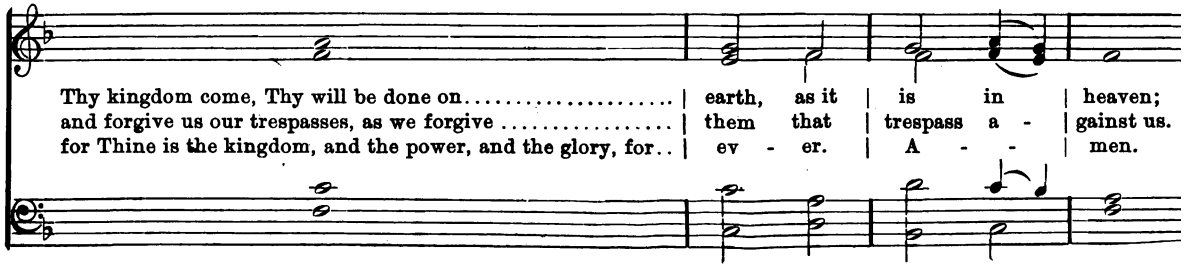
Rev. John Ellerton (1826— ) 1858. "DAY BY DAY." Rev. E. S. Carter (1845—


1. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee When our hymns in school we raise; Dai - ly work
2. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee, Not in words of praise a - lone; Truth - ful lips a
3. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee When, for Je - sus' sake, we try Ev - ery wrong
gun and end - ed With the dai - ly voice of praise.
meek o - be - dience Show Thy glo - ry in Thine own.
bear with pa - tience, Ev - ery sin to mor - ti - fy.

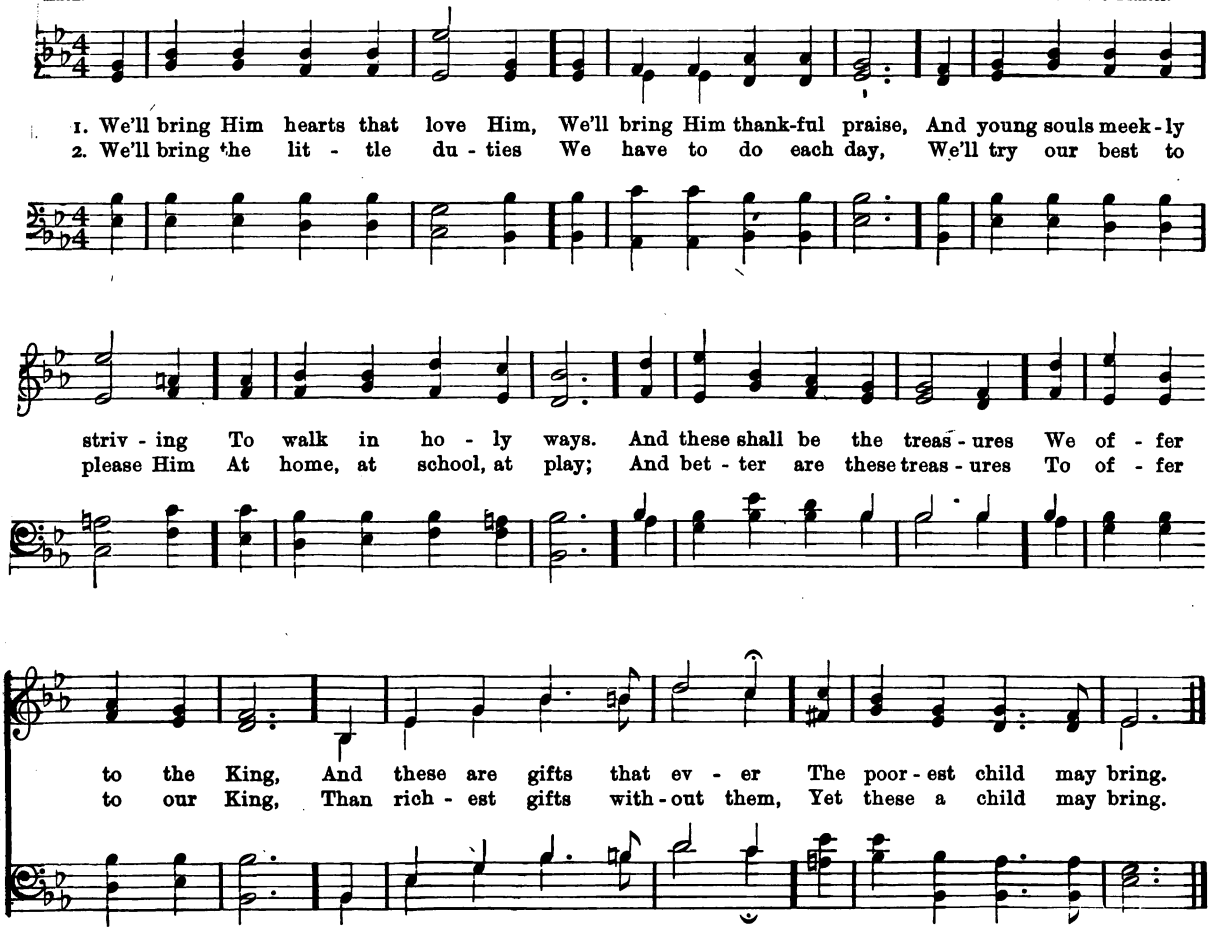
4 Day by day we magnify Thee
Till our days on earth shall cea
Till we rest from these our labors
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

5 Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great eternal host,
May we fully magnify Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## Our Father, Who art in Heaven.—Concluded.


Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on..... | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive ..... | them that | trespass a - | gainst us.
for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for.. | ev - er. | A - - | men.

# 5 We'll Bring Him Hearts that Love Him.

Anon. "GREENLAND." Lausanne Psalter.

1. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thank-ful praise, And young souls meek-ly
2. We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties We have to do each day, We'll try our best to
striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways. And these shall be the treas - ures We of - fer
please Him At home, at school, at play; And bet - ter are these treas - ures To of - fer
to the King, And these are gifts that ev - er The poor - est child may bring.
to our King, Than rich - est gifts with - out them, Yet these a child may bring.

## 16 Singing for Jesus.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1890. "NAAMAN." Sir Michael Costa (1818–

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Sing - ing for Je - sus, the Lord whom w
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to love Him, and join in th
3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Shepherd and Guide, Sing - ing for glad - ness of heart that H
4. Sing - ing for Je - sus, O sing - ing with joy! Thus will we praise Him and tell out Hi

All ad - o - ra - tion we joy - ous - ly bring, Long - ing to praise as they praise Him a
Call - ing the wea - ry and wan - der - ing in, Roll - ing the cho - rus of glad - ness a
Sing - ing for won - der and praise that He died, Sing - ing for bless-ing and joy that H
Till He shall call us to bright - er em - ploy, Sing - ing for Je - sus, for ev - er a

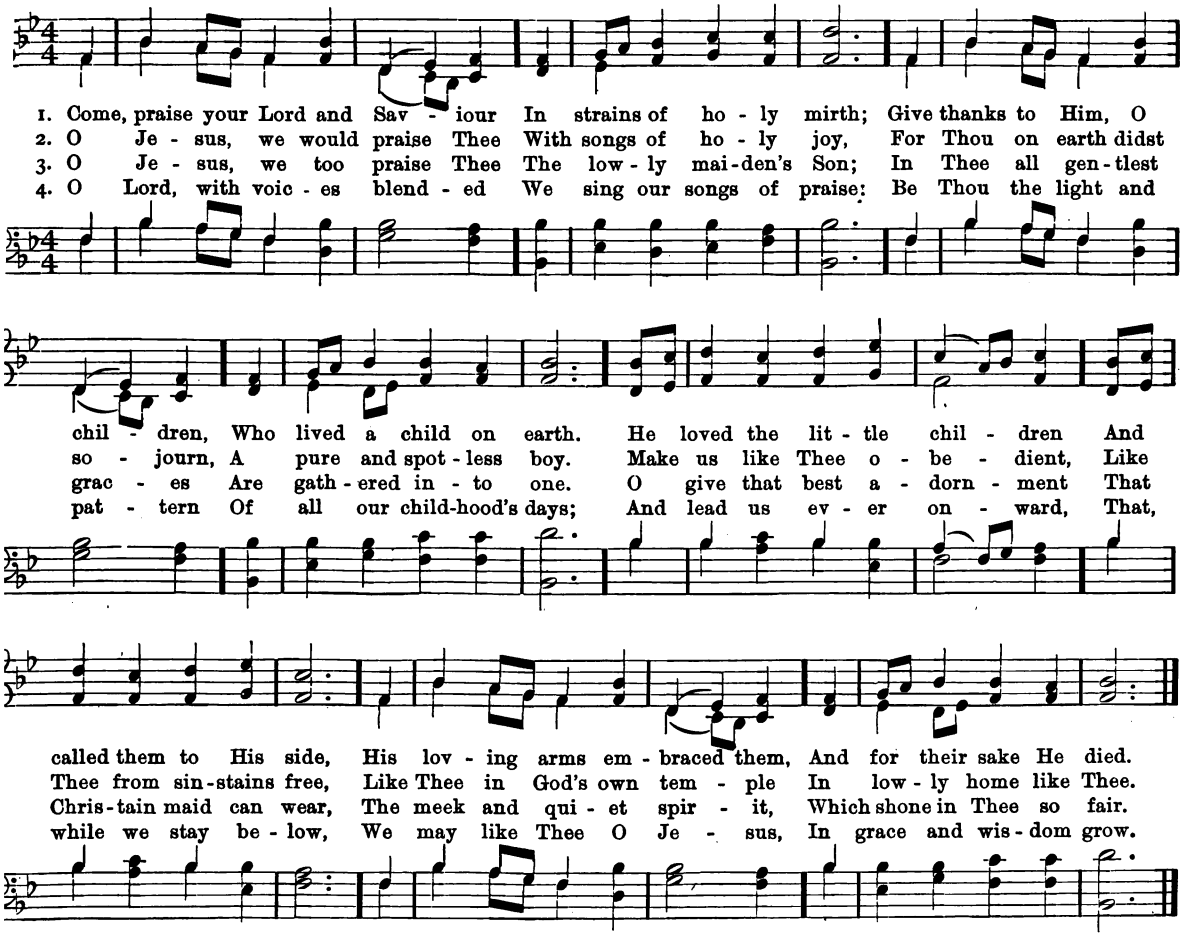
## 17 Lord, have Mercy upon Us.

Response to Ten Commandments.

*slow.*

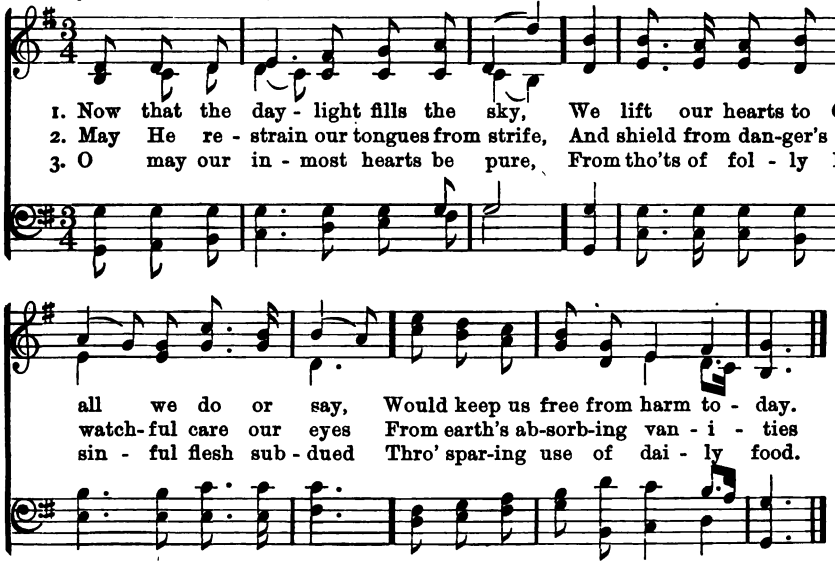
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech

# 8 Come, Praise Your Lord and Saviour.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1872. "ELLACOMBE." German, Hymns A. & M., 341.

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth; Give thanks to Him, O
2. O Je - sus, we would praise Thee With songs of ho - ly joy, For Thou on earth didst
3. O Je - sus, we too praise Thee The low - ly mai-den's Son; In Thee all gen - tlest
4. O Lord, with voic - es blend - ed We sing our songs of praise; Be Thou the light and
chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren And
so - journ, A pure and spot - less boy. Make us like Thee o - be - dient, Like
grac - es Are gath - ered in - to one. O give that best a - dorn - ment That
pat - tern Of all our child-hood's days; And lead us ev - er on - ward, That,
called them to His side, His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died.
Thee from sin-stains free, Like Thee in God's own tem - ple In low - ly home like Thee.
Chris-tain maid can wear, The meek and qui - et spir - it, Which shone in Thee so fair.
while we stay be - low, We may like Thee O Je - sus, In grace and wis - dom grow.

## 19 Now that the Daylight fills the Sky.

Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1832. George Alexander Macfarren (1813—18

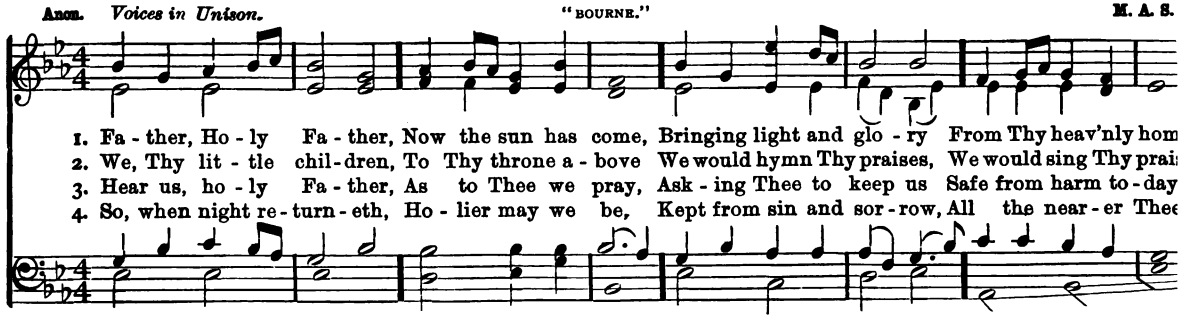

1. Now that the day - light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high, That He,
2. May He re - strain our tongues from strife, And shield from dan-ger's din our life, And guard
3. O may our in - most hearts be pure, From tho'ts of fol - ly kept se - cure, And pride
all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to - day.
watch-ful care our eyes From earth's ab-sorb-ing van - i - ties
sin - ful flesh sub - dued Thro' spar-ing use of dai - ly food.

4.
So we, when this day's work is
And shades of night return
more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God

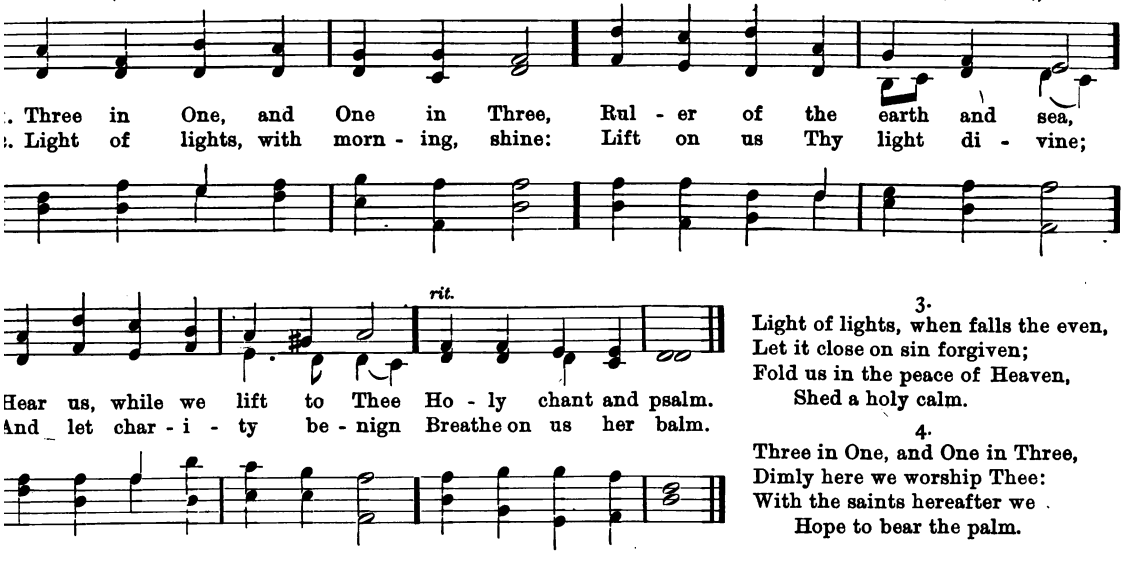
5.
All praise to God the Father be
All praise eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

## 20 Father, Holy Father.

Anon. *Voices in Unison.* "BOURNE." M. A. S.


1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come, Bringing light and glo - ry From Thy heav'nly hom
2. We, Thy lit - tle chil-dren, To Thy throne a - bove We would hymn Thy praises, We would sing Thy prai
3. Hear us, ho - ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray, Ask - ing Thee to keep us Safe from harm to - day
4. So, when night re - turn - eth, Ho - lier may we be, Kept from sin and sor - row, All the near - er Thee

# Three in One, and One in Three.

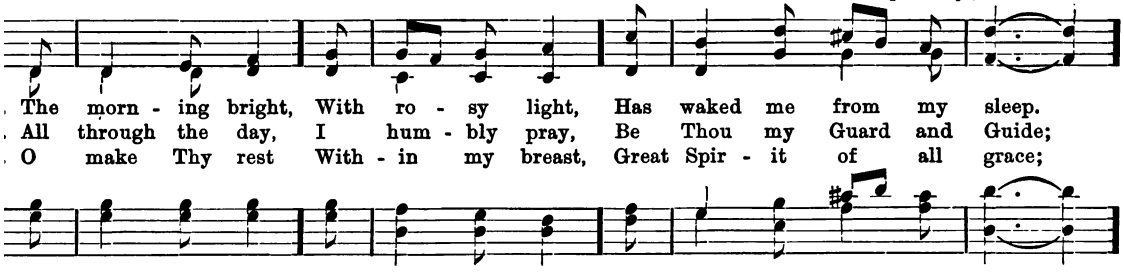
ilbert Horlson (1821—1869), 1850. "CAPETOWN." Friedrich Filitz (1804—1860), 1847.

. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul - er of the earth and sea,
. Light of lights, with morn - ing, shine: Lift on us Thy light di - vine;
rit.
Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.
And let char - i - ty be - nign Breathe on us her balm.

3.
Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

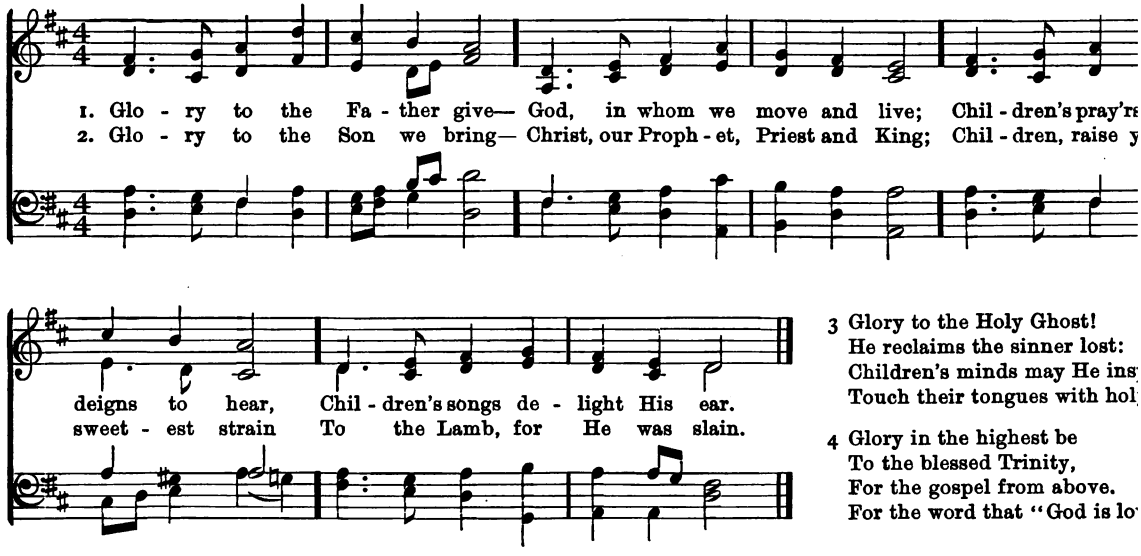
4.
Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

# The Morning Bright, with Rosy Light.

Thomas Osmond Summers (1812—1882), 1846. "LEXDEN." Joseph Barnby (1838— ).

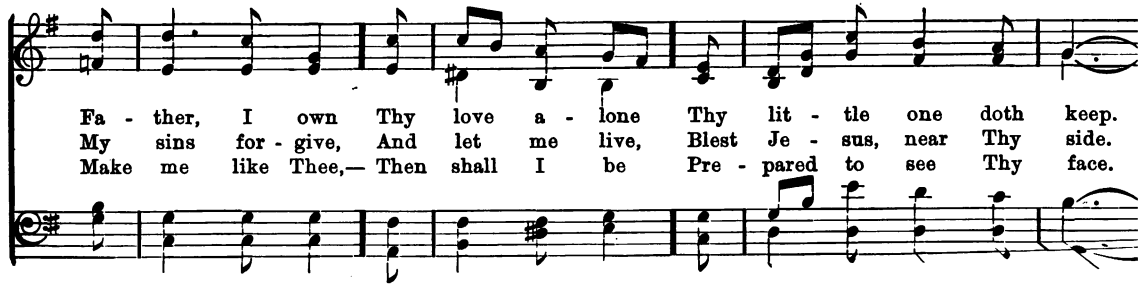

. The morn - ing bright, With ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep.
. All through the day, I hum - bly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
. O make Thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace;

# 23 Glory to the Father give.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825. "INNOCENTS." Ascribed to Theobald (1201—1

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give— God, in whom we move and live; Chil - dren's pray'r
2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring— Christ, our Proph - et, Priest and King; Chil - dren, raise y
deigns to hear, Chil - dren's songs de - light His ear.
sweet - est strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
He reclaims the sinner lost:
Children's minds may He ins
Touch their tongues with hol

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above.
For the word that "God is lo

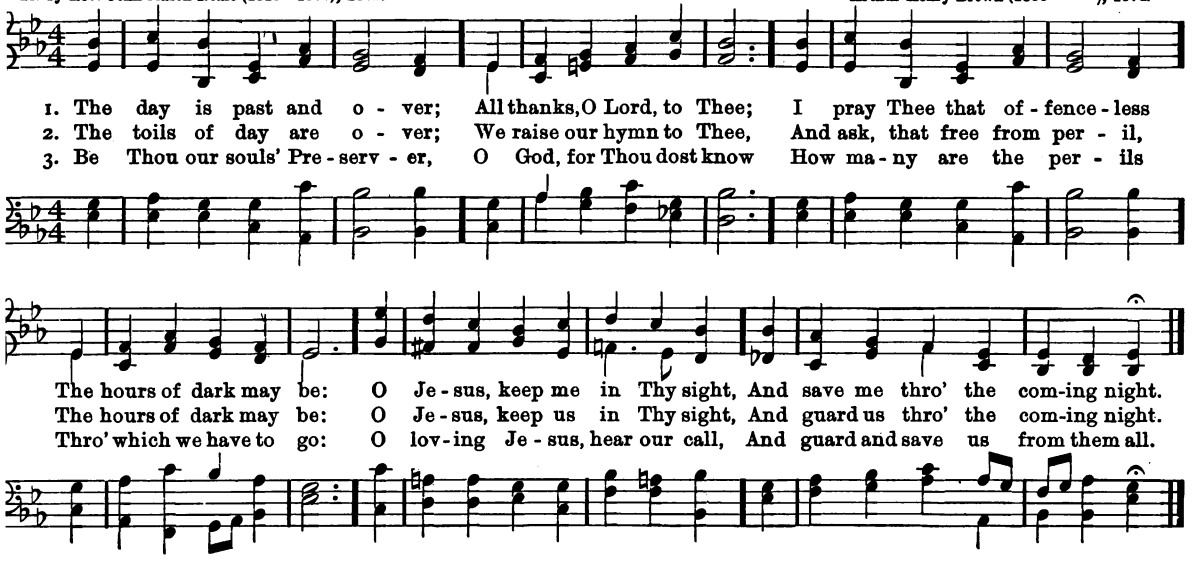
## The Morning Bright, with Rosy Light.—Concluded.

Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
My sins for - give, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
Make me like Thee,— Then shall I be Pre - pared to see Thy face.

## 24 The Day is Past and Over.

Bp. Anatolius of Constantinople( —458).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.

"ANATOLIUS."

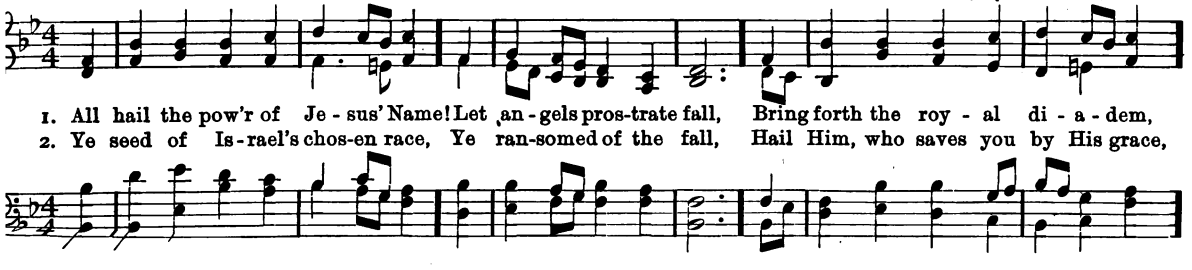
Arthur Henry Brown (1830— ), 1874.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee; I pray Thee that of - fence - less
2. The toils of day are o - ver; We raise our hymn to Thee, And ask, that free from per - il,
3. Be Thou our souls' Pre - serv - er, O God, for Thou dost know How ma - ny are the per - ils
The hours of dark may be: O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night.
The hours of dark may be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And guard us thro' the com-ing night.
Thro' which we have to go: O lov-ing Je - sus, hear our call, And guard and save us from them all.

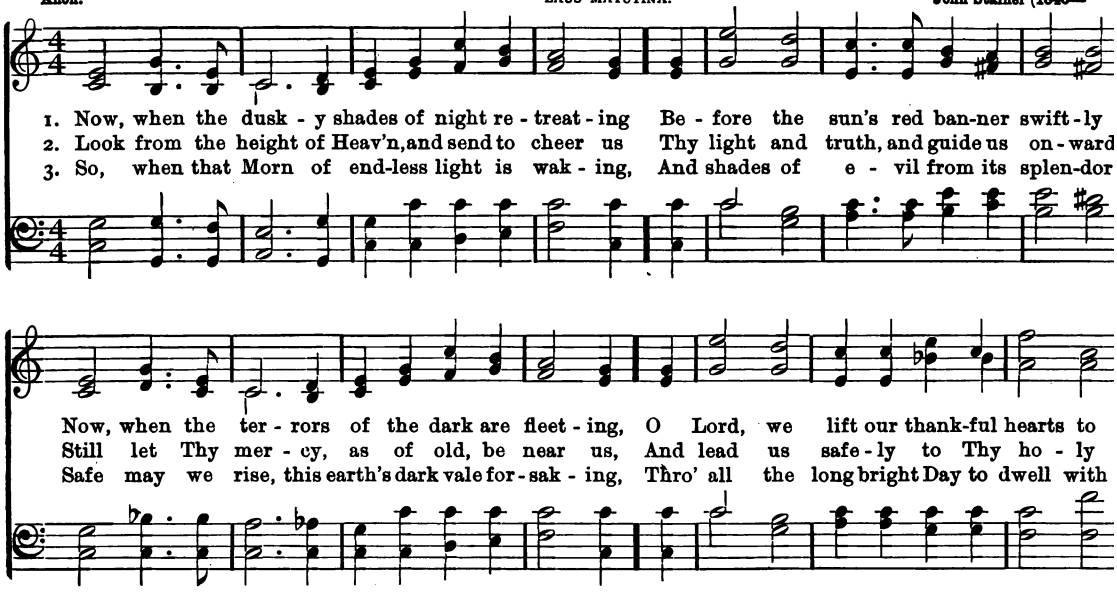
## 25 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

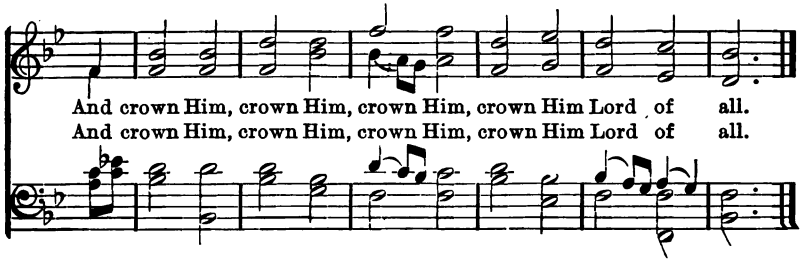
Rev. Edward Perronet (1726—1792), 1780.

"MILES LANE."

William Shrubsole (1758—1806), 1793.
Har. by Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos-en race, Ye ran-somed of the fall, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,

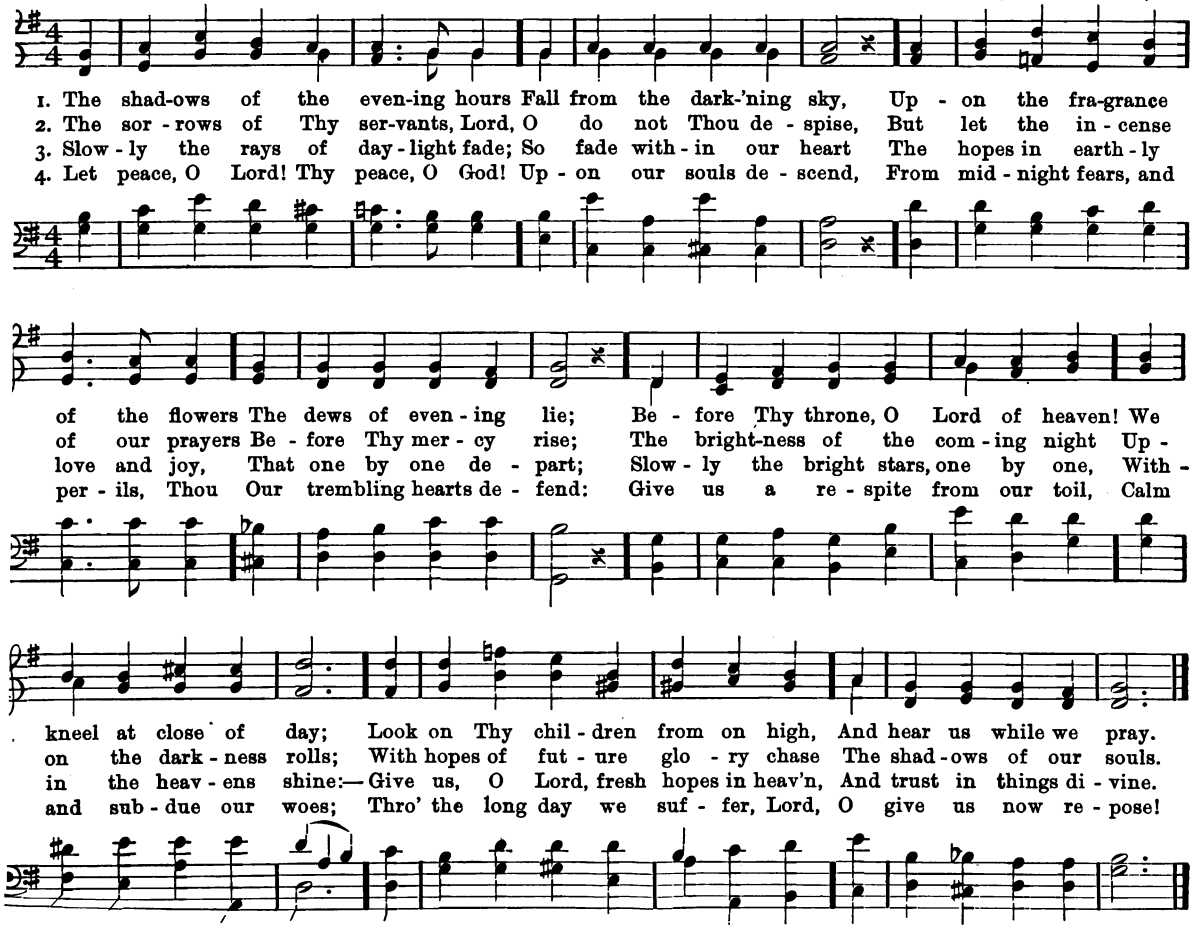
## 26 Now, when the Dusky Shades of Night.

Anon. "LAUS MATUTINA." John Stainer (1840—

1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re - treat - ing Be - fore the sun's red ban-ner swift - ly
2. Look from the height of Heav'n, and send to cheer us Thy light and truth, and guide us on - ward
3. So, when that Morn of end-less light is wak - ing, And shades of e - vil from its splen-dor
Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to
Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale for - sak - ing, Thro' all the long bright Day to dwell with

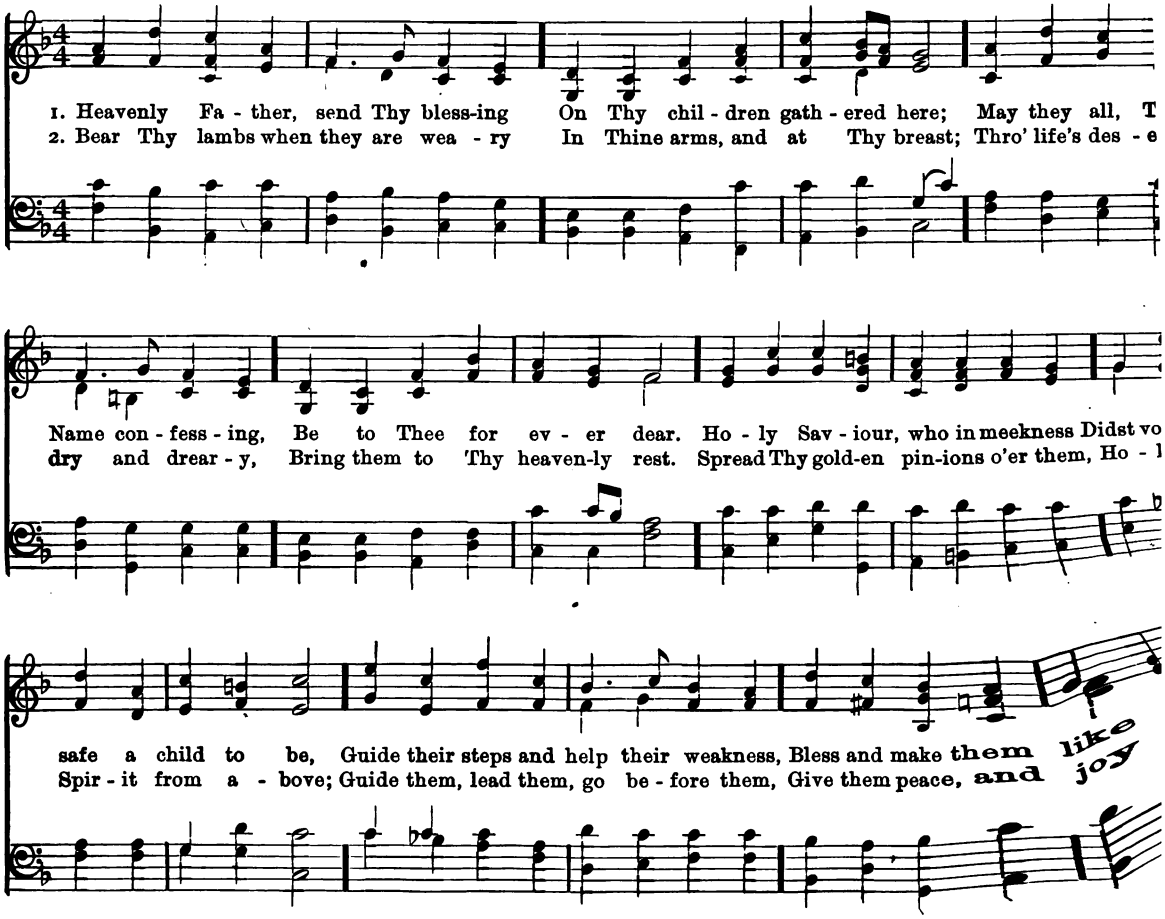
## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.—Concluded.

3.
Sinners, whose love can ne'
The wormwood and the g
Go, spread your trophies at
And crown Him Lord of

4.
Let every kindred, every tr
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascri
And crown Him Lord

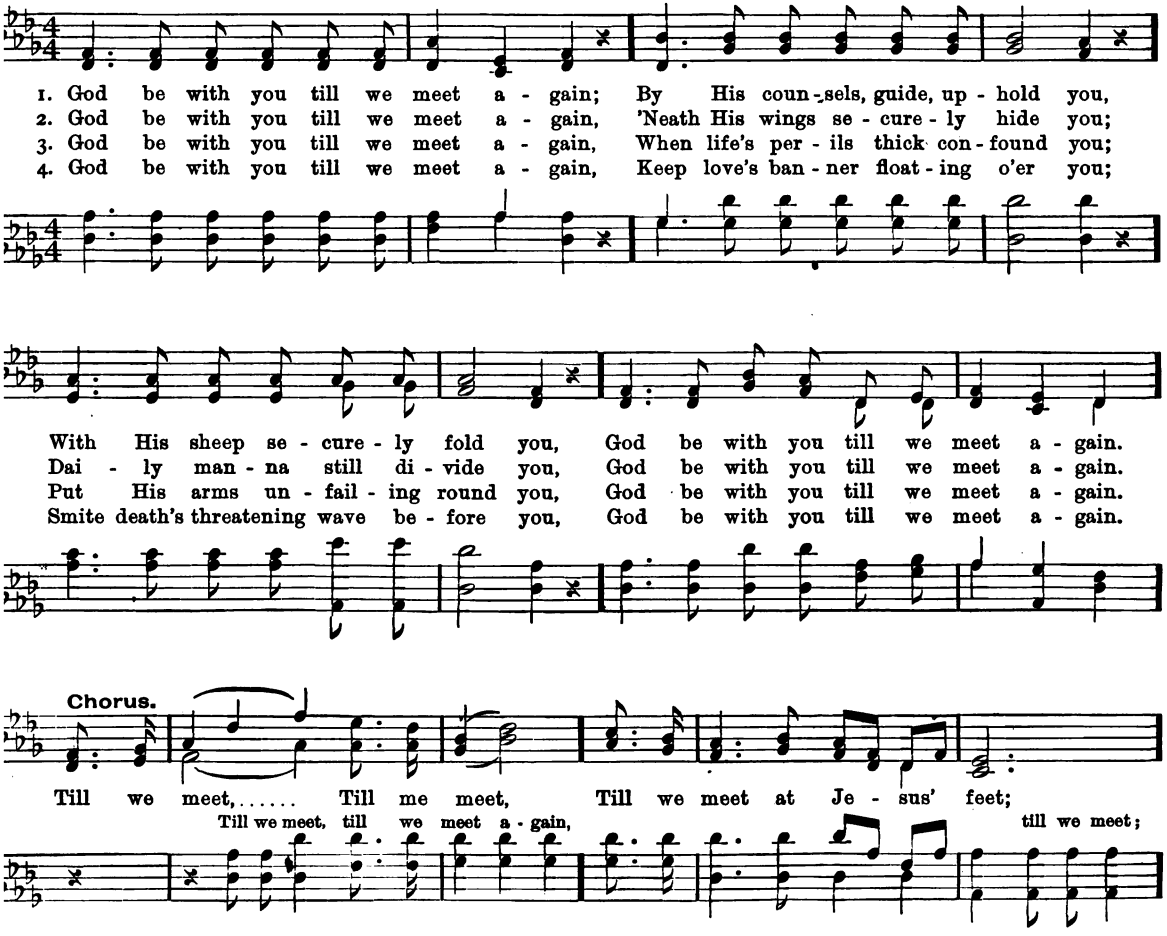
# 27 The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

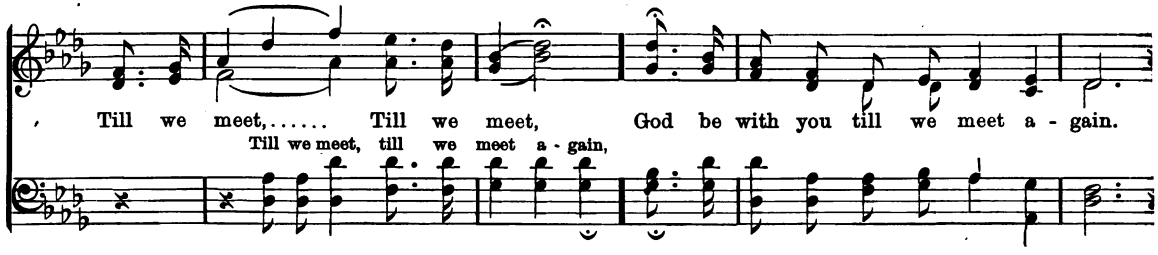
Miss Adelaide Anne Procter (1825—1864), 1862. "ST. LEONARD." Henry Hiles (1826— ).

1. The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky, Up - on the fra-grance
2. The sor - rows of Thy ser-vants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise, But let the in - cense
3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in our heart The hopes in earth - ly
4. Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God! Up - on our souls de - scend, From mid - night fears, and
of the flowers The dews of even - ing lie; Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven! We
of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise; The bright-ness of the com - ing night Up -
love and joy, That one by one de - part; Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With -
per - ils, Thou Our trembling hearts de - fend: Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm
kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
on the dark - ness rolls; With hopes of fut - ure glo - ry chase The shad - ows of our souls.
in the heav - ens shine:—Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.
and sub - due our woes; Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord, O give us now re - pose!

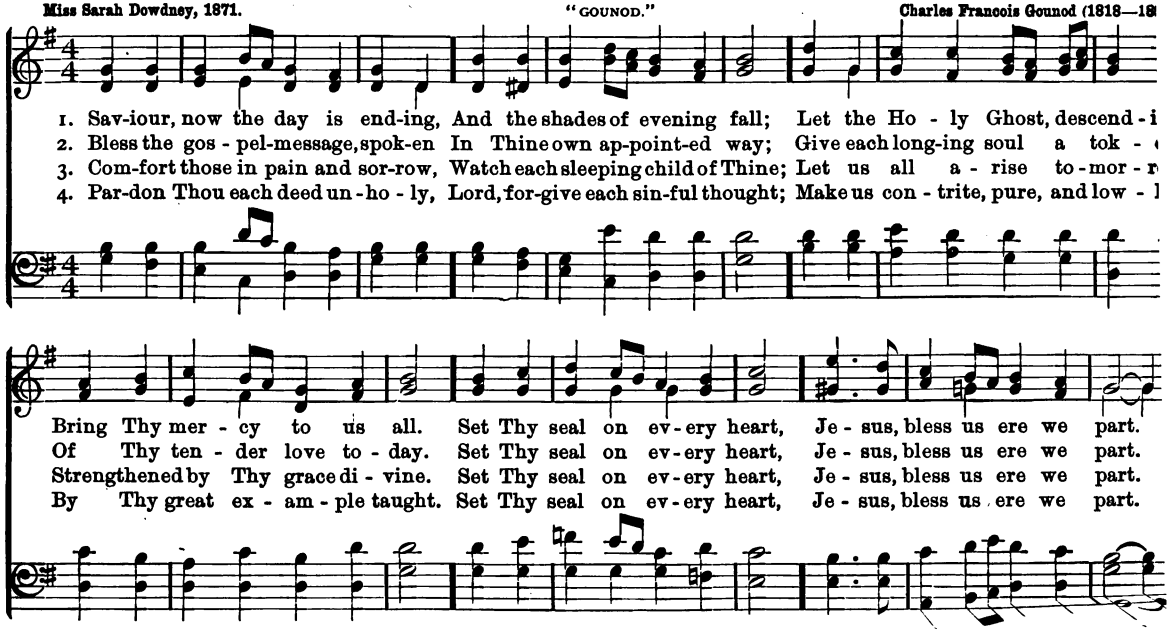
# 28 Heavenly Father, send Thy Blessing.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1865. "BETHANY." Henry Smart (1812—187

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here; May they all, T
2. Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry In Thine arms, and at Thy breast; Thro' life's des - e
Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for ev - er dear. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meekness Didst vo
dry and drear - y, Bring them to Thy heaven-ly rest. Spread Thy gold-en pin-ions o'er them, Ho - l
safe a child to be, Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like
Spir - it from a - bove; Guide them, lead them, go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy

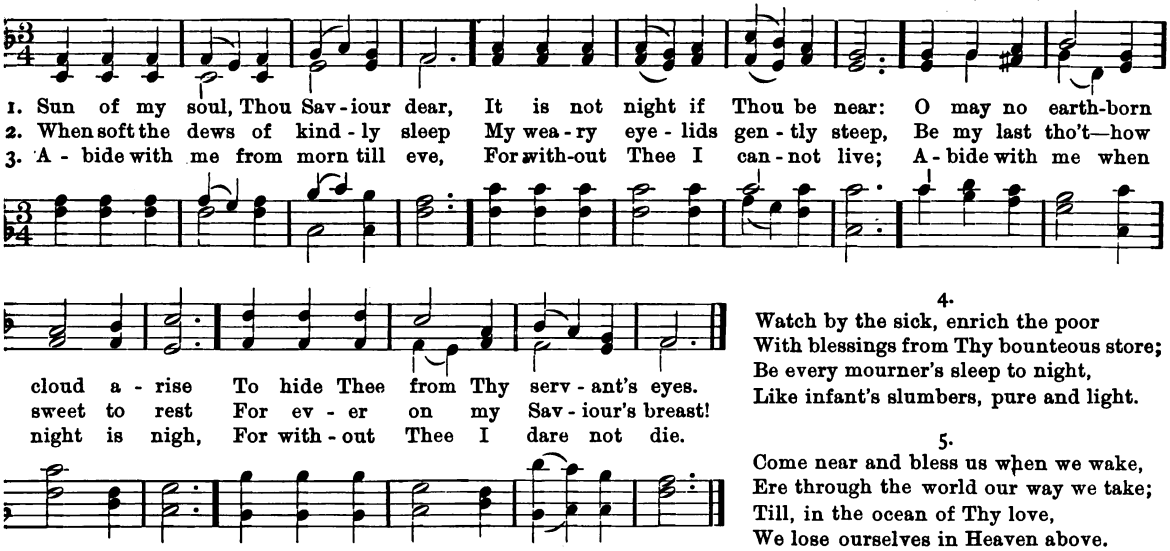
# 9 God be with You till we Meet Again.

Rev. J. E. Rankin. By per. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun - sels, guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatening wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... Till me meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet;

## God be with You till we Meet Again.—Concluded.

## 30 Saviour, now the Day is Ending.


Miss Sarah Dowdney, 1871.
"GOUNOD."
Charles Francois Gounod (1818—18
1. Sav-iour, now the day is end-ing, And the shades of evening fall; Let the Ho - ly Ghost, descend - i
2. Bless the gos - pel-message, spok-en In Thine own ap-point-ed way; Give each long-ing soul a tok -
3. Com-fort those in pain and sor-row, Watch each sleeping child of Thine; Let us all a - rise to-mor - r
4. Par-don Thou each deed un - ho - ly, Lord, for-give each sin-ful thought; Make us con - trite, pure, and low - l
Bring Thy mer - cy to us all. Set Thy seal on ev-ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
Of Thy ten - der love to - day. Set Thy seal on ev-ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
Strengthened by Thy grace di - vine. Set Thy seal on ev-ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
By Thy great ex - am - ple taught. Set Thy seal on ev-ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.

## 31 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

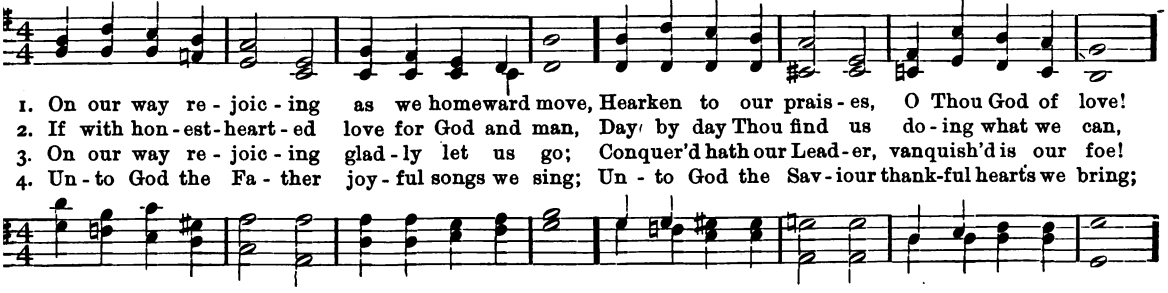
Rev. John Keble (1792—1866), 1827. "HURSLEY." Arr. by William Henry Monk (1823—1890).

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: O may no earth-born
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last tho't—how
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live; A-bide with me when
cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
sweet to rest For ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast!
night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.

4.
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy bounteous store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

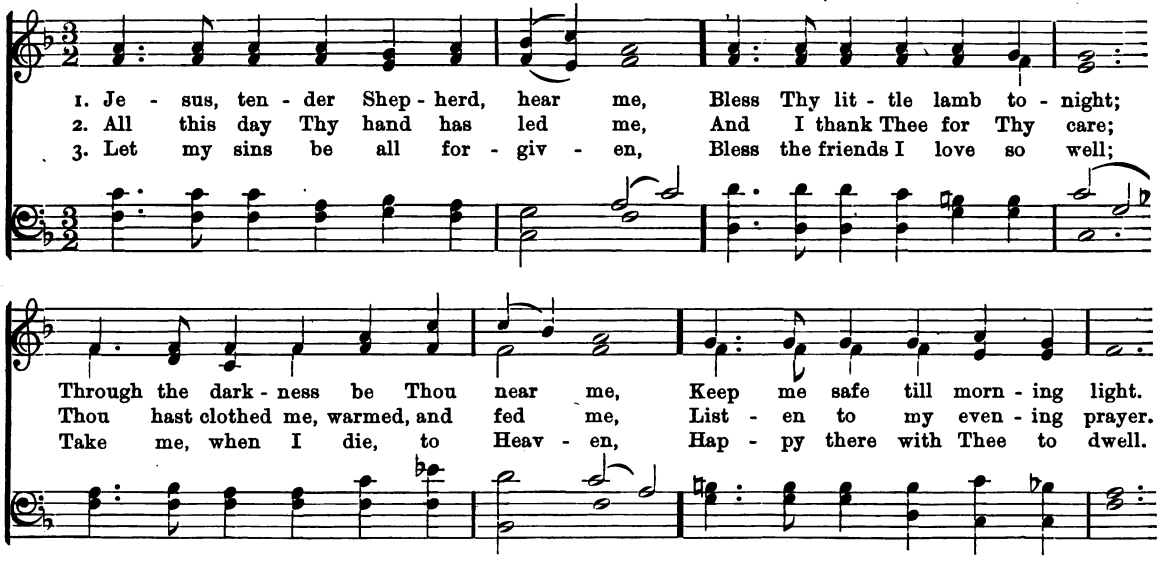
5.
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

## 32 On Our Way Rejoicing.

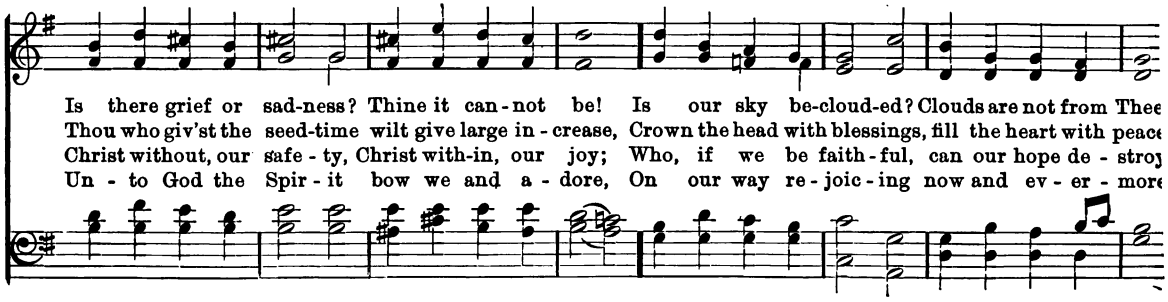
Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1863. Alfred Allen.


1. On our way re-joic-ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love!
2. If with hon-est-heart-ed love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us do-ing what we can,
3. On our way re-joic-ing glad-ly let us go; Conquer'd hath our Lead-er, vanquish'd is our foe!
4. Un-to God the Fa-ther joy-ful songs we sing; Un-to God the Sav-iour thank-ful hearts we bring;

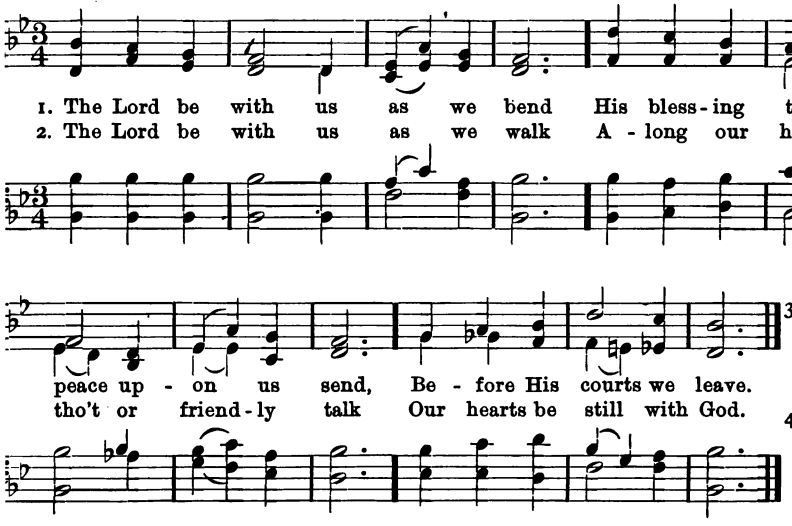
## 33 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear Me.

Miss Mary Lundie Duncan (1814—1840), 1841. "ST. SYLVESTER." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;
Through the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me, List - en to my even - ing prayer.
Take me, when I die, to Heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

## On Our Way Rejoicing.—Concluded.


Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be! Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large in - crease, Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace
Christ without, our safe - ty, Christ with-in, our joy; Who, if we be faith - ful, can our hope de - stroy
Un - to God the Spir - it bow we and a - dore, On our way re - joic - ing now and ev - er - more

## 34 The Lord be with Us as We Bend.

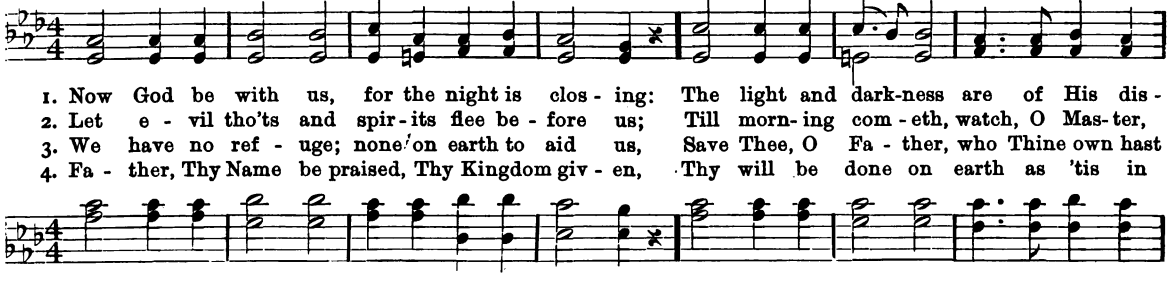
Rev. John Ellerton (1826— ) 1870. "COATHAM." Walch.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless-ing to re-ceive; His gift of
2. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our home-ward road; In si-lent
peace up-on us send, Be-fore His courts we leave.
tho't or friend-ly talk Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest [day,
And guard His people's sleep.

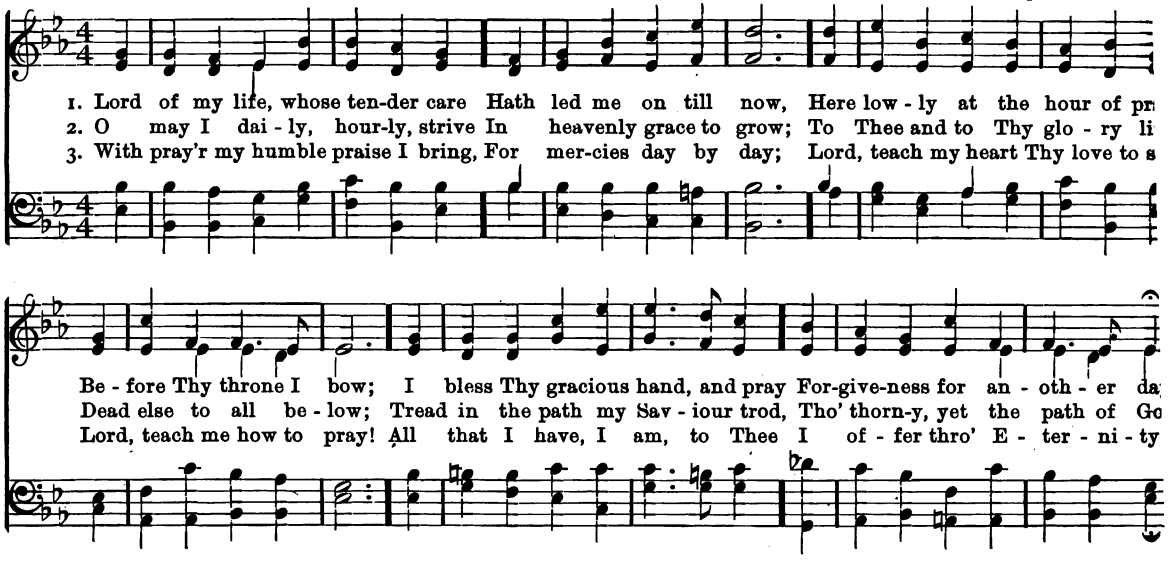
## 35 Now God be with Us.

"Bohemian Brethren Collection," 1531.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1863. "FLEMMING." Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming (1778—1813), 1810.

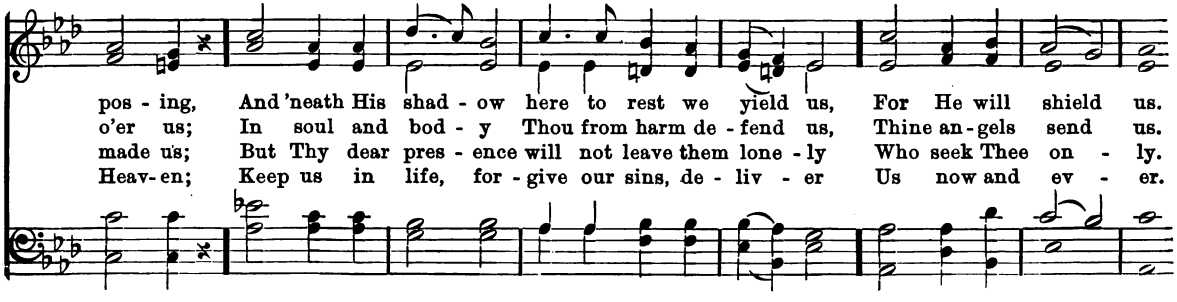

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing: The light and dark-ness are of His dis-
2. Let e-vil tho'ts and spir-its flee be-fore us; Till morn-ing com-eth, watch, O Mas-ter,
3. We have no ref-uge; none on earth to aid us, Save Thee, O Fa-ther, who Thine own hast
4. Fa-ther, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom giv-en, Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in

# 36 Lord of My Life, Whose tender Care.

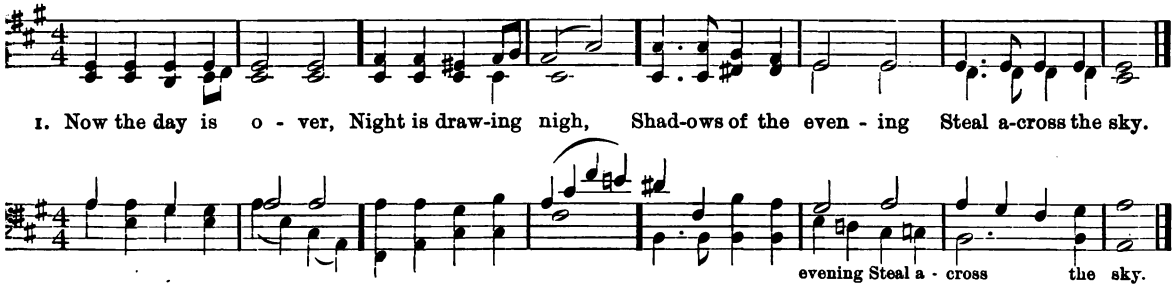
Ω Chelsea, 1838. "WESSEX." Edward John Hopkins (1818—


1. Lord of my life, whose ten-der care Hath led me on till now, Here low - ly at the hour of pr
2. O may I dai - ly, hour-ly, strive In heavenly grace to grow; To Thee and to Thy glo - ry li
3. With pray'r my humble praise I bring, For mer-cies day by day; Lord, teach my heart Thy love to s
Be - fore Thy throne I bow; I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray For-give-ness for an - oth - er da
Dead else to all be - low; Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod, Tho' thorn-y, yet the path of Go
Lord, teach me how to pray! All that I have, I am, to Thee I of - fer thro' E - ter - ni - ty

## Now God be with Us.—Concluded.


pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.
o'er us; In soul and bod - y Thou from harm de - fend us, Thine an-gels send us.
made us; But Thy dear pres - ence will not leave them lone - ly Who seek Thee on - ly.
Heav-en; Keep us in life, for - give our sins, de - liv - er Us now and ev - er.

## 37 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834— ), 1865. "MERRIAL." Joseph Barnby (1838— ), 1868.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

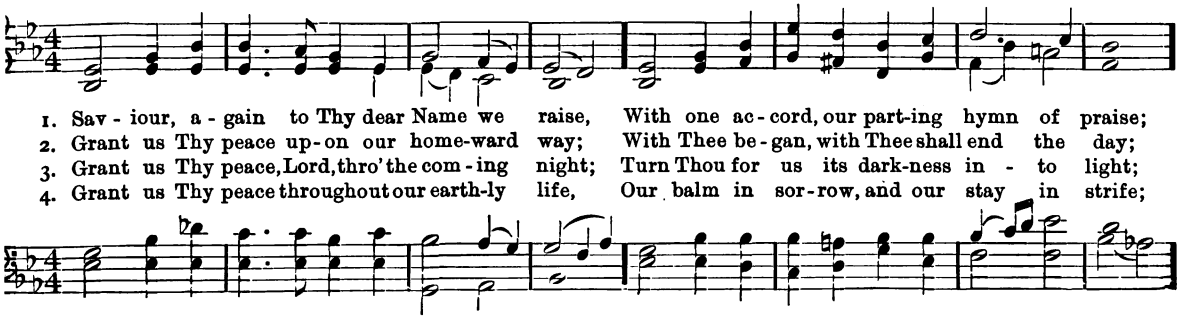
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

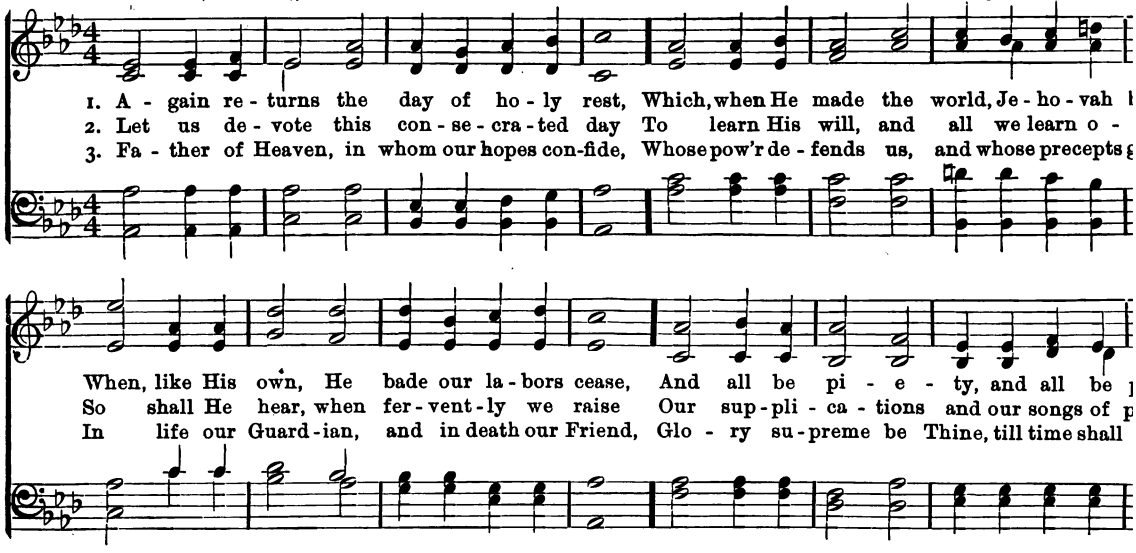
## 38 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name We Raise.

Rev. John Ellerton (1826— ), 1868. "PAX DEI." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).

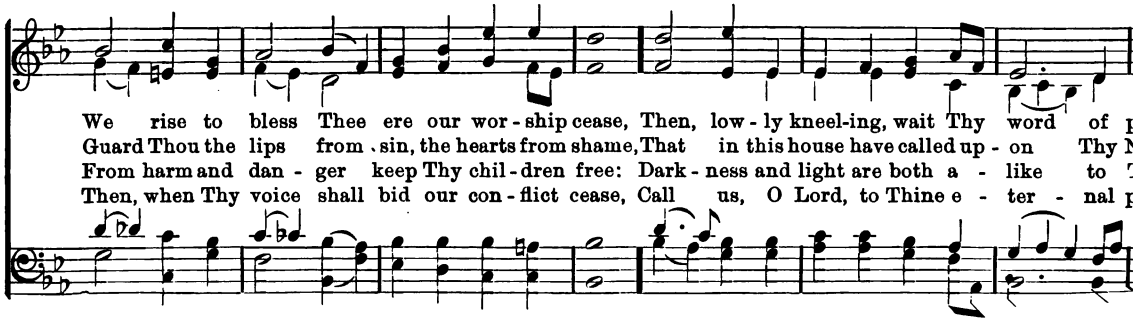

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac - cord, our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;

# 39 Again returns the Day of Holy Rest.

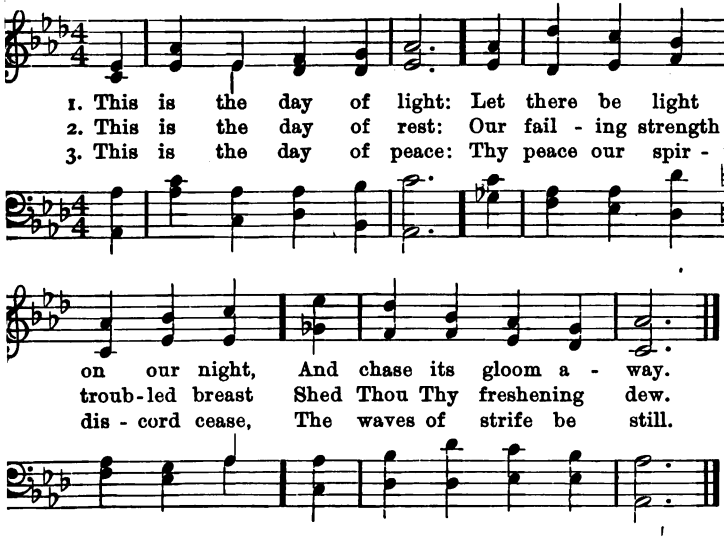
Rev. William Mason (1725—1797), 1811. "ELLERS." Edward John Hopkins (1818— ),


1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah
2. Let us de - vote this con - se - cra - ted day To learn His will, and all we learn o -
3. Fa - ther of Heaven, in whom our hopes con-fide, Whose pow'r de - fends us, and whose precepts
When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be
So shall He hear, when fer - vent - ly we raise Our sup - pli - ca - tions and our songs of p
In life our Guard - ian, and in death our Friend, Glo - ry su - preme be Thine, till time shall

## Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.—Concluded.


We rise to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy
From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free: Dark - ness and light are both a - like to
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal

## 40 This is the Day of Light.

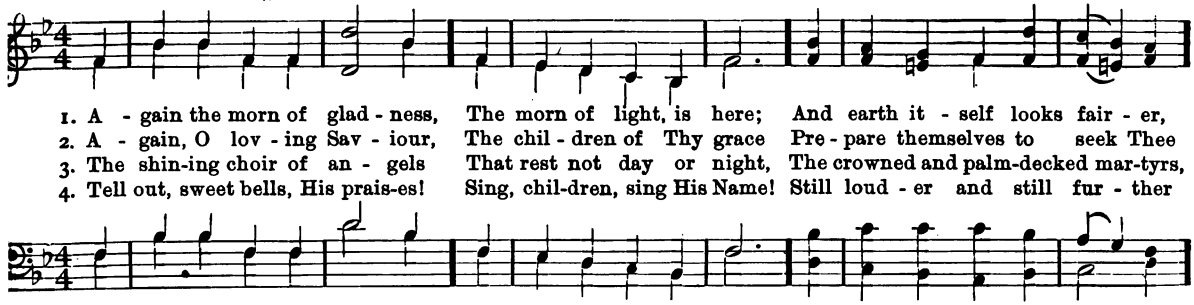
Rev. John Ellerton (1826— ), 1867. "SCHUMANN." Robert Schumann, (1810—1856).

1. This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day; O Day-spring, rise up -
2. This is the day of rest: Our fail - ing strength re - new; On wea - ry brain and
3. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir - its fill; Bid Thou the blasts of
on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.
troub-led breast Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

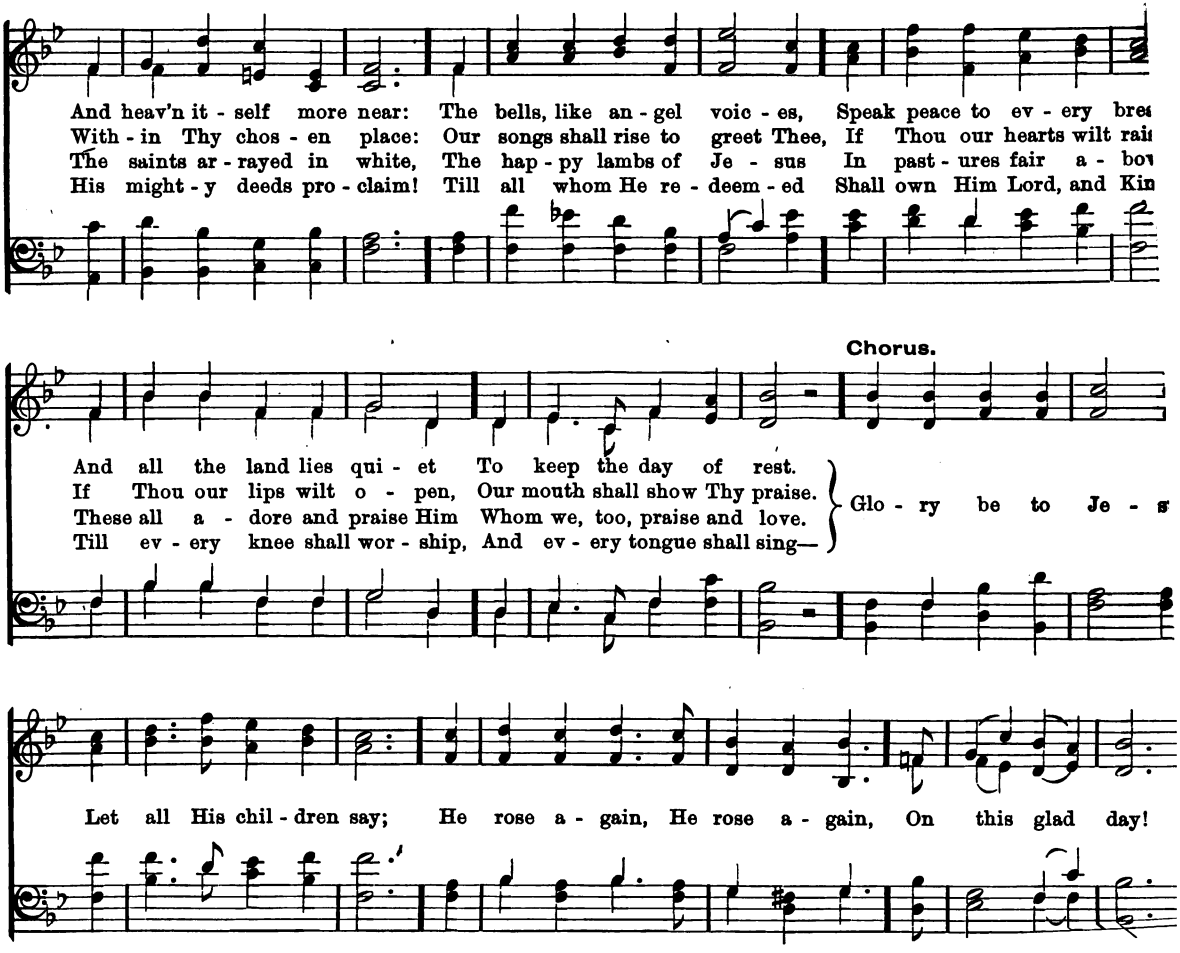
5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

## 41 Again the Morn of Gladness.

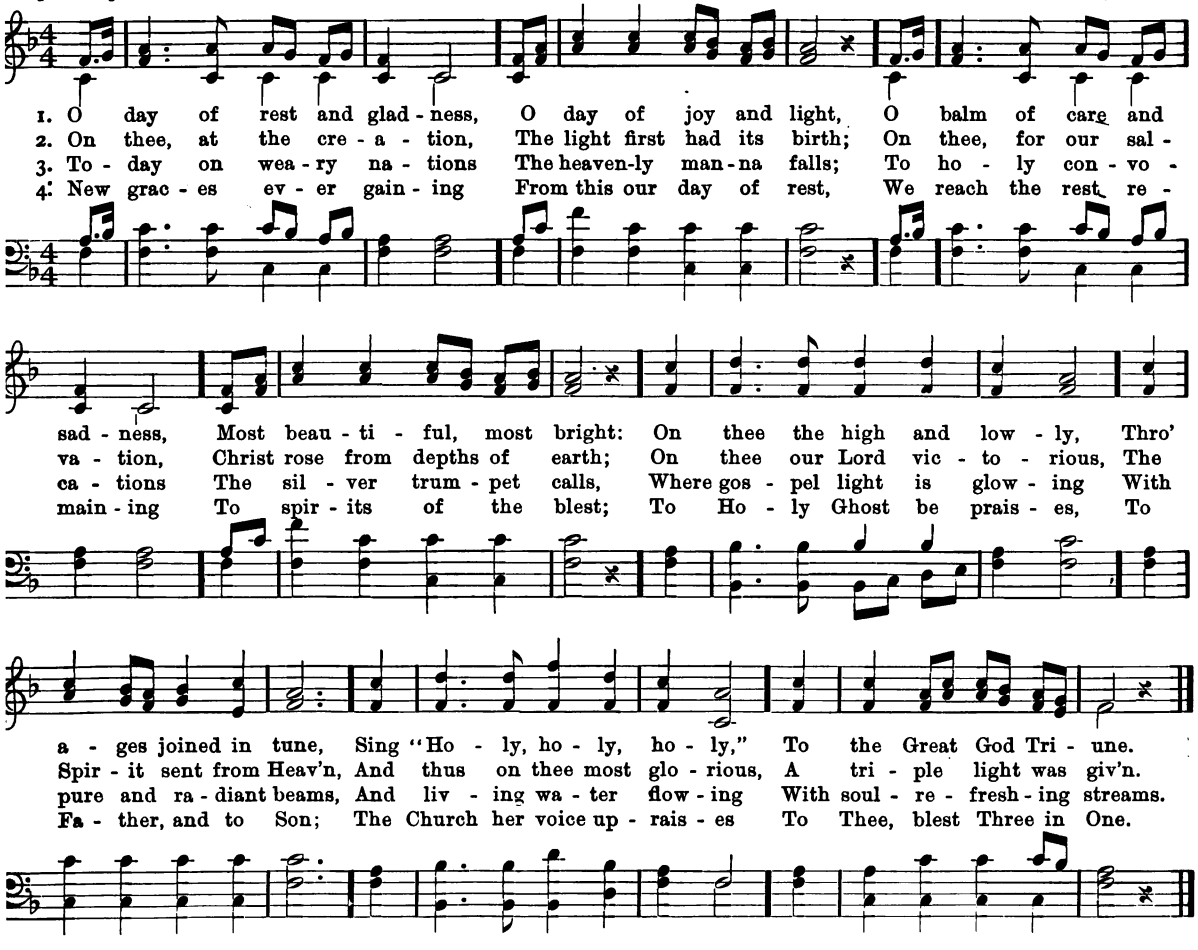
Rev. John Ellerton (1826— ), 1874. "WIR PFLUGEN." German.


1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light, is here; And earth it - self looks fair - er,
2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - iour, The chil - dren of Thy grace Pre - pare themselves to seek Thee
3. The shin-ing choir of an - gels That rest not day or night, The crowned and palm-decked mar-tyrs,
4. Tell out, sweet bells, His prais-es! Sing, chil-dren, sing His Name! Still loud - er and still fur - ther

# Again the Morn of Gladness.—Concluded.


And heav'n it - self more near: The bells, like an - gel voic - es, Speak peace to ev - ery bre
With - in Thy chos - en place: Our songs shall rise to greet Thee, If Thou our hearts wilt rai
The saints ar - rayed in white, The hap - py lambs of Je - sus In past - ures fair a - bo
His might - y deeds pro - claim! Till all whom He re - deem - ed Shall own Him Lord, and Kin
Chorus.
And all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest.
If Thou our lips wilt o - pen, Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
These all a - dore and praise Him Whom we, too, praise and love.
Till ev - ery knee shall wor - ship, And ev - ery tongue shall sing—
Glo - ry be to Je - s
Let all His chil - dren say; He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this glad day!

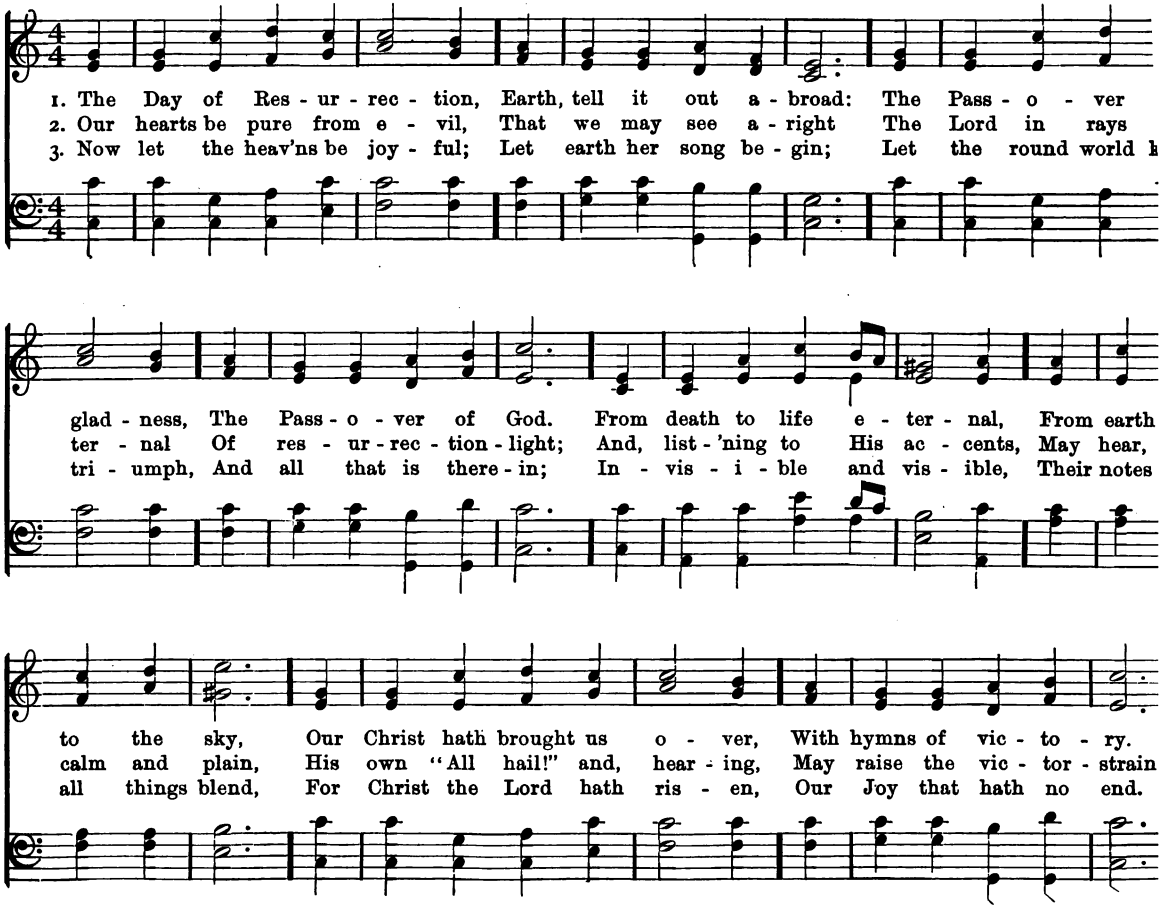
# 42 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862. "MENDEBRAS." German Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1839.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal -
3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heaven-ly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo -
4. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re -
sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright: On thee the high and low - ly, Thro'
va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord vic - to - rious, The
ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With
main - ing To spir - its of the blest; To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To
a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the Great God Tri - une.
Spir - it sent from Heav'n, And thus on thee most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.
pure and ra - diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.
Fa - ther, and to Son; The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

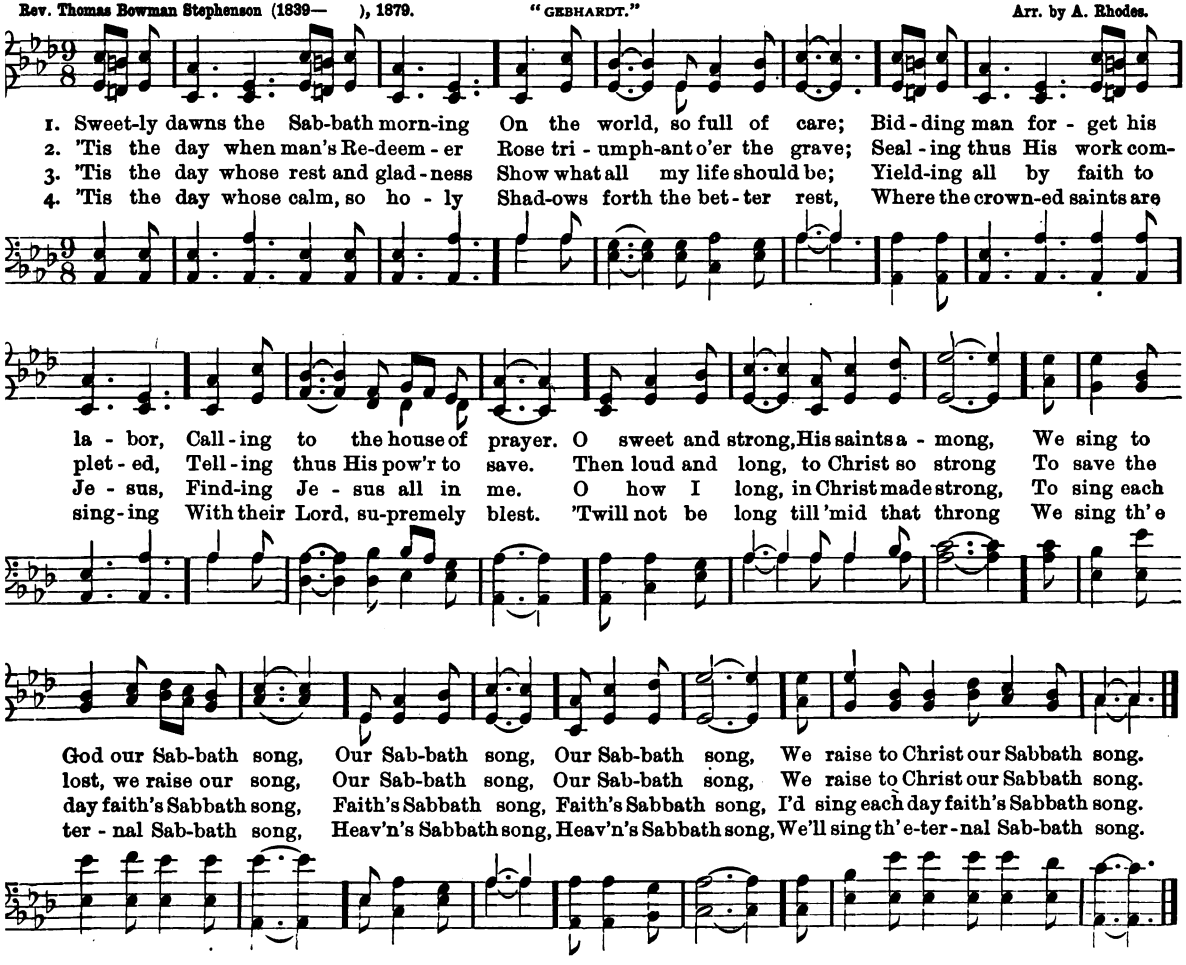
# 43 The Day of Resurrection.

John of Damascus (—c. 780).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.

"MIRIAM."

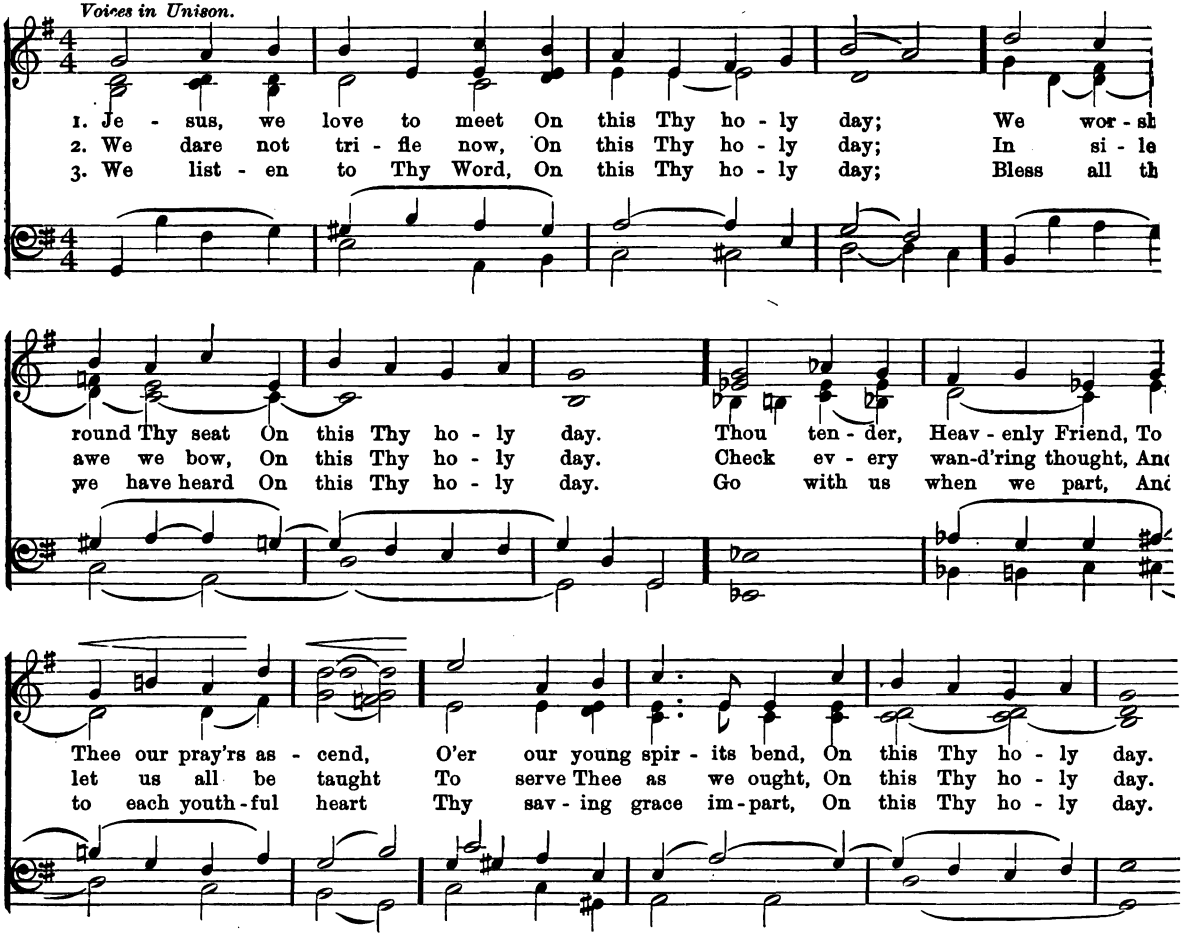
Joseph Perry Holbrook (1822—1888), 1

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad: The Pass - o - ver
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful; Let earth her song be - gin; Let the round world k
glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth
ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion - light; And, list - 'ning to His ac - cents, May hear,
tri - umph, And all that is there - in; In - vis - i - ble and vis - ible, Their notes
to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.
calm and plain, His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor - strain
all things blend, For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end.

# 44 Sweetly Dawns the Sabbath Morning.

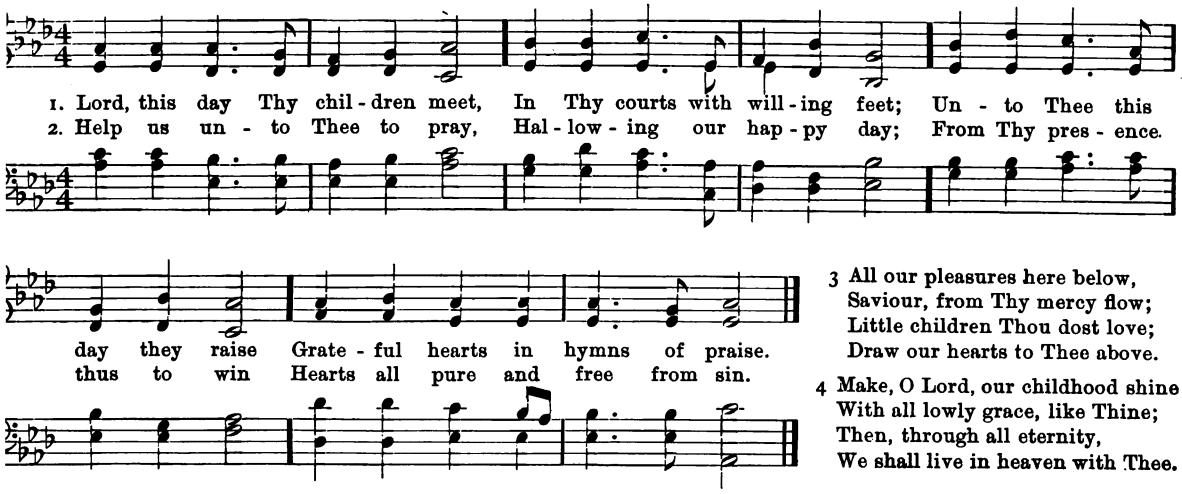
Rev. Thomas Bowman Stephenson (1839— ), 1879. "GEBHARDT." Arr. by A. Rhodes.

1. Sweet-ly dawns the Sab-bath morn-ing On the world, so full of care; Bid-ding man for-get his
2. 'Tis the day when man's Re-deem-er Rose tri-umph-ant o'er the grave; Seal-ing thus His work com-
3. 'Tis the day whose rest and glad-ness Show what all my life should be; Yield-ing all by faith to
4. 'Tis the day whose calm, so ho-ly Shad-ows forth the bet-ter rest, Where the crown-ed saints are
la-bor, Call-ing to the house of prayer. O sweet and strong, His saints a-mong, We sing to
plet-ed, Tell-ing thus His pow'r to save. Then loud and long, to Christ so strong To save the
Je-sus, Find-ing Je-sus all in me. O how I long, in Christ made strong, To sing each
sing-ing With their Lord, su-premely blest. 'Twill not be long till 'mid that throng We sing th'e
God our Sab-bath song, Our Sab-bath song, Our Sab-bath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.
lost, we raise our song, Our Sab-bath song, Our Sab-bath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.
day faith's Sabbath song, Faith's Sabbath song, Faith's Sabbath song, I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.
ter-nal Sab-bath song, Heav'n's Sabbath song, Heav'n's Sabbath song, We'll sing th'e-ter-nal Sab-bath song.

# 45 Jesus, We Love to Meet.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rooker Parson (1812—1873), 1858. "BEECHCROFT." T. German Reed (1817—18

*Voices in Unison.*

1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this Thy ho - ly day; We wor - sh
2. We dare not tri - fle now, On this Thy ho - ly day; In si - le
3. We list - en to Thy Word, On this Thy ho - ly day; Bless all th
round Thy seat On this Thy ho - ly day. Thou ten - der, Heav - enly Friend, To
awe we bow, On this Thy ho - ly day. Check ev - ery wan-d'ring thought, An
we have heard On this Thy ho - ly day. Go with us when we part, An
Thee our pray'rs as - cend, O'er our young spir - its bend, On this Thy ho - ly day.
let us all be taught To serve Thee as we ought, On this Thy ho - ly day.
to each youth-ful heart Thy sav - ing grace im-part, On this Thy ho - ly day.

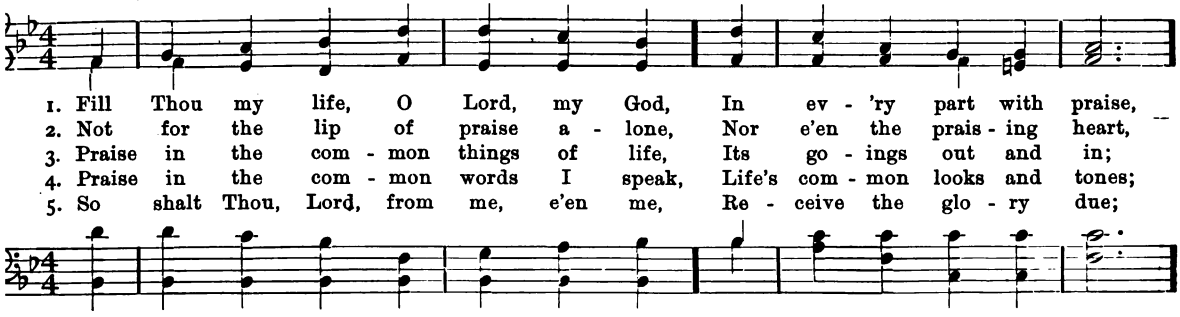
## 46 Lord, this Day Thy Children Meet.

Rev. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1864. "ST. BEES." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1874.

1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet, In Thy courts with will - ing feet; Un - to Thee this
2. Help us un - to Thee to pray, Hal - low - ing our hap - py day; From Thy pres - ence
day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise.
thus to win Hearts all pure and free from sin.

3 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow;
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

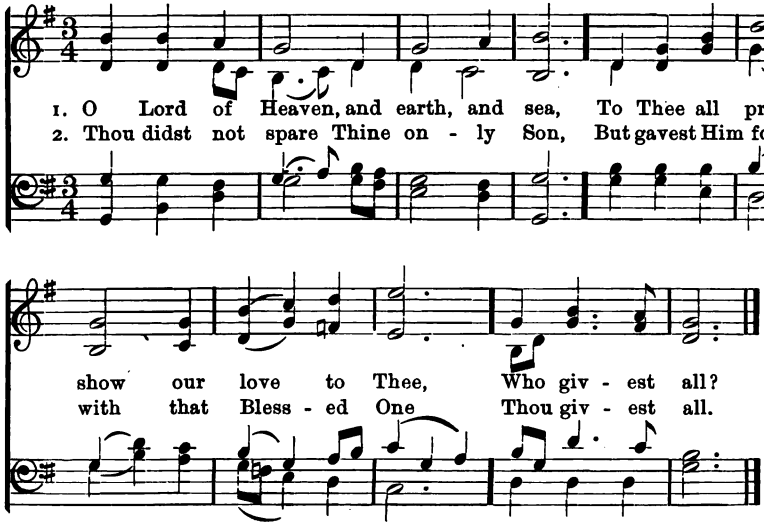
4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

## 47 Fill Thou my Life, O Lord, My God.

Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1869. "SPRING-TIME." William Henry Monk (1823—1890).

1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord, my God, In ev - 'ry part with praise,
2. Not for the lip of praise a - lone, Nor e'en the prais - ing heart,
3. Praise in the com - mon things of life, Its go - ings out and in;
4. Praise in the com - mon words I speak, Life's com - mon looks and tones;
5. So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me, Re - ceive the glo - ry due;

## 48 O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea.

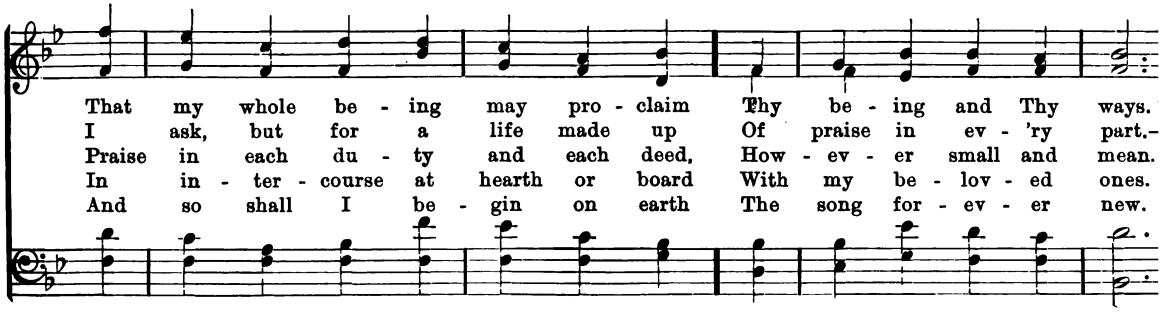
Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1863. "ALMSGIVING." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1


1. O Lord of Heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be; How shall
2. Thou didst not spare Thine on - ly Son, But gavest Him for a world un - done, And free
show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
with that Bless - ed One Thou giv - est all.

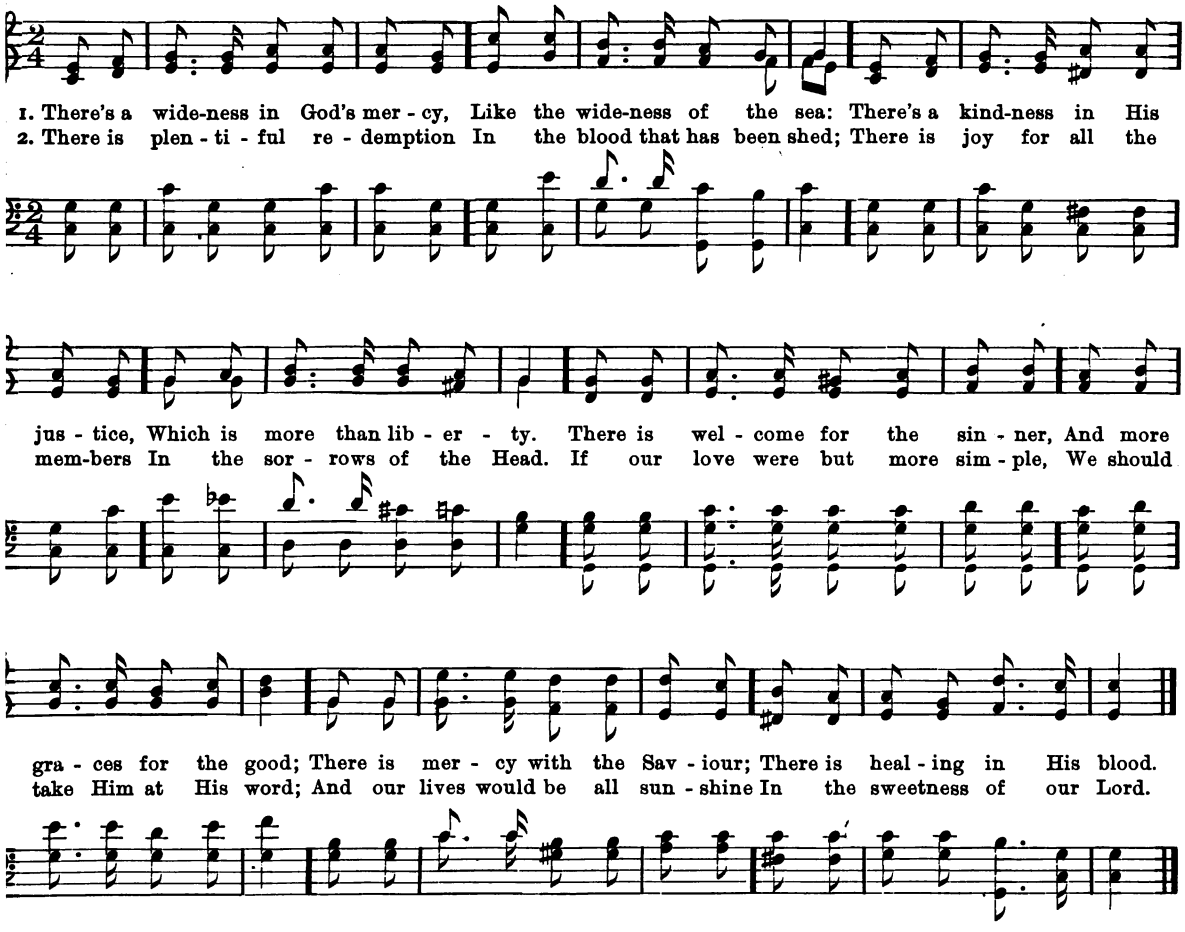
3 Thou givest the Spirit's blessed do
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces show
Upon us all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgive
For means of grace, and hopes of He
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given
Who givest all?

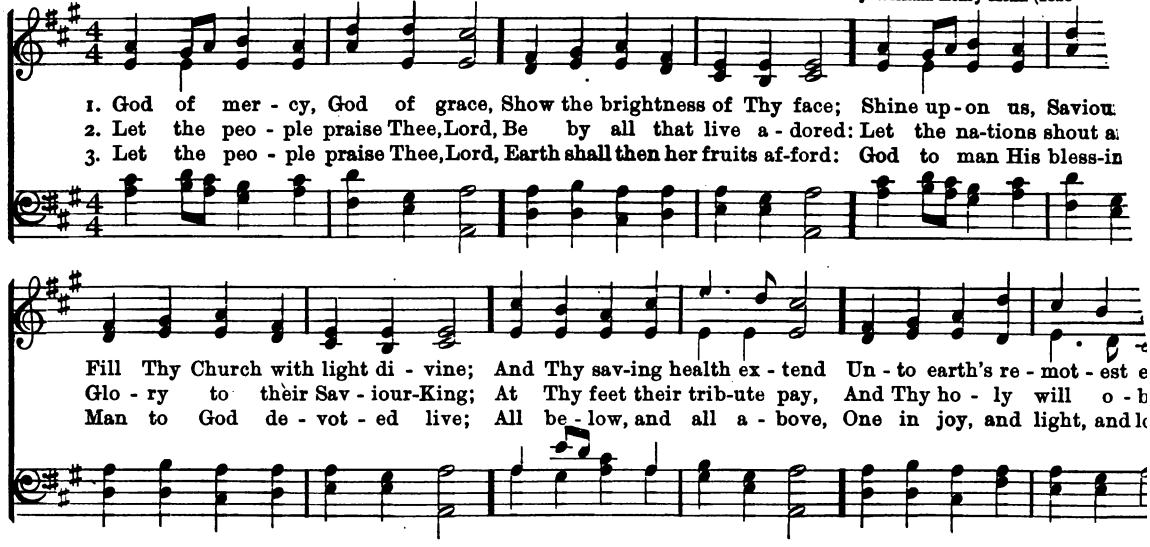
## Fill Thou My Life, O Lord, My God.—Concluded.


That my whole be - ing may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.
I ask, but for a life made up Of praise in ev - 'ry part.-
Praise in each du - ty and each deed, How - ev - er small and mean.
In in - ter - course at hearth or board With my be - lov - ed ones.
And so shall I be - gin on earth The song for - ev - er new.

# 49 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

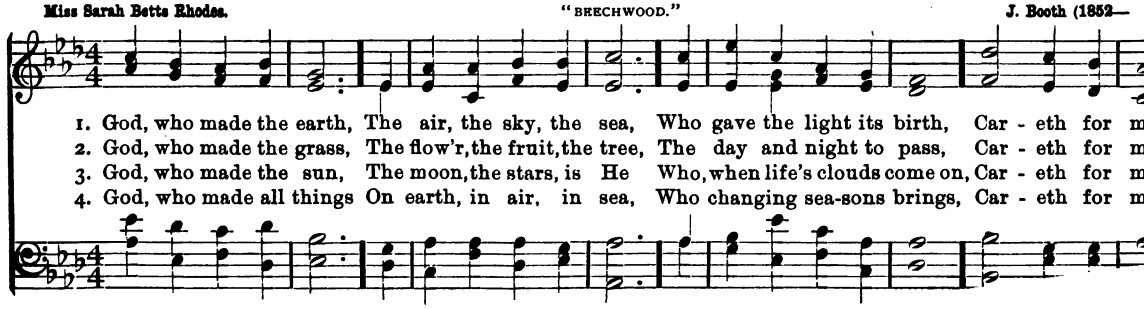
Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Stephen A. Emery.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea: There's a kind-ness in His
2. There is plen - ti - ful re - demption In the blood that has been shed; There is joy for all the
jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more
mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should
gra - ces for the good; There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
take Him at His word; And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

# God of Mercy, God of Grace.

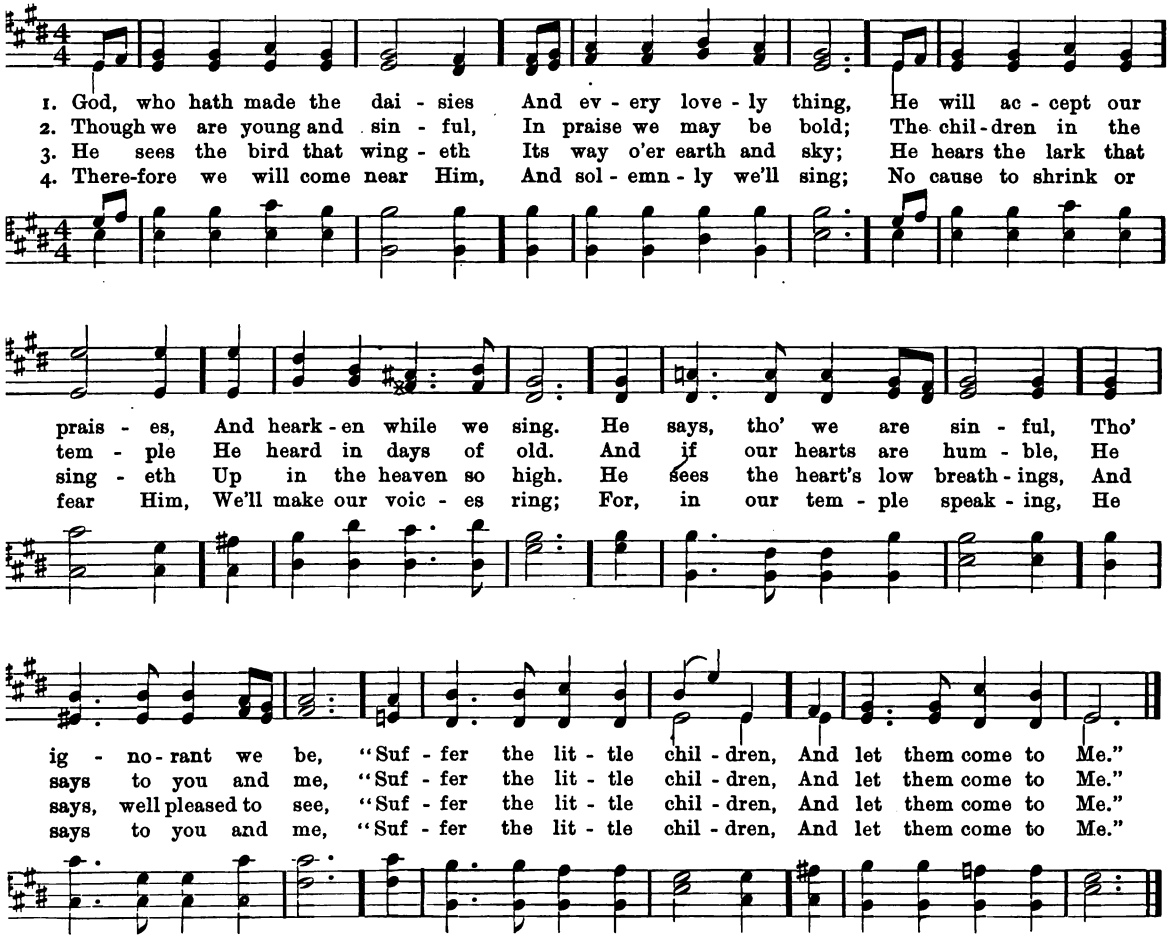
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834. "DIX." Conrad Kocher (1786—1
Arr. by William Henry Monk (1823—

1. God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face; Shine up - on us, Saviou
2. Let the peo - ple praise Thee, Lord, Be by all that live a - dored: Let the na-tions shout a
3. Let the peo - ple praise Thee, Lord, Earth shall then her fruits af-ford: God to man His bless-in
Fill Thy Church with light di - vine; And Thy sav-ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est e
Glo - ry to their Sav - iour-King; At Thy feet their trib-ute pay, And Thy ho - ly will o - b
Man to God de - vot - ed live; All be - low, and all a - bove, One in joy, and light, and l

## 51 God, who Made the Earth.

Miss Sarah Betts Rhodes. "BEECHWOOD." J. Booth (1852—

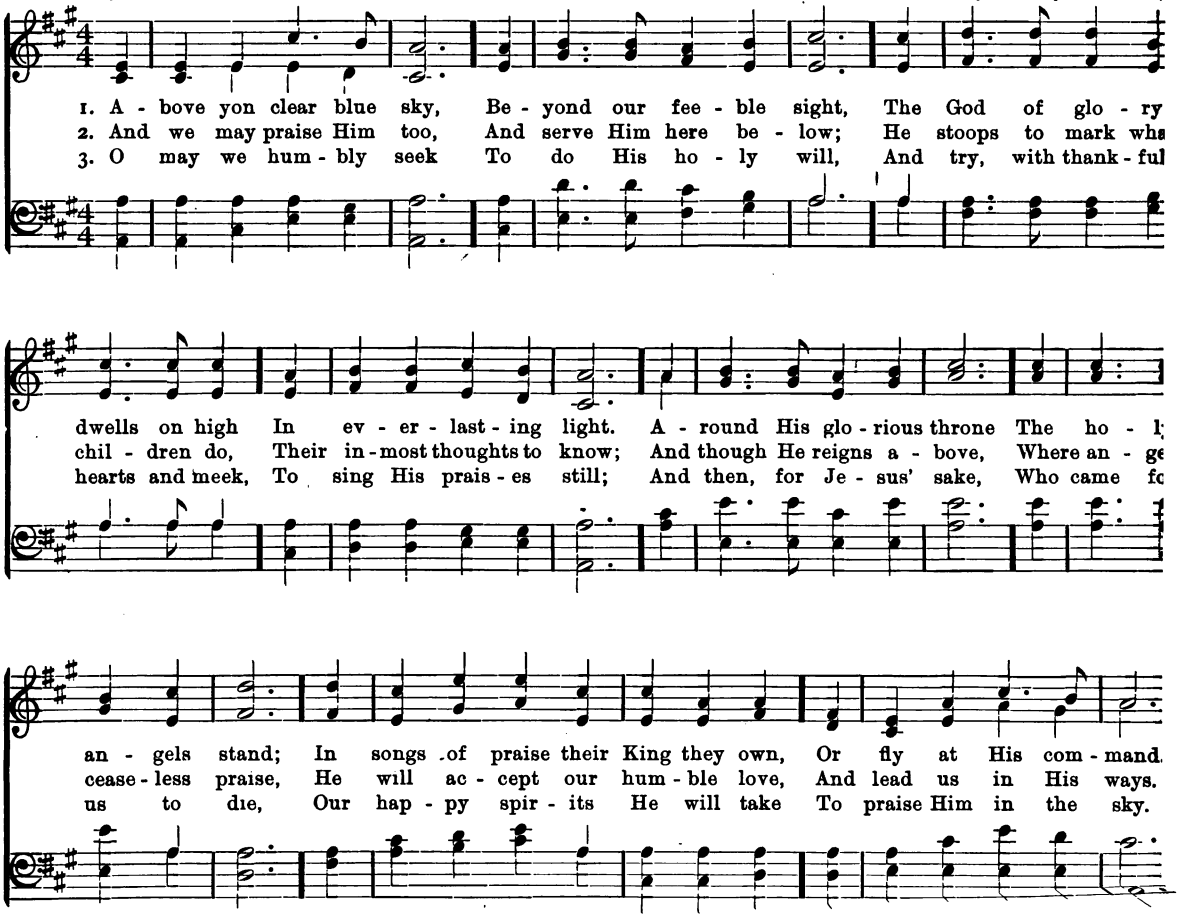

1. God, who made the earth, The air, the sky, the sea, Who gave the light its birth, Car - eth for m
2. God, who made the grass, The flow'r, the fruit, the tree, The day and night to pass, Car - eth for m
3. God, who made the sun, The moon, the stars, is He Who, when life's clouds come on, Car - eth for m
4. God, who made all things On earth, in air, in sea, Who changing sea-sons brings, Car - eth for m

# God, Who hath Made the Daisies.

Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood (1820—1885), 1857. "CUSHMAN." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1887.

1. God, who hath made the dai - sies And ev - ery love - ly thing, He will ac - cept our
2. Though we are young and sin - ful, In praise we may be bold; The chil - dren in the
3. He sees the bird that wing - eth Its way o'er earth and sky; He hears the lark that
4. There-fore we will come near Him, And sol - emn - ly we'll sing; No cause to shrink or
prais - es, And heark - en while we sing. He says, tho' we are sin - ful, Tho'
tem - ple He heard in days of old. And if our hearts are hum - ble, He
sing - eth Up in the heaven so high. He sees the heart's low breath - ings, And
fear Him, We'll make our voic - es ring; For, in our tem - ple speak - ing, He
ig - no - rant we be, "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me."
says to you and me, "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me."
says, well pleased to see, "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me."
says to you and me, "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me."

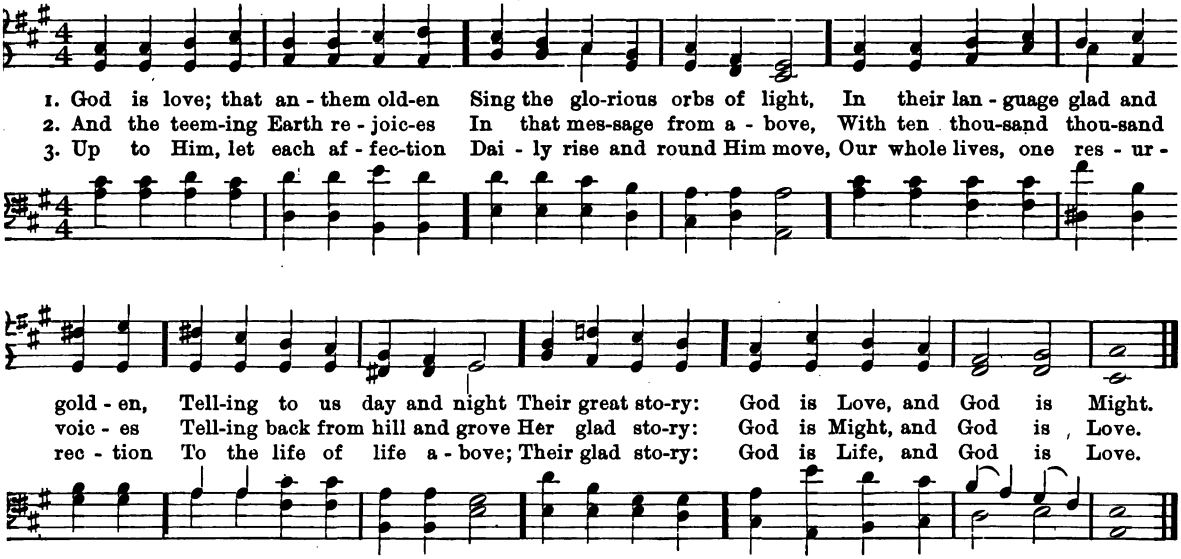
# 53 Above yon Clear Blue Sky.

Mrs. Mary Cotterill Bourdillon (1819—1876), 1849. Isaac Beverly Woodbury (1819—1858)


1. A - bove yon clear blue sky, Be - yond our fee - ble sight, The God of glo - ry
2. And we may praise Him too, And serve Him here be - low; He stoops to mark whs
3. O may we hum - bly seek To do His ho - ly will, And try, with thank - ful
dwells on high In ev - er - last - ing light. A - round His glo - rious throne The ho - l
chil - dren do, Their in - most thoughts to know; And though He reigns a - bove, Where an - ge
hearts and meek, To sing His prais - es still; And then, for Je - sus' sake, Who came fo
an - gels stand; In songs of praise their King they own, Or fly at His com - mand.
cease - less praise, He will ac - cept our hum - ble love, And lead us in His ways.
us to die, Our hap - py spir - its He will take To praise Him in the sky.

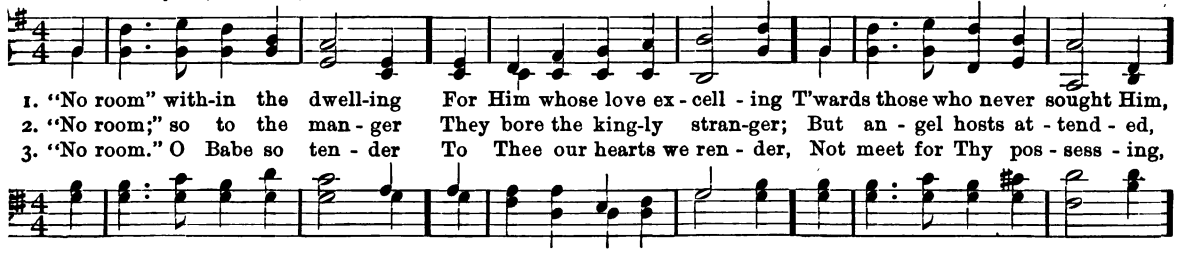
## 54 God is Love, that Anthem Olden.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1857. "SARUM HYMNAL, 244." Edward John Hopkins (1818— ), 1868.


1. God is love; that an - them old-en Sing the glo-rious orbs of light, In their lan - guage glad and
2. And the teem-ing Earth re - joic-es In that mes-sage from a - bove, With ten thou-sand thou-sand
3. Up to Him, let each af - fec-tion Dai - ly rise and round Him move, Our whole lives, one res - ur -
gold - en, Tell-ing to us day and night Their great sto-ry: God is Love, and God is Might.
voic - es Tell-ing back from hill and grove Her glad sto-ry: God is Might, and God is Love.
rec - tion To the life of life a - bove; Their glad sto-ry: God is Life, and God is Love.

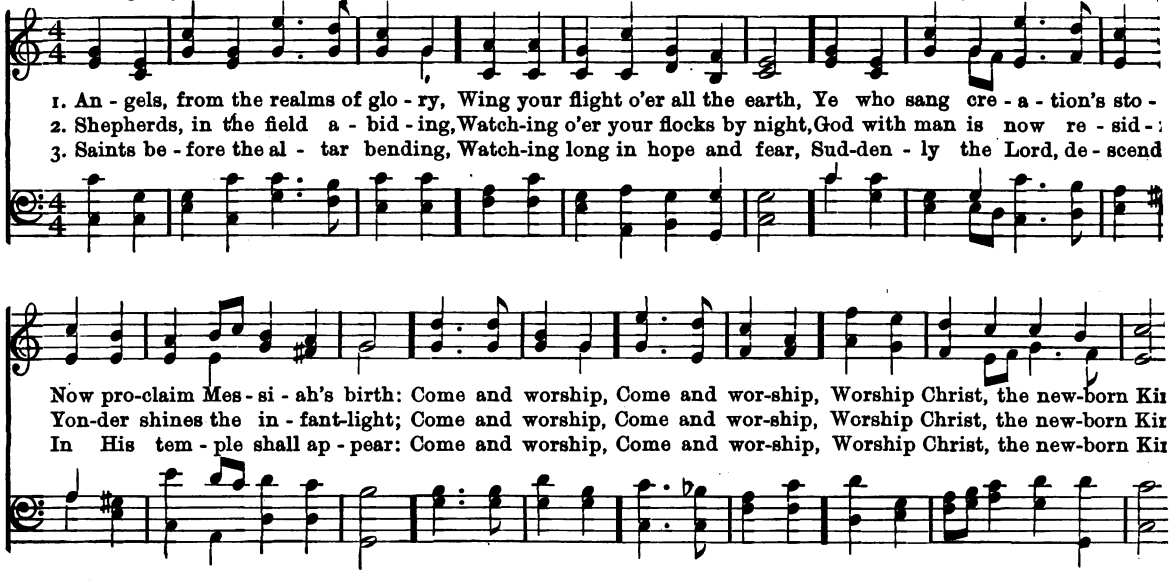
## 55 "No Room" within the Dwelling.

Rev. Robert Hall Baynes (1831— ), 1881. "BARTON." Rev. R. F. Dale.

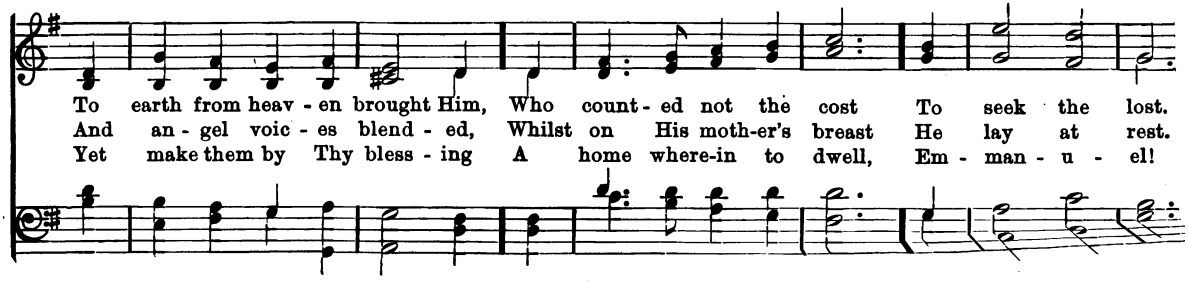

1. "No room" with-in the dwell-ing For Him whose love ex - cell - ing T'wards those who never sought Him,
2. "No room;" so to the man - ger They bore the king-ly stran-ger; But an - gel hosts at - tend - ed,
3. "No room." O Babe so ten - der To Thee our hearts we ren - der, Not meet for Thy pos - sess - ing,

## 56 Angels, from the Realms of Glory.

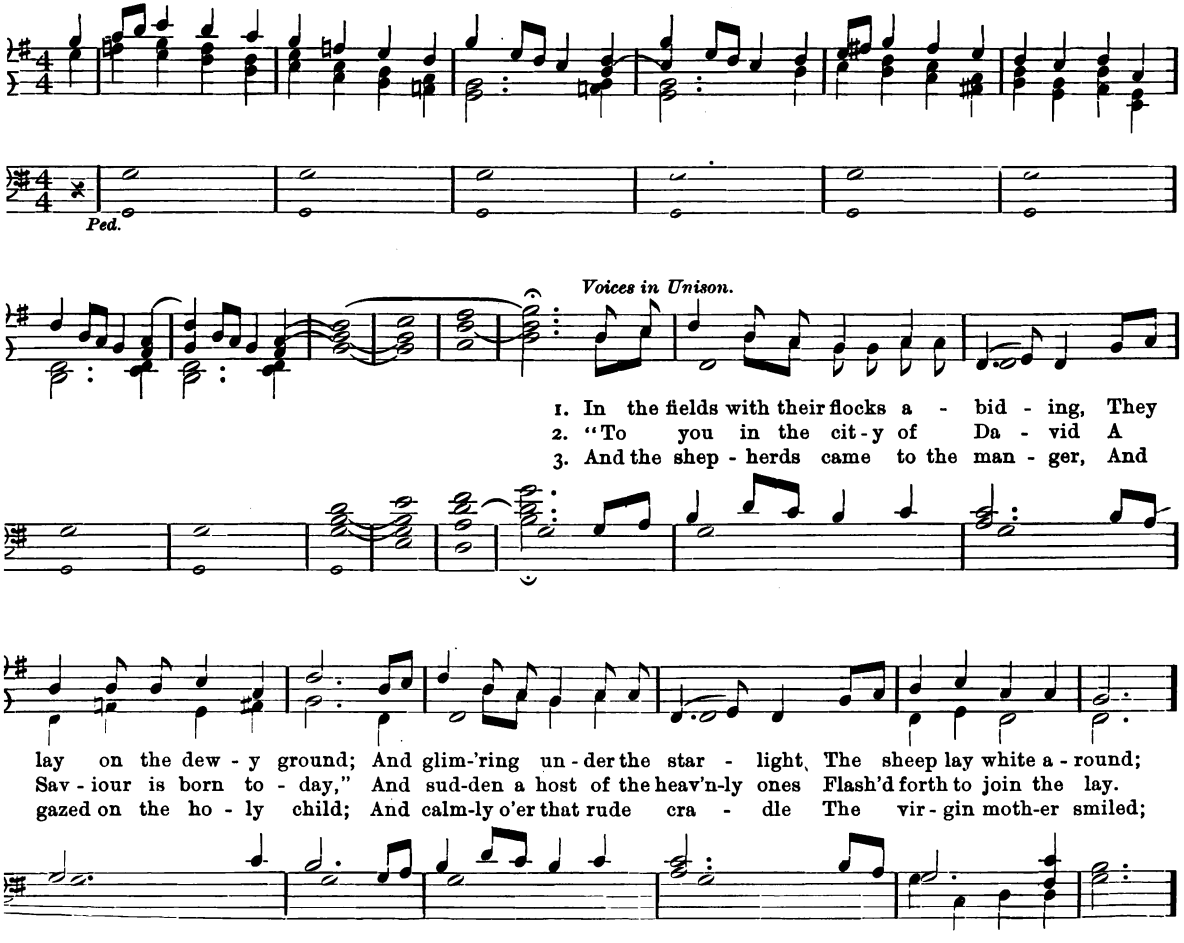
James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825. "REGENT SQUARE." Henry Smart (1812—1879), 186


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto -
2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid -
3. Saints be - fore the al - tar bending, Watch-ing long in hope and fear, Sud-den - ly the Lord, de - scend
Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and worship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born Kin
Yon-der shines the in - fant-light; Come and worship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born Kin
In His tem - ple shall ap - pear: Come and worship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born Kin

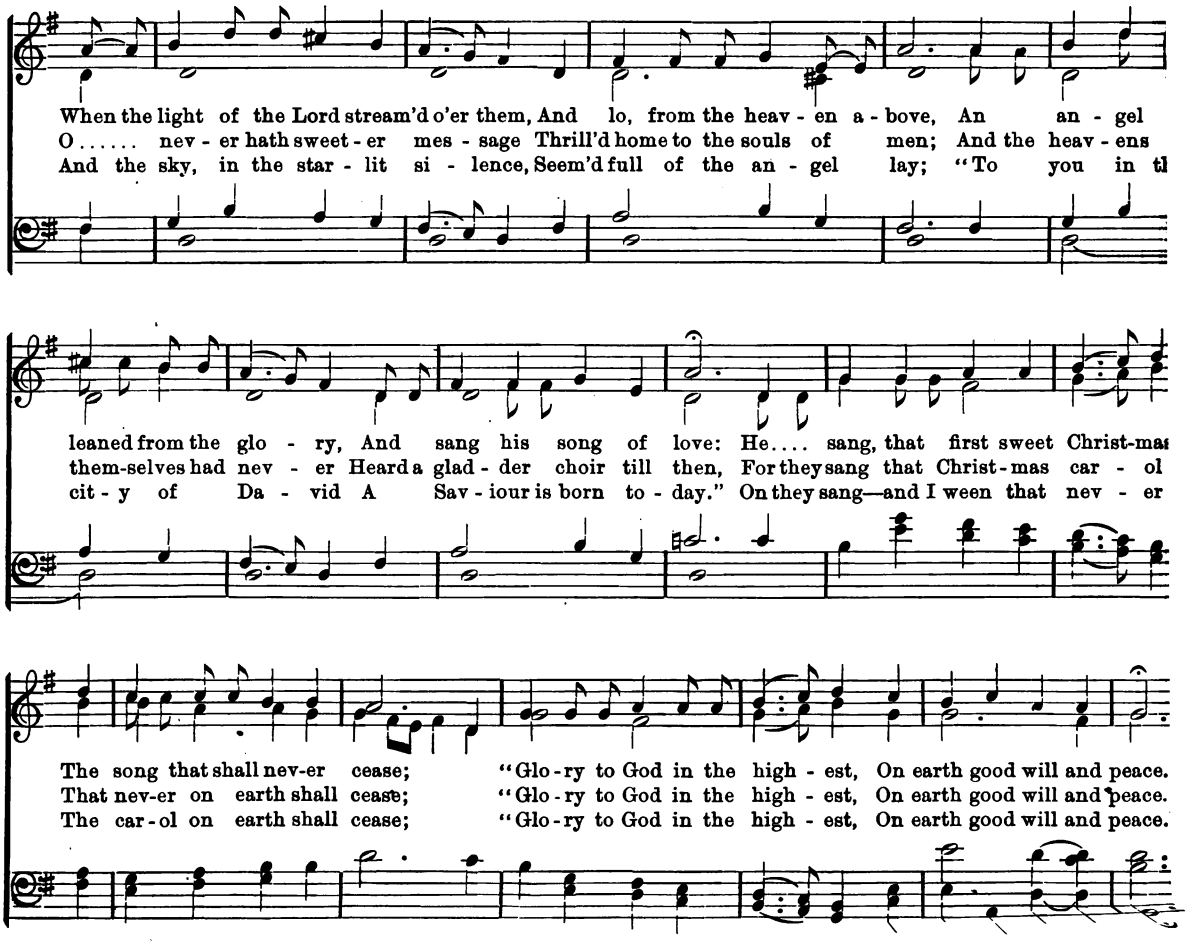
## "No Room" within the Dwelling.—Concluded.


To earth from heav - en brought Him, Who count - ed not the cost To seek the lost.
And an - gel voic - es blend - ed, Whilst on His moth-er's breast He lay at rest.
Yet make them by Thy bless - ing A home where-in to dwell, Em - man - u - el!

# 57 In the Fields with Their Flocks Abiding.

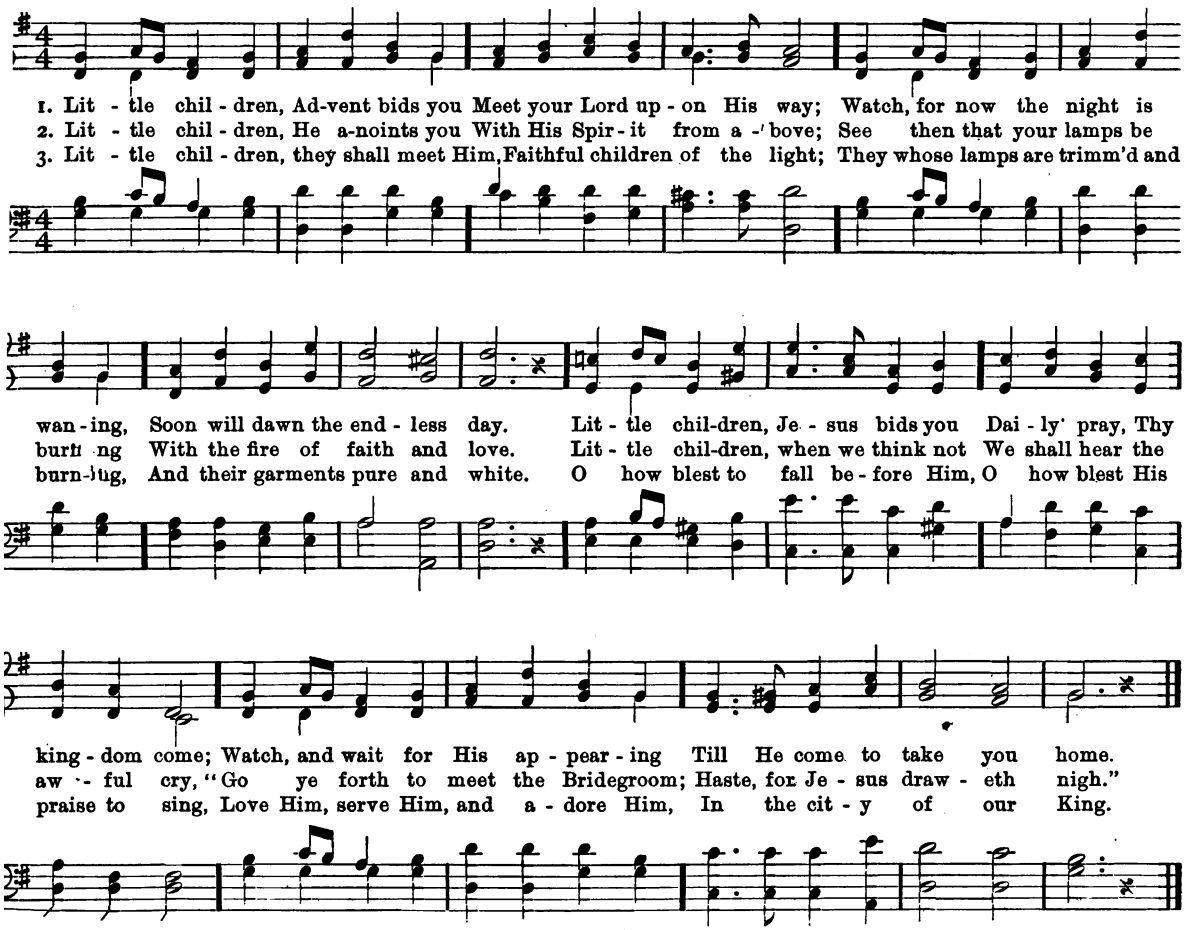
Rev. Frederic William Farrar (1831— ). "IN THE FIELDS." John Farmer.

Ped.
Voices in Unison.
1. In the fields with their flocks a - bid - ing, They
2. "To you in the cit-y of Da - vid A
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And
lay on the dew - y ground; And glim-'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round;
Sav - iour is born to - day," And sud-den a host of the heav'n-ly ones Flash'd forth to join the lay.
gazed on the ho - ly child; And calm-ly o'er that rude cra - dle The vir - gin moth-er smiled;

# In the Fields with Their Flocks Abiding.—Concluded.


When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er them, And lo, from the heav - en a - bove, An an - gel
O..... nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of men; And the heav - ens
And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel lay; "To you in th
leaned from the glo - ry, And sang his song of love: He.... sang, that first sweet Christ-mas
them-selves had nev - er Heard a glad - der choir till then, For they sang that Christ - mas car - ol
cit - y of Da - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day." On they sang—and I ween that nev - er
The song that shall nev-er cease; "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace.
That nev-er on earth shall cease; "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace.
The car - ol on earth shall cease; "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace.

# Little Children, Advent bids You.

Miss Esther Wiglesworth, (1827— ) 1863. "ST. CASIMIR." Anon.


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, Ad-vent bids you Meet your Lord up - on His way; Watch, for now the night is
2. Lit - tle chil - dren, He a-noints you With His Spir - it from a - bove; See then that your lamps be
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, they shall meet Him, Faithful children of the light; They whose lamps are trimm'd and
wan - ing, Soon will dawn the end - less day. Lit - tle chil-dren, Je - sus bids you Dai - ly pray, Thy
burn - ing With the fire of faith and love. Lit - tle chil-dren, when we think not We shall hear the
burn - ing, And their garments pure and white. O how blest to fall be - fore Him, O how blest His
king - dom come; Watch, and wait for His ap - pear - ing Till He come to take you home.
aw - ful cry, "Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom; Haste, for Je - sus draw - eth nigh."
praise to sing, Love Him, serve Him, and a - dore Him, In the cit - y of our King.

# 59 The Joyful Morn is Breaking.

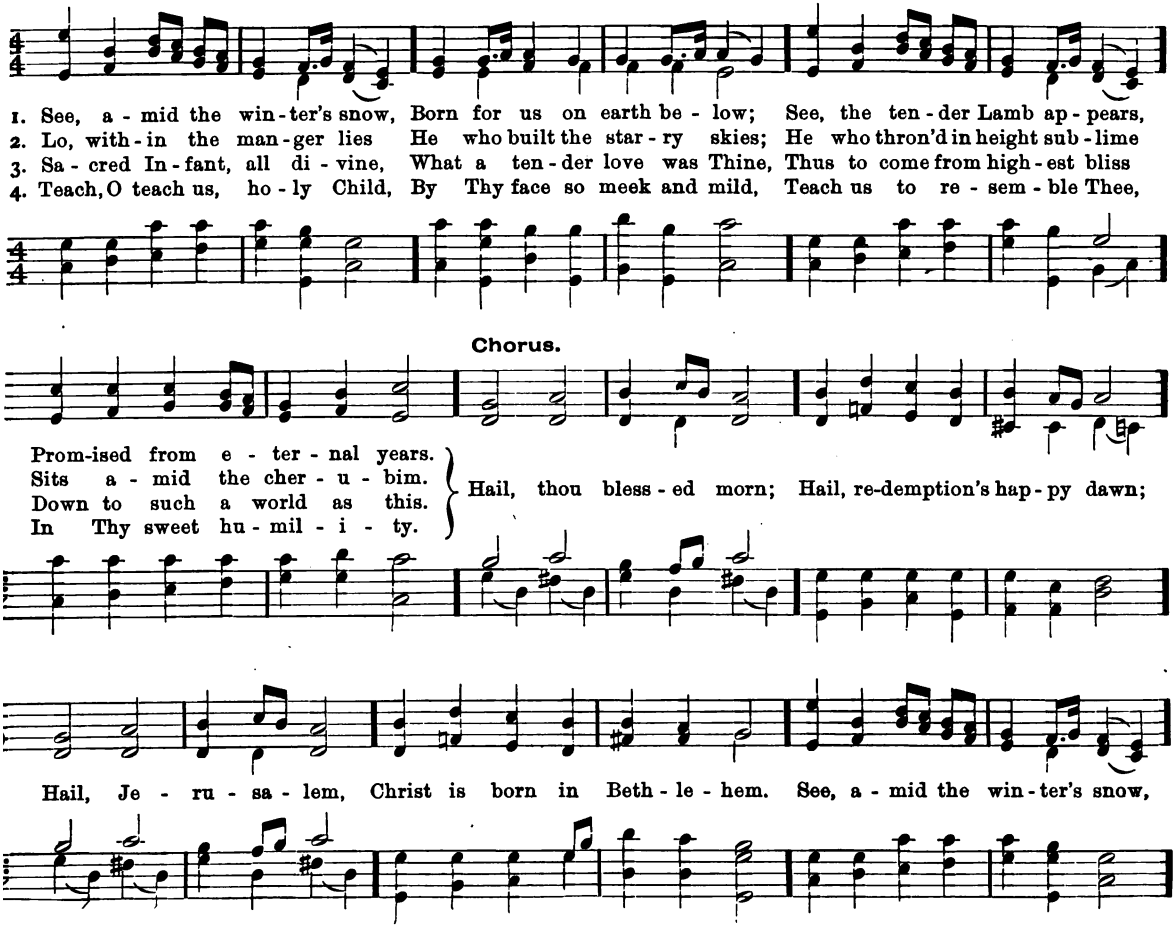
Benjamin Gough (1805—1877), 1873. "CHRISTMAS MORN." Edward John Hopkins (1818—

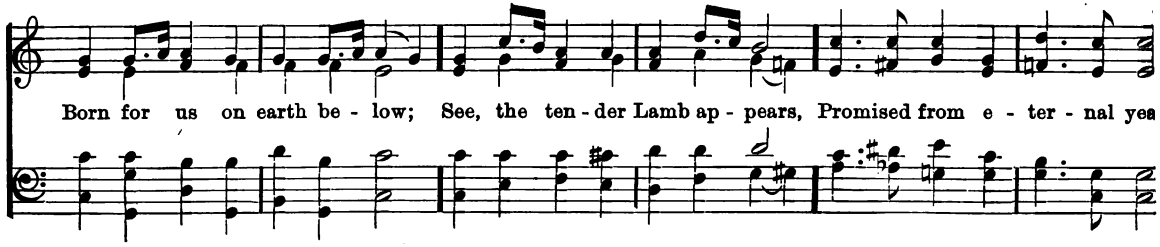
1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn on earth, Thro' all cre - a -
2. High strains of praise are swell - ing From an - gel hosts on high, And one soft voice
3. His chil-dren's songs shall name Him In many a tongue to - day; His Church shall yet

wak - ing The joy of 'Je - sus' birth. His star a - bove is glist - 'ning, Where Je -
tell - ing Glad ti - dings from the sky; Ti - dings of free sal - va - tion, Of peace
claim Him To peo - ple far a - way; Till i - dols fall be - fore Him, Till strife

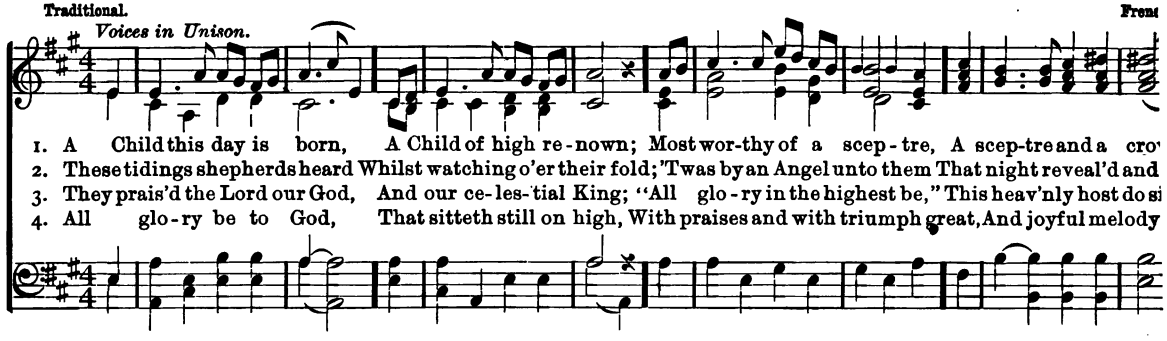
cra - dled lies, And all the earth is list - 'ning The car - ol of the skies.
earth be - low; Thro' ev - ery land and na - tion The bless - ed word shall go.
wrong shall cease, Till all the earth a - dore Him, Th'e - ter - nal Prince of Peace.

# O See, amid the Winter's Snow.

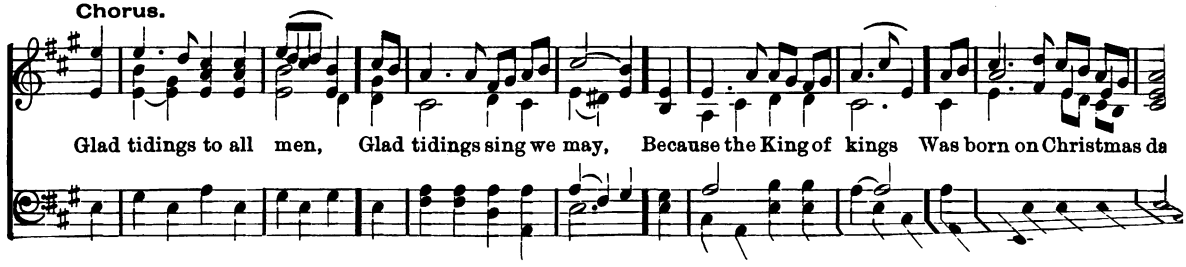
Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1858. "MITCHELL." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1893.

1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low; See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears,
2. Lo, with - in the man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies; He who thron'd in height sub - lime
3. Sa - cred In - fant, all di - vine, What a ten - der love was Thine, Thus to come from high - est bliss
4. Teach, O teach us, ho - ly Child, By Thy face so meek and mild, Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee,
Chorus.
Prom-ised from e - ter - nal years.
Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim.
Down to such a world as this.
In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty.
Hail, thou bless - ed morn; Hail, re-demption's hap - py dawn;
Hail, Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow,

## See, amid the Winter's Snow.—Concluded.

## 61 A Child this Day is Born.

Traditional. *Voices in Unison.* From

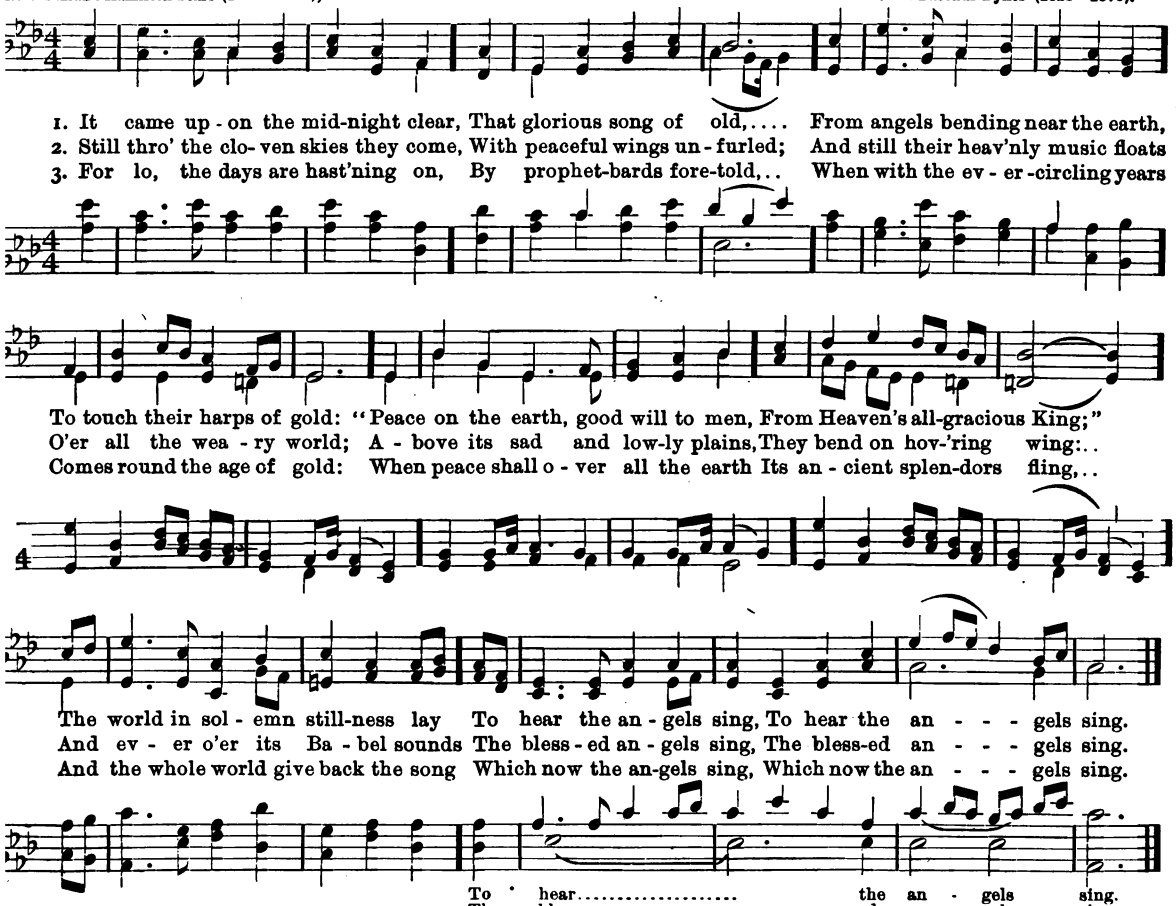

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high re - nown; Most wor-thy of a scep - tre, A scep-tre and a cro
2. These tidings shepherds heard Whilst watching o'er their fold; 'Twas by an Angel unto them That night reveal'd and
3. They prais'd the Lord our God, And our ce-les-tial King; "All glo - ry in the highest be," This heav'nly host do si
4. All glo - ry be to God, That sitteth still on high, With praises and with triumph great, And joyful melody

Chorus.



# It Came upon the Midnight Clear.

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810—1876), 1850. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,.... From angels bending near the earth,
2. Still thro' the clo- ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un - furled; And still their heav'nly music floats
3. For lo, the days are hast'ning on, By prophet-bards fore-told,.. When with the ev - er -circling years
To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heaven's all-gracious King;"
O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low-ly plains, They bend on hov-'ring wing:..
Comes round the age of gold: When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,..
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - - - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing, The bless-ed an - - - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing, Which now the an - - - gels sing.
To hear..... the an - gels sing.
The bless - - - - - - - ed an - gels sing.
Which now..... the an - gels sing.

# 63 Calm on the listening Ear of Night.

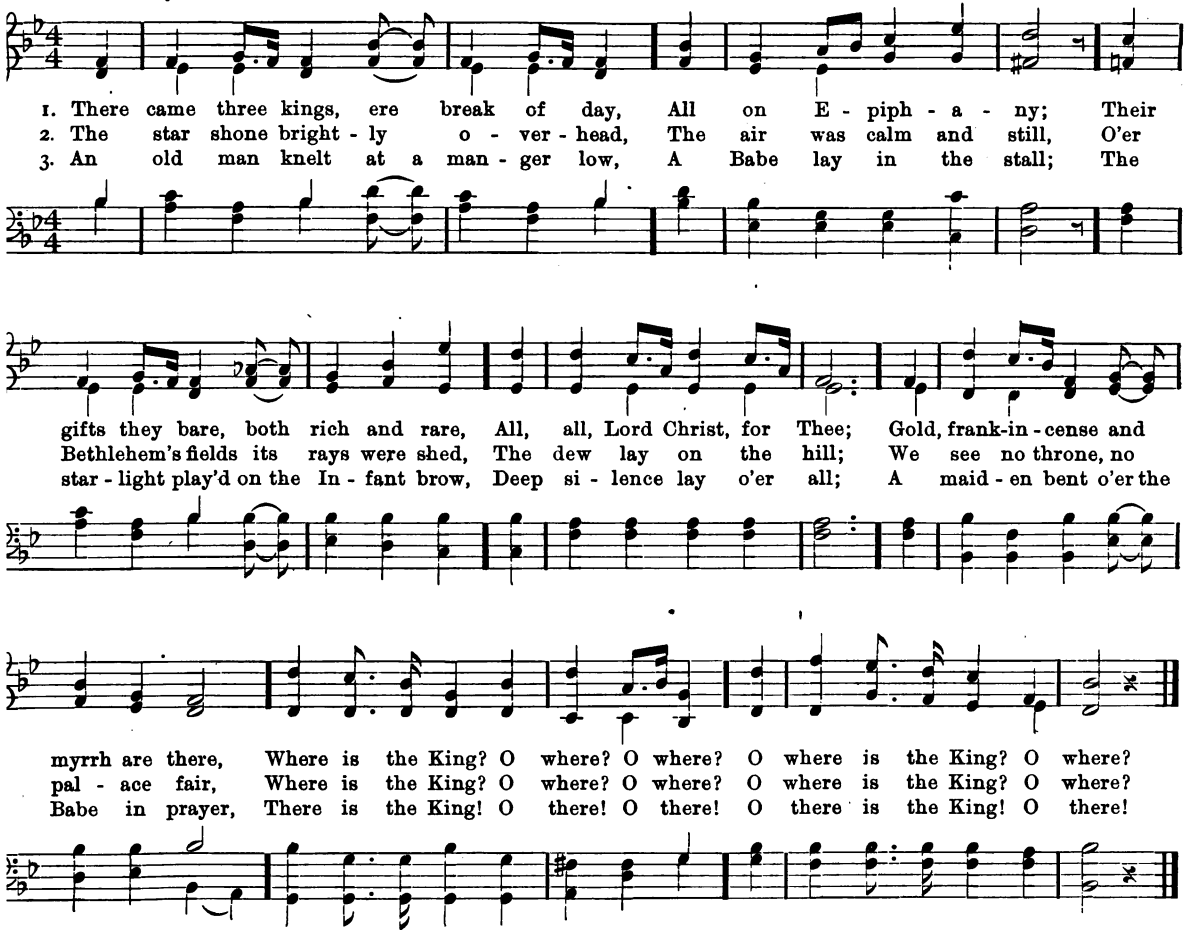
Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810—1876), 1834. "CAROL." Richard Storrs Willis (1819— ), 18

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come Heav'n's me-lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de -
2. The answering hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply, And greet from all th
3. Glo - ry to God! the loft - y strain The realm of eth - er fills; How sweeps the song

stretch-es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains; Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Sh
ho - ly heights The Day-spring from on high: O'er the blue depths of Ga - li - lee Th
sol - emn joy O'er Ju - dah's sa - cred hills! "Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Lo

sa - cred glo - ries there; And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
comes a ho - lier calm; And Shar - on waves in sol - emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm.
with their an - thems ring: "Peace on the earth; good-will to men, From Heav'n's e - ter - nal King.

# 64 There Came Three Kings.

Anon. 16th Century. "EPIPHANY." Rev. R. F. Smith.

1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - piph - a - ny; Their
2. The star shone bright - ly o - ver - head, The air was calm and still, O'er
3. An old man knelt at a man - ger low, A Babe lay in the stall; The
gifts they bare, both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee; Gold, frank-in - cense and
Bethlehem's fields its rays were shed, The dew lay on the hill; We see no throne, no
star - light play'd on the In - fant brow, Deep si - lence lay o'er all; A maid - en bent o'er the
myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
pal - ace fair, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
Babe in prayer, There is the King! O there! O there! O there is the King! O there!

# 65 Carol, Sweetly Carol.

Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne (1823— ), 1867. By per. Theodore E. Perkins, 1867

1. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Saviour born to - day; Bear the joy-ful ti-dings, O bear them far a - way.
2. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng, O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A - woke the heav'nly song
3. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, The hap-py Christmas time: Hark, the bells are pealing Their merry, mer-ry chim

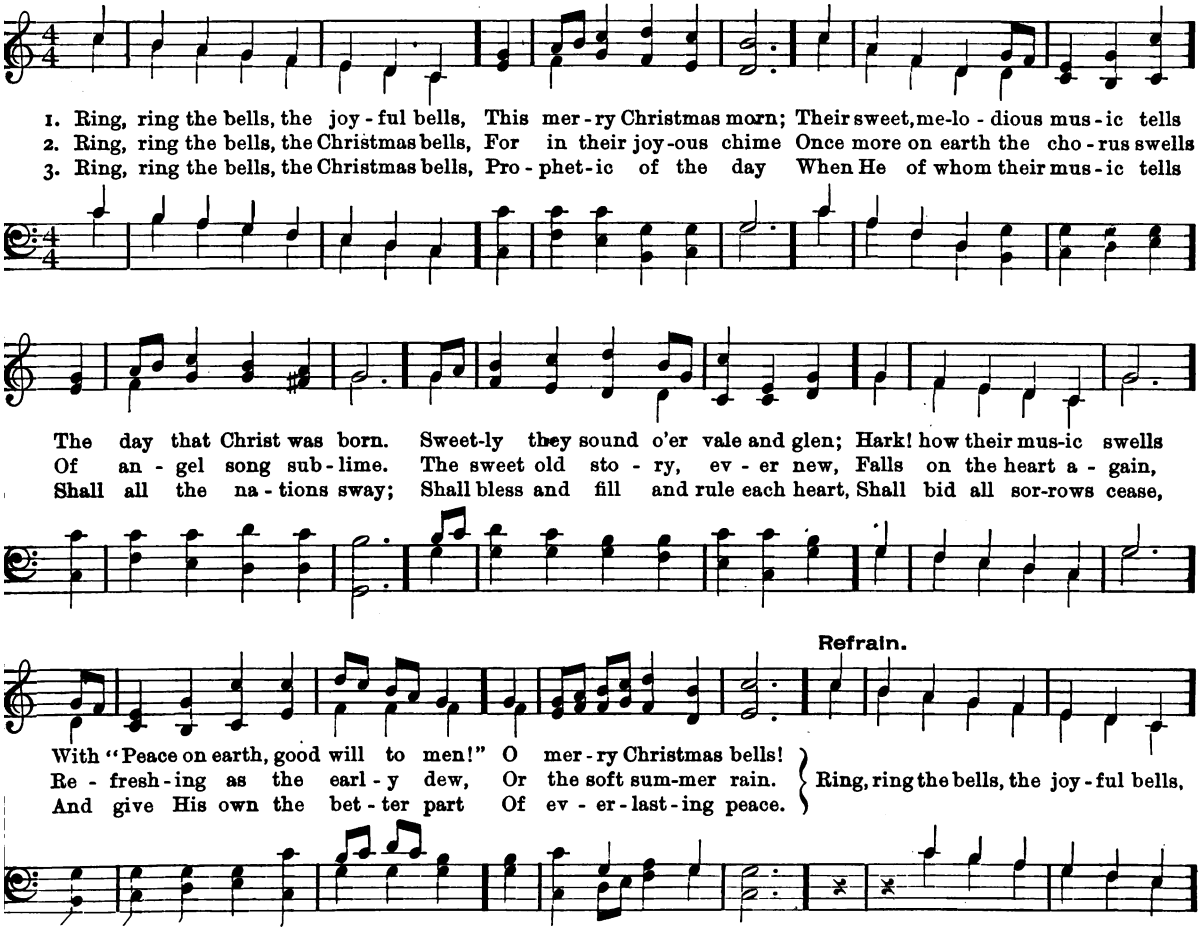
Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Till earth's re-mot-est bound Shall hear the mighty cho-rus, And ech - o back the sound
Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Good will, and peace, and love, Glo - ry in the high-est To God who reigns a-bove.
Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Ye shining ones a - bove, Sing in loudest numbers, O sing re-deeming love.

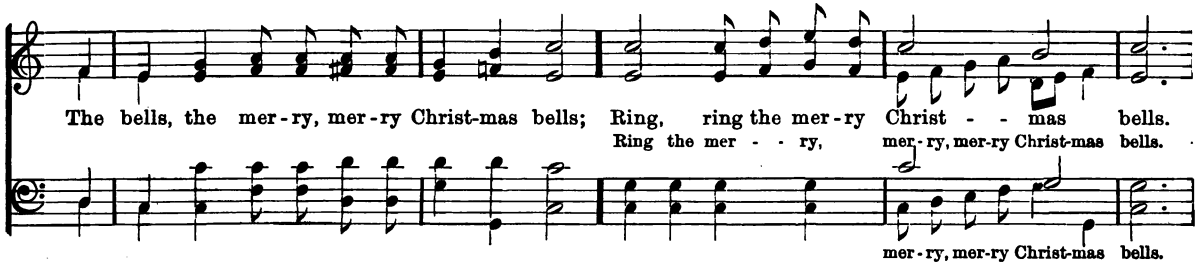
Chorus.

Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day; Bear the joy-ful ti-dings, O bear them far a - way.
Car - ol, car - ol,

Car-ol, car - ol, Car - ol sweet-ly to - day;

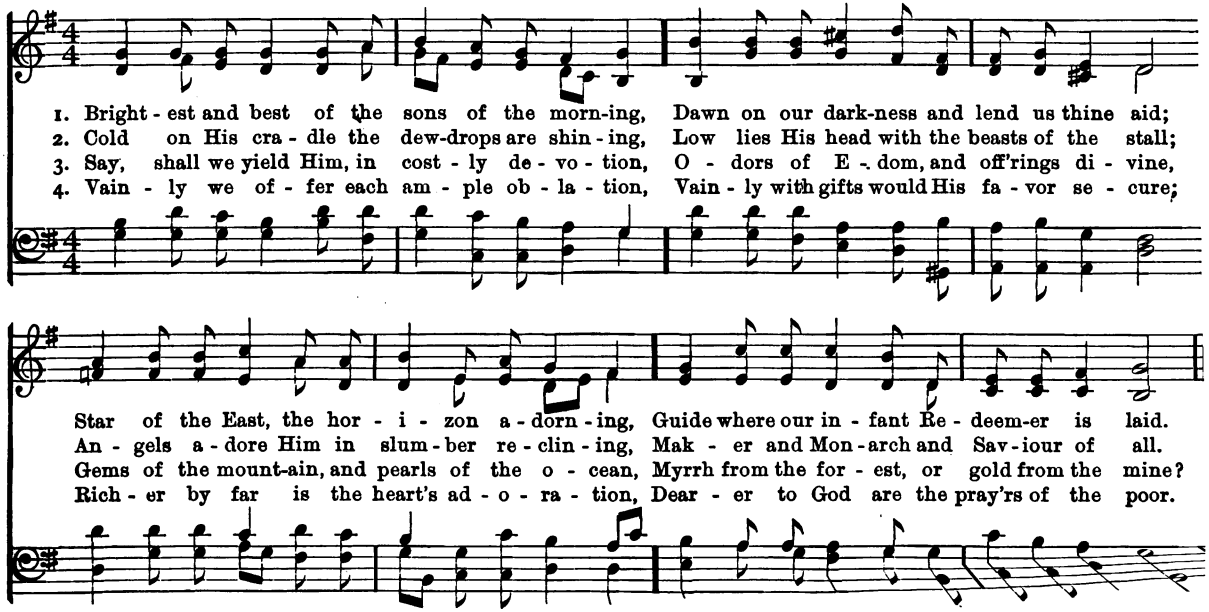
# 66 Ring, Ring the Bells, the Joyful Bells.

Anon. "CHRISTMAS BELLS." J. J. Atack.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the joy-ful bells, This mer-ry Christmas morn; Their sweet, me-lo-dious mus-ic tells
2. Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, For in their joy-ous chime Once more on earth the cho-rus swells
3. Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Pro-phet-ic of the day When He of whom their mus-ic tells
The day that Christ was born. Sweet-ly they sound o'er vale and glen; Hark! how their mus-ic swells
Of an-gel song sub-lime. The sweet old sto-ry, ev-er new, Falls on the heart a-gain,
Shall all the na-tions sway; Shall bless and fill and rule each heart, Shall bid all sor-rows cease,
Refrain.
With "Peace on earth, good will to men!" O mer-ry Christmas bells!
Re-fresh-ing as the earl-y dew, Or the soft sum-mer rain.
And give His own the bet-ter part Of ev-er-last-ing peace.
Ring, ring the bells, the joy-ful bells,

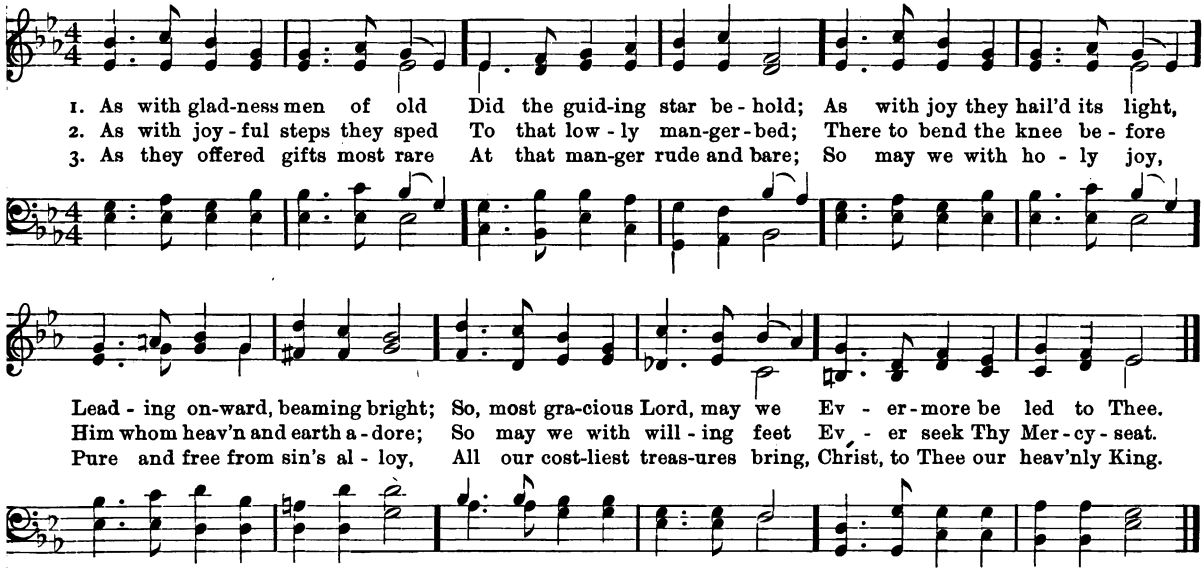
## Ring, Ring the Bells, the Joyful Bells.—Concluded.

The bells, the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells; Ring, ring the mer-ry Christ - - mas bells.
Ring the mer - - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells.
mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells.

## 67 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1811. "ST. NINIAN." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).

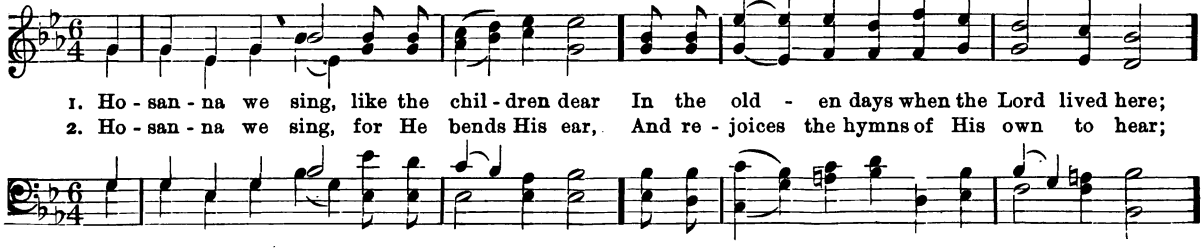

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid;
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-dom, and off'rings di-vine,
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gifts would His fa-vor se-cure;
Star of the East, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
An-gels a-dore Him in slum-ber re-clin-ing, Mak-er and Mon-arch and Sav-iour of all.
Gems of the mount-ain, and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?
Rich-er by far is the heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

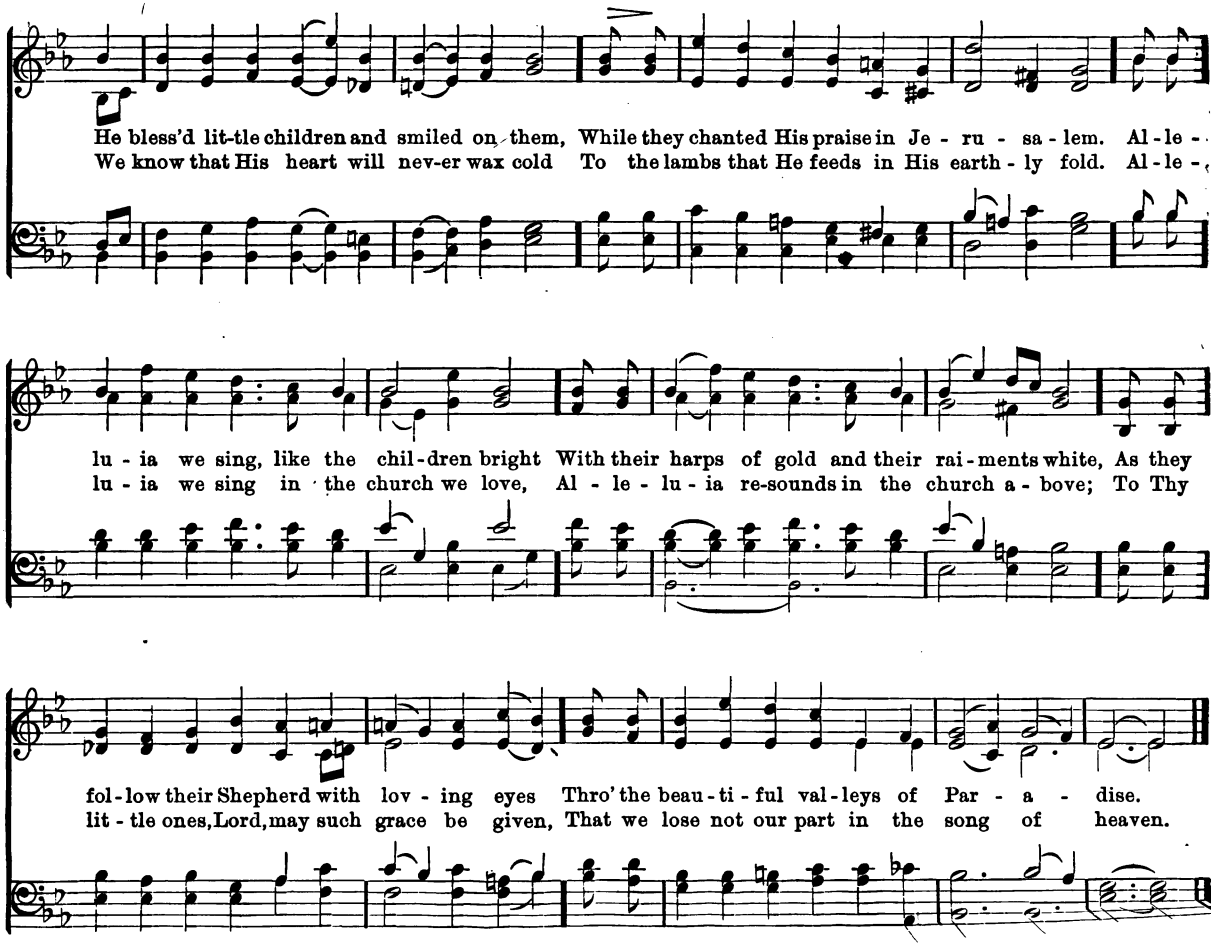
## 68 As with Gladness Men of Old.

Rev. William Chatterton Dix (1837— ), 1860. "EPSOM COLLEGE." Rev. S. J. Rowton.

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold; As with joy they hail'd its light,
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man-ger - bed; There to bend the knee be - fore
3. As they offered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare; So may we with ho - ly joy,
Lead - ing on-ward, beaming bright; So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore; So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy Mer - cy - seat.
Pure and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost-liest treas-ures bring, Christ, to Thee our heav'nly King.

## 69 Hosanna We Sing, Like the Children Dear.

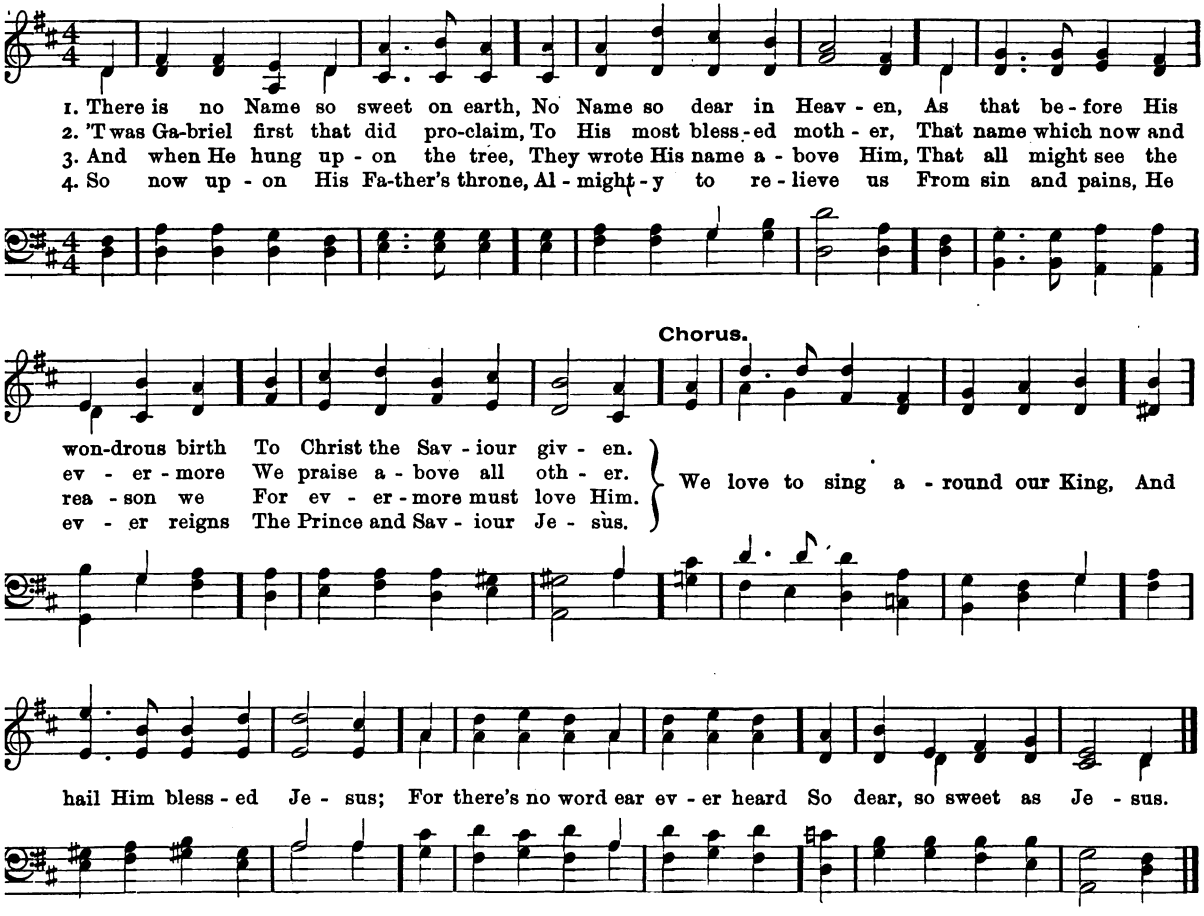
Rev. George Samuel Hodges (1827— ), 1876. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).


1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joices the hymns of His own to hear;

# Hosanna We Sing.—Concluded.

He bless'd lit-tle children and smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le -
We know that His heart will nev-er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold. Al - le -
lu - ia we sing, like the chil-dren bright With their harps of gold and their rai-ments white, As they
lu - ia we sing in the church we love, Al - le - lu - ia re-sounds in the church a - bove; To Thy
fol-low their Shepherd with lov - ing eyes Thro' the beau-ti - ful val-leys of Par - a - dise.
lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

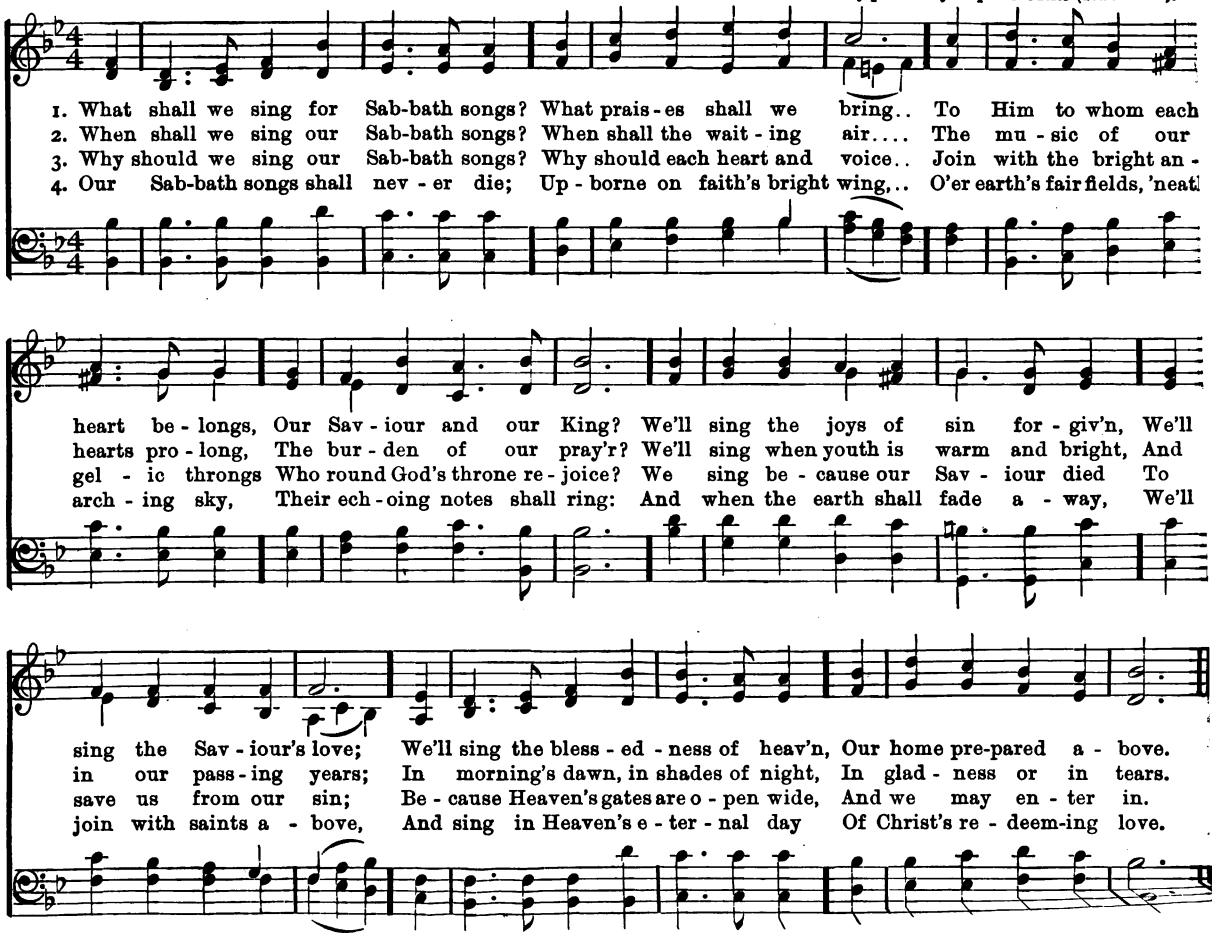
# 70 There is no Name so Sweet on Earth.

Rev. George Washington Bethune (1805—1862), 1858. Joseph Barnby (1838— ),

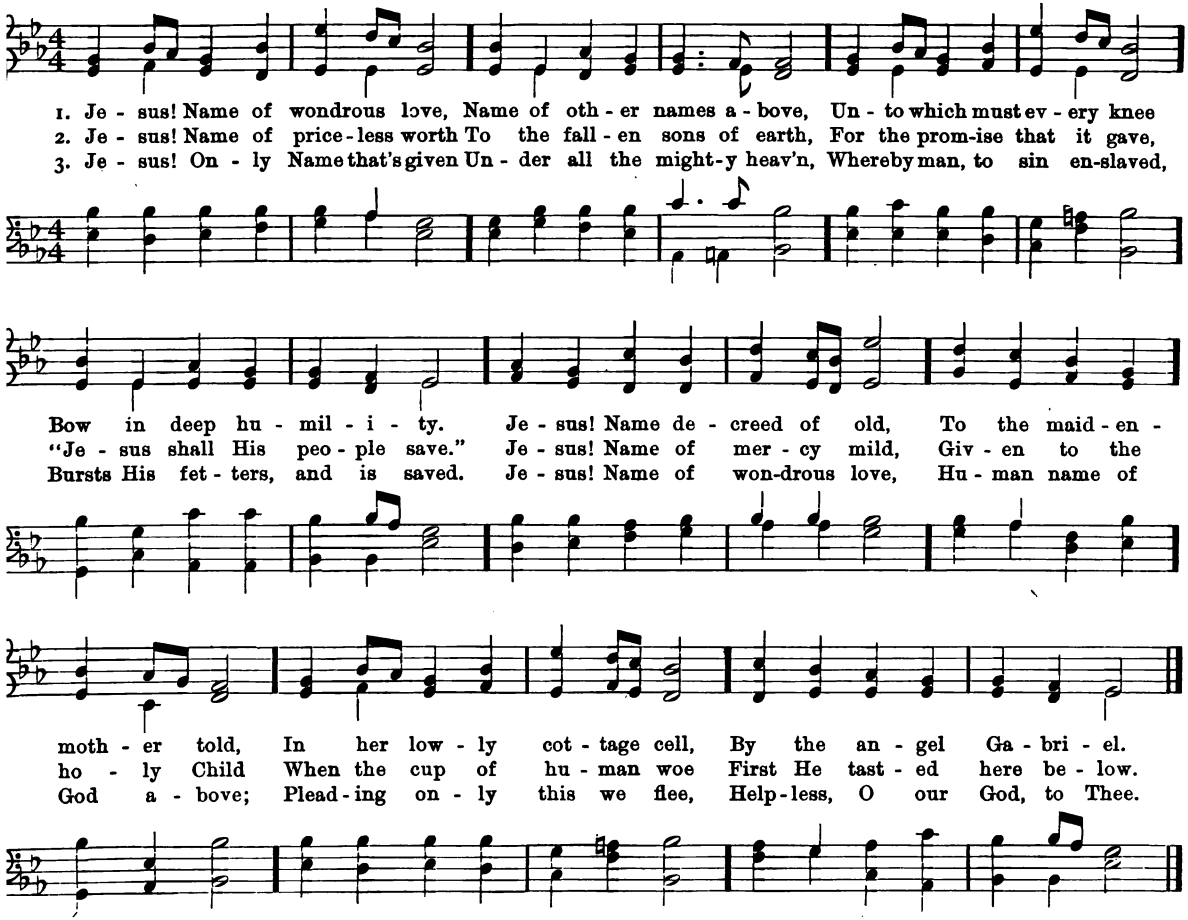

1. There is no Name so sweet on earth, No Name so dear in Heav - en, As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
2. 'T was Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er, That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him, That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love Him.
4. So now up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al - migh - y to re - lieve us From sin and pains, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus.
Chorus.
We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

# 71 What shall We Sing for Sabbath Songs.

S. Burnham. "CUTLER." By per. Henry Stephens Cutler (1824— ).

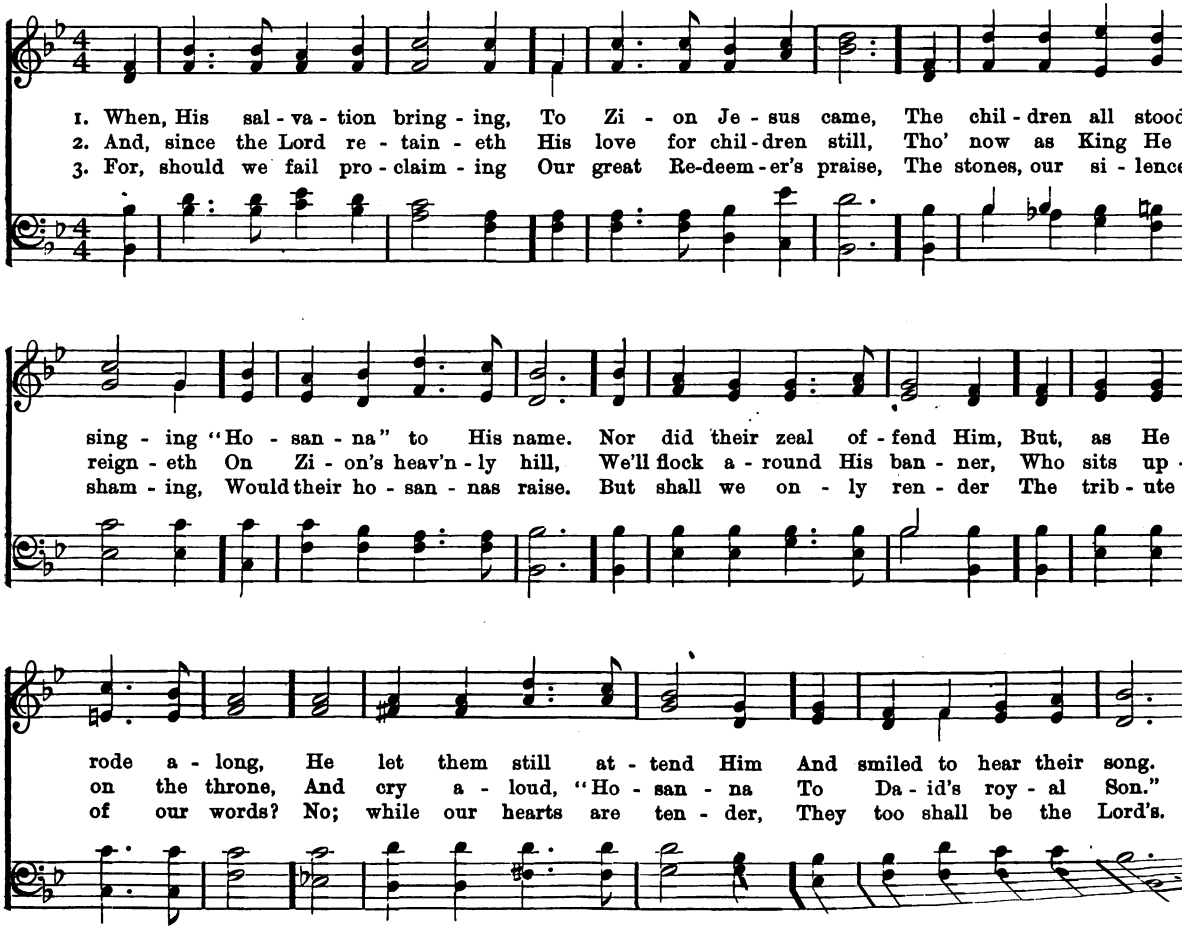

1. What shall we sing for Sab-bath songs? What prais-es shall we bring.. To Him to whom each
2. When shall we sing our Sab-bath songs? When shall the wait-ing air.... The mu-sic of our
3. Why should we sing our Sab-bath songs? Why should each heart and voice.. Join with the bright an-
4. Our Sab-bath songs shall nev-er die; Up-borne on faith's bright wing,.. O'er earth's fair fields, 'neat
heart be-longs, Our Sav-iour and our King? We'll sing the joys of sin for-giv'n, We'll
hearts pro-long, The bur-den of our pray'r? We'll sing when youth is warm and bright, And
gel-ic throngs Who round God's throne re-joice? We sing be-cause our Sav-iour died To
arch-ing sky, Their ech-oing notes shall ring: And when the earth shall fade a-way, We'll
sing the Sav-iour's love; We'll sing the bless-ed-ness of heav'n, Our home pre-pared a-bove.
in our pass-ing years; In morning's dawn, in shades of night, In glad-ness or in tears.
save us from our sin; Be-cause Heaven's gates are o-pen wide, And we may en-ter in.
join with saints a-bove, And sing in Heaven's e-ter-nal day Of Christ's re-deem-ing love.

# 72 Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1854. "TICHFIELD." R. W. Beaty.

1. Je - sus! Name of wondrous love, Name of oth - er names a - bove, Un - to which must ev - ery knee
2. Je - sus! Name of price - less worth To the fall - en sons of earth, For the prom-ise that it gave,
3. Je - sus! On - ly Name that's given Un - der all the might - y heav'n, Whereby man, to sin en-slaved,
Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. Je - sus! Name de - creed of old, To the maid - en -
"Je - sus shall His peo - ple save." Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the
Bursts His fet - ters, and is saved. Je - sus! Name of won-drous love, Hu - man name of
moth - er told, In her low - ly cot - tage cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
ho - ly Child When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.
God a - bove; Plead - ing on - ly this we flee, Help - less, O our God, to Thee.

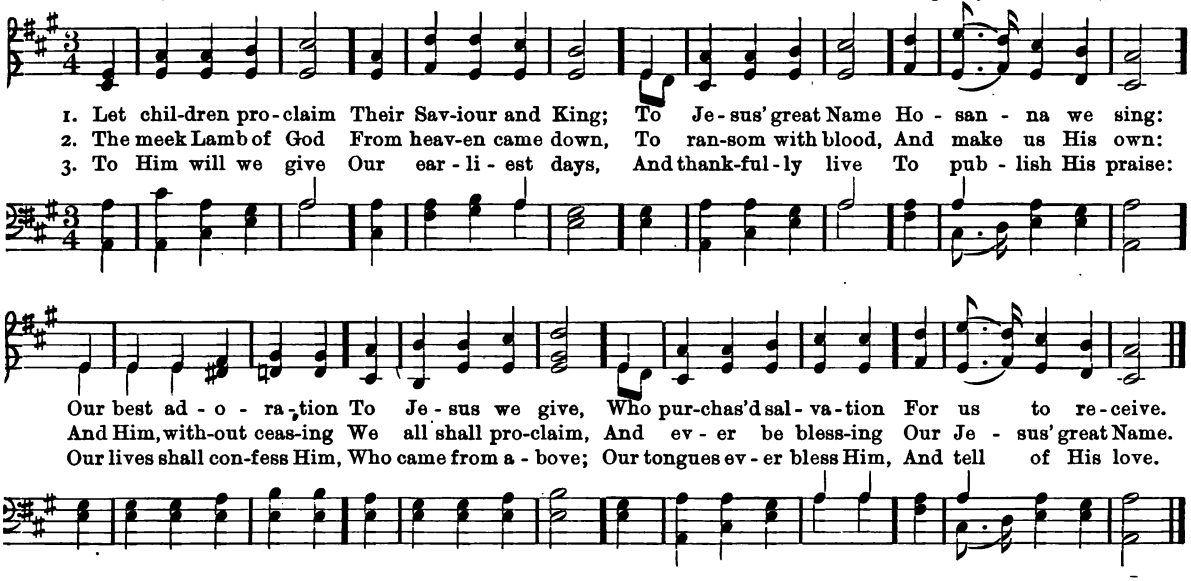
# 73 When, His Salvation Bringing.

Rev. John King (1788—1858), 1830. "LORETTO." Henri F. Hemy (1818— ).


1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood
2. And, since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still, Tho' now as King He
3. For, should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re-deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence
sing - ing "Ho - san - na" to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He
reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill, We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up -
sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute
rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him And smiled to hear their song.
on the throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - id's roy - al Son."
of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

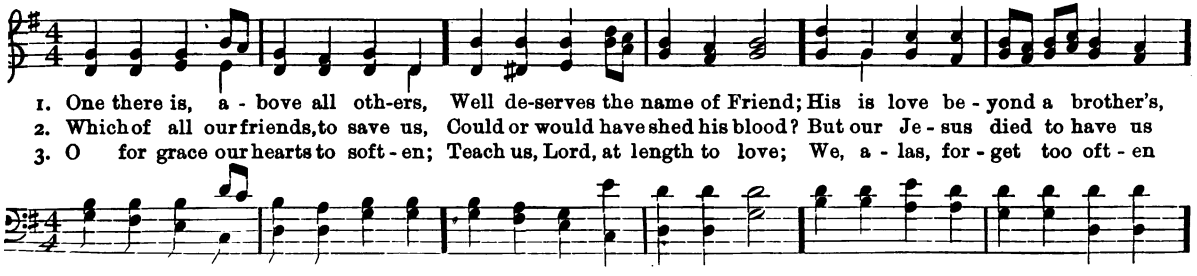
## 74 Let Children Proclaim.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1763. "LYONS." Francis Joseph Haydn (1732—1809), 1770.

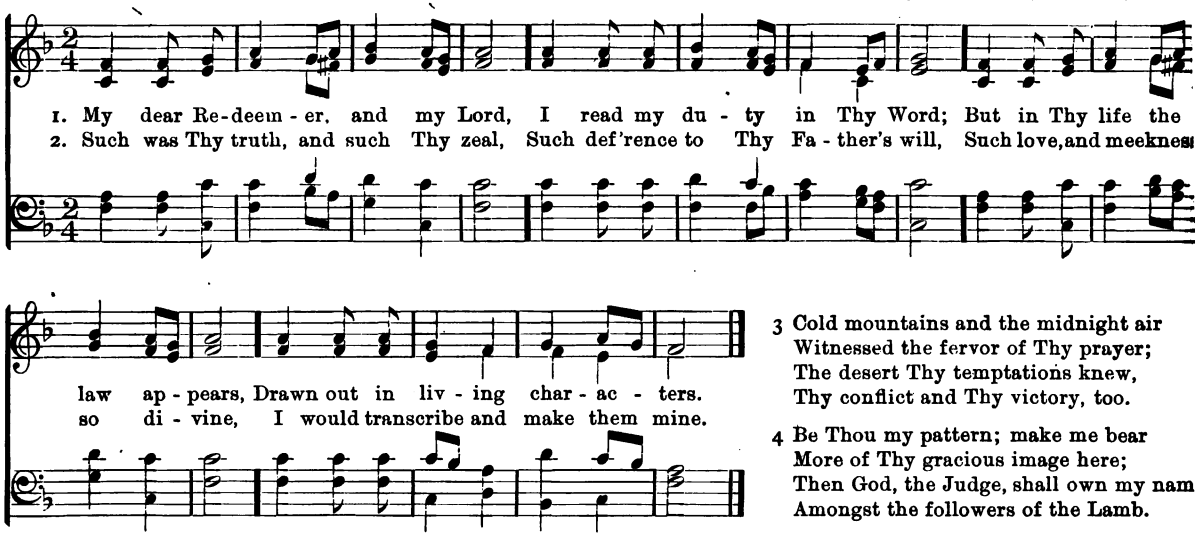

1. Let chil-dren pro-claim Their Sav-iour and King; To Je-sus' great Name Ho-san-na we sing:
2. The meek Lamb of God From heav-en came down, To ran-som with blood, And make us His own:
3. To Him will we give Our ear-li-est days, And thank-ful-ly live To pub-lish His praise:
Our best ad-o-ra-tion To Je-sus we give, Who pur-chas'd sal-va-tion For us to re-ceive.
And Him, with-out ceas-ing We all shall pro-claim, And ev-er be bless-ing Our Je-sus' great Name.
Our lives shall con-fess Him, Who came from a-bove; Our tongues ev-er bless Him, And tell of His love.

## 75 One there Is, Above All Others.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. "GOUNOD" Charles Francois Gounod (1818—1893).


1. One there is, a-bove all oth-ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend; His is love be-yond a brother's,
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But our Je-sus died to have us
3. O for grace our hearts to soft-en; Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a-las, for-get too oft-en

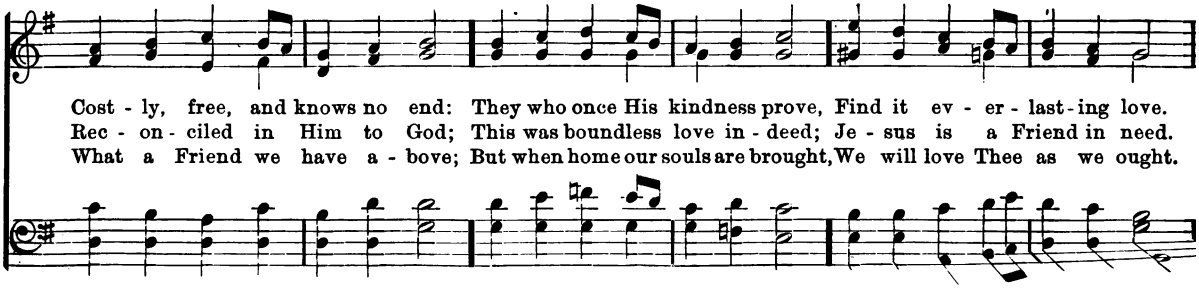
# 76 My Dear Redeemer, and My Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. "HAMBURG." Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1825.

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy Word; But in Thy life the
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such def'rence to Thy Fa - ther's will, Such love, and meekness
law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
so di - vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

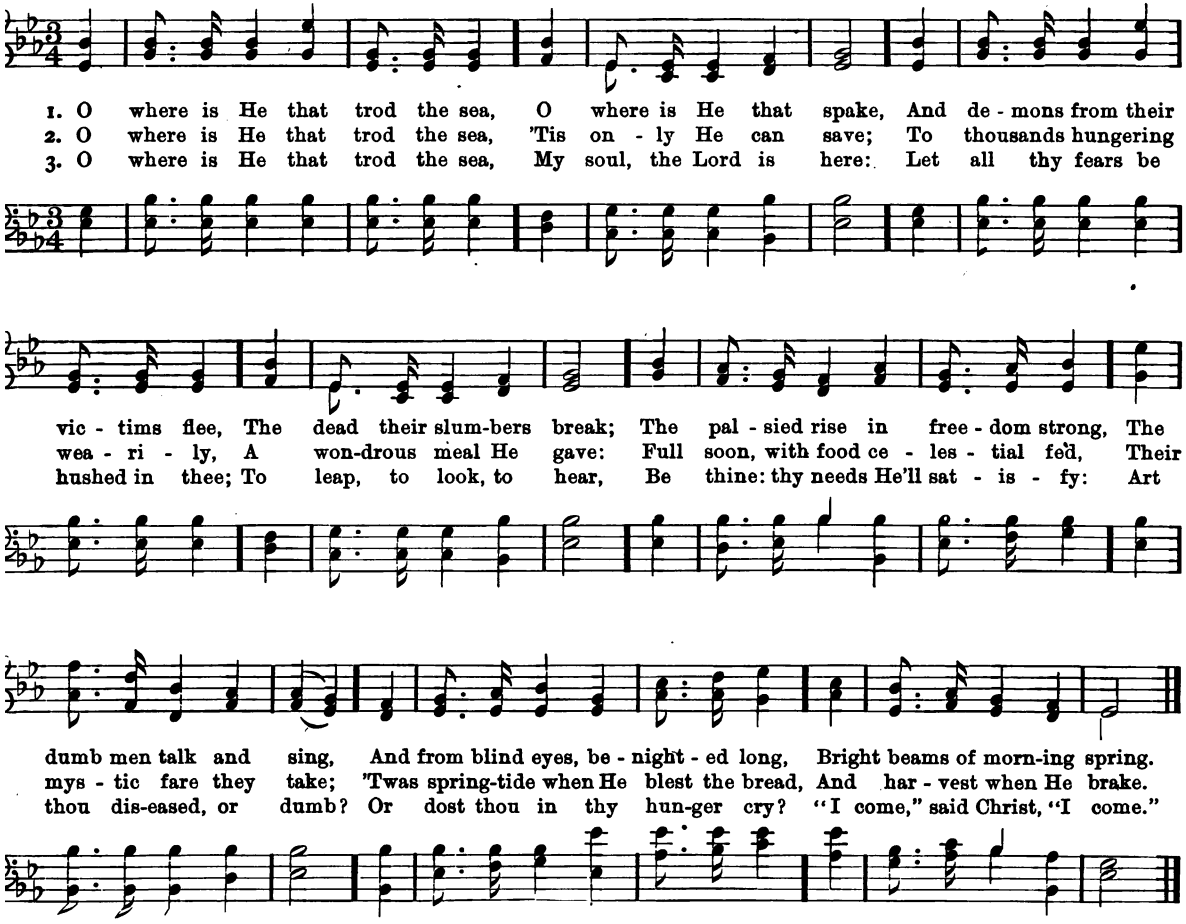
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my nam
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

## One there Is, Above All Others.—Concluded.

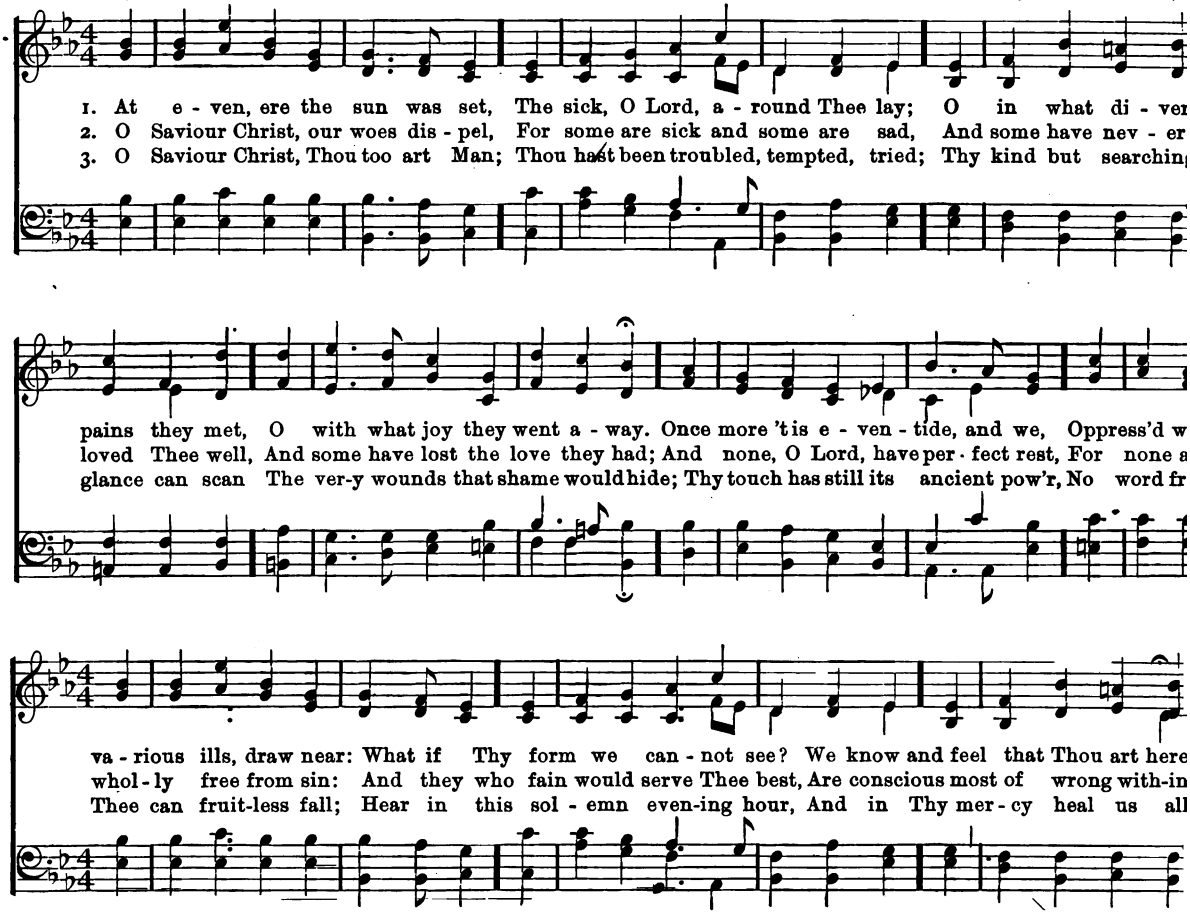

Cost - ly, free, and knows no end: They who once His kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
Rec - on - ciled in Him to God; This was boundless love in - deed; Je - sus is a Friend in need.
What a Friend we have a - bove; But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.

# 77 O where is He that Trod the Sea.

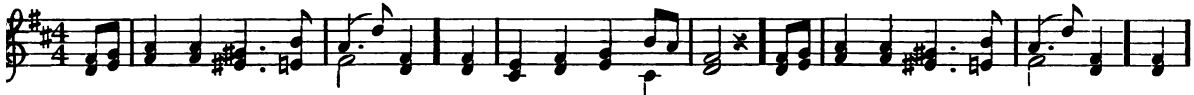
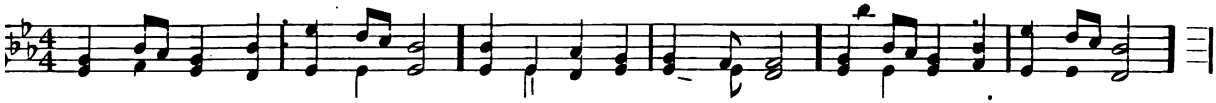
Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch (1818—1871), 1855. "VARINA." George Frederick Root (1820— ), 1848.

1. O where is He that trod the sea, O where is He that spake, And de - mons from their
2. O where is He that trod the sea, 'Tis on - ly He can save; To thousands hungering
3. O where is He that trod the sea, My soul, the Lord is here: Let all thy fears be
vic - tims flee, The dead their slum-bers break; The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The
wea - ri - ly, A won-drous meal He gave: Full soon, with food ce - les - tial fed, Their
hushed in thee; To leap, to look, to hear, Be thine: thy needs He'll sat - is - fy: Art
dumb men talk and sing, And from blind eyes, be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morn-ing spring.
mys - tic fare they take; 'Twas spring-tide when He blest the bread, And har - vest when He brake.
thou dis-eased, or dumb? Or dost thou in thy hun-ger cry? "I come," said Christ, "I come."

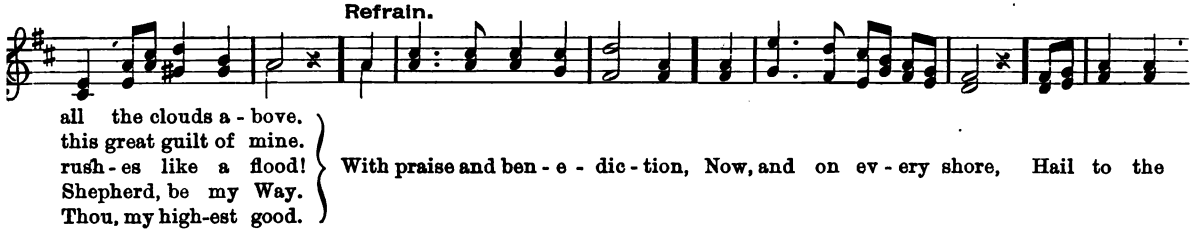
# 78 At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

Rev. Henry Twells (1823— ), 1868. "SUNSET." Wilhelm Meyer Luts (1829— ).

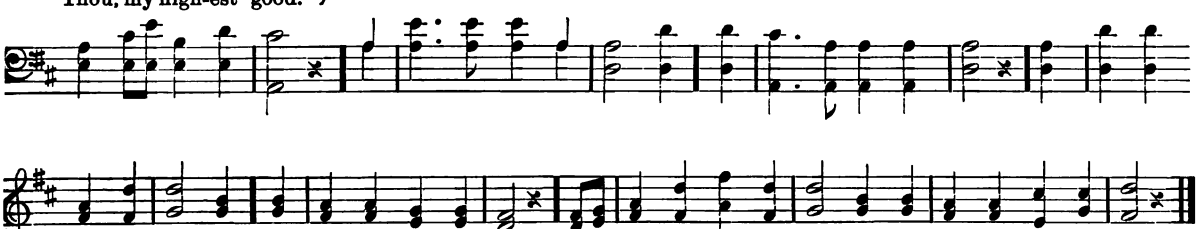
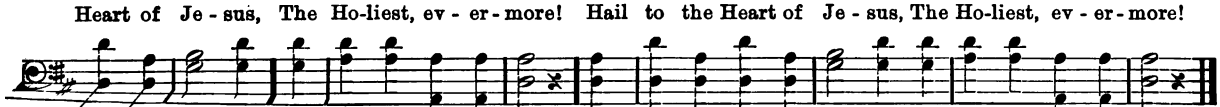

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay; O in what di - ver
2. O Saviour Christ, our woes dis - pel, For some are sick and some are sad, And some have nev - er
3. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried; Thy kind but searchin
pains they met, O with what joy they went a - way. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we, Oppress'd w
loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had; And none, O Lord, have per - fect rest, For none a
glance can scan The ver-y wounds that shame would hide; Thy touch has still its ancient pow'r, No word fr
va - rious ills, draw near: What if Thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here
whol - ly free from sin: And they who fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong with-in
Thee can fruit-less fall; Hear in this sol - emn even-ing hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all

# 79 Sing to the Heart of Jesus.

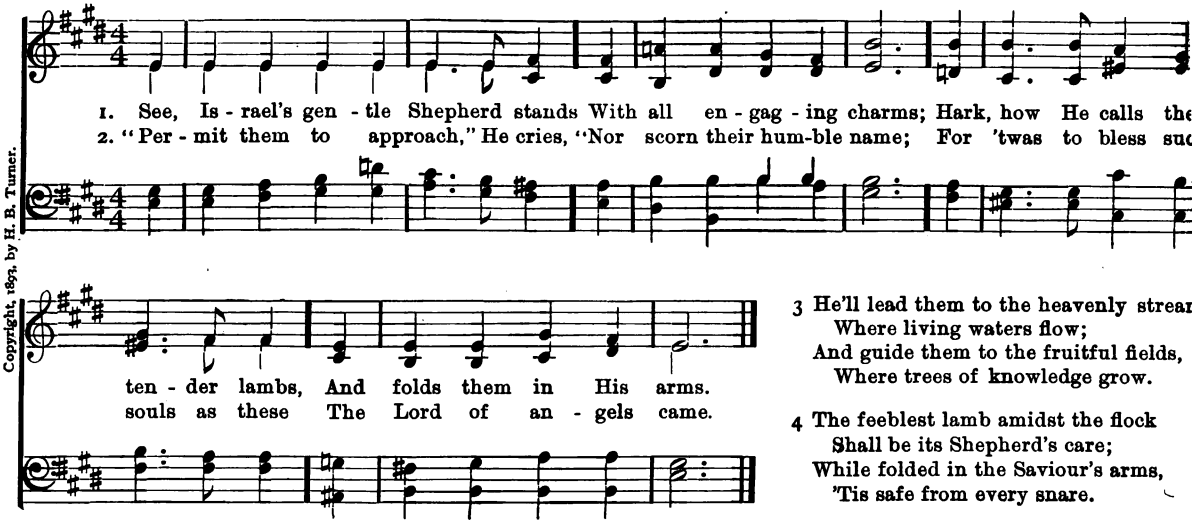
Tr. by Rev. A. J. F. Behrends (1839— ), 1889. By per. "HEART OF JESUS." German. Arr. by Lewis H. Moore.

1. Sing to the Heart of Je - sus, O heart of mine, in love, And let the joy - ful an - them Pierce
2. O Heart, in an - guish brok - en, For me, from love di - vine, By point of spear pierced sore - ly, Thro'
3. O Heart, so gen - tly stream-ing With wa - ter and with blood, How from Thy Cross, up - lift - ed, Grace
4. True, I am ver - y sin - ful, A lamb, soon led a - stray; But, lo! I let Thee find me, Good
5. O cleanse my soul and spir - it In Thy Heart's precious blood; Then, as Thy bride, e - lect me, O

Refrain.



all the clouds a - bove.
this great guilt of mine.
rush - es like a flood!
Shepherd, be my Way.
Thou, my high-est good.

With praise and ben - e - dic - tion, Now, and on ev - ery shore, Hail to the

Heart of Je - sus, The Ho-liest, ev - er - more! Hail to the Heart of Je - sus, The Ho-liest, ev - er - more!

## 80 See, Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stands.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. "LOUISE." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1893


1. See, Is - rael's gen - tle Shepherd stands With all en - gag - ing charms; Hark, how He calls the
2. "Per - mit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their hum-ble name; For 'twas to bless suc
ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms.
souls as these The Lord of an - gels came.

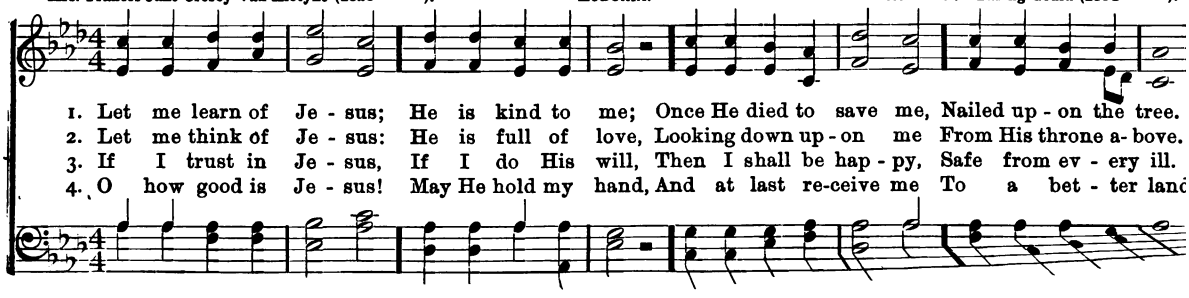
Copyright, 1893, by H. B. Turner.

3 He'll lead them to the heavenly strean
Where living waters flow;
And guide them to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

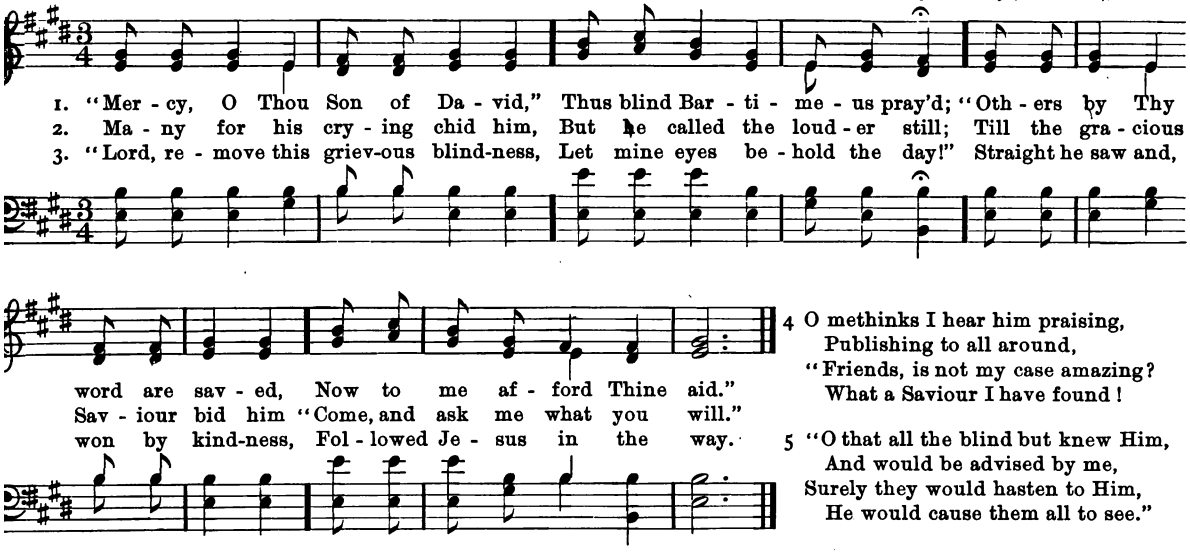
4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
'Tis safe from every snare.

## 81 Let Me Learn of Jesus.

Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne (1823— ). "EUDOXIA." Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834— ).


1. Let me learn of Je - sus; He is kind to me; Once He died to save me, Nailed up - on the tree.
2. Let me think of Je - sus: He is full of love, Looking down up - on me From His throne a- bove.
3. If I trust in Je - sus, If I do His will, Then I shall be hap - py, Safe from ev - ery ill.
4. O how good is Je - sus! May He hold my hand, And at last re-ceive me To a bet - ter land

## 82 Mercy, O Thou Son of David.

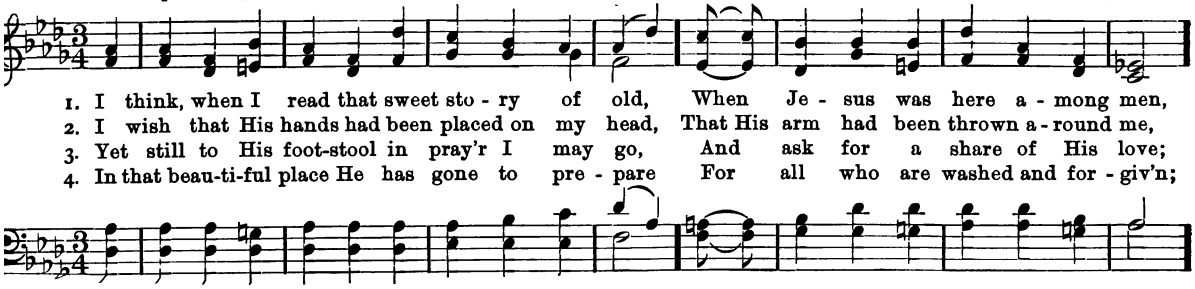
Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. "DORRNANCE." Isaac Beverly Woodbury (1819—1858), 1850.

1. "Mer - cy, O Thou Son of Da - vid," Thus blind Bar - ti - me - us pray'd; "Oth - ers by Thy
2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him, But he called the loud - er still; Till the gra - cious
3. "Lord, re - move this griev-ous blind-ness, Let mine eyes be - hold the day!" Straight he saw and,
word are sav - ed, Now to me af - ford Thine aid."
Sav - iour bid him "Come, and ask me what you will."
won by kind-ness, Fol - lowed Je - sus in the way.

4 O methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

5 "O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

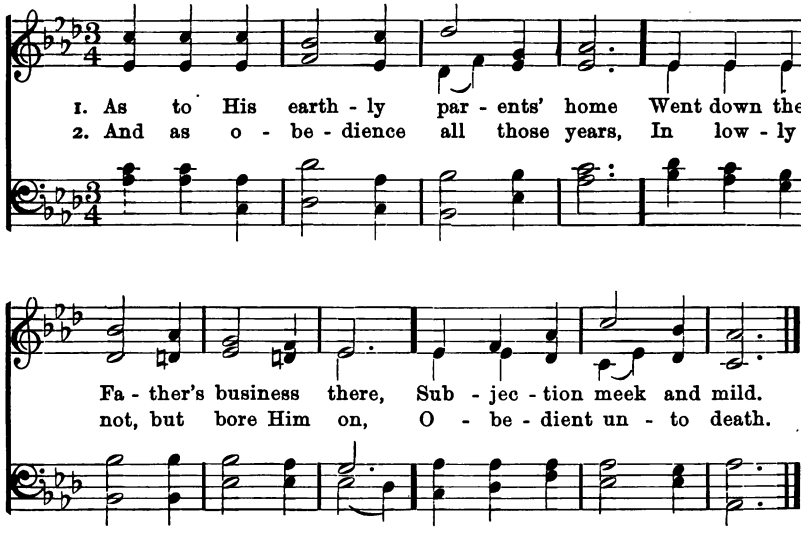
## 83 I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemmia Thompson Luke (1813— ), 1841. "JUDEA." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1889.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;
4. In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and for - giv'n;

## 84 As to His earthly Parents' Home.

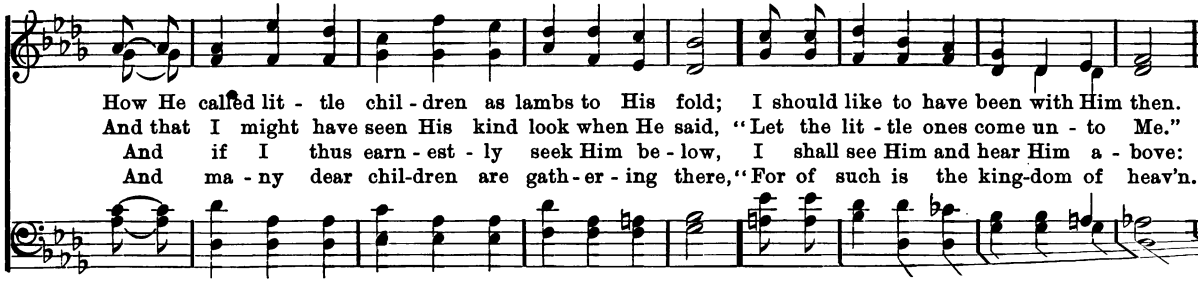
Rev. Henry Alford (1810—1871). "ST. AGNES." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1858.


1. As to His earth - ly par - ents' home Went down the ho - ly Child, And found His
2. And as o - be - dience all those years, In low - ly Na - zar - eth, For - sook Him
Fa - ther's business there, Sub - jec - tion meek and mild.
not, but bore Him on, O - be - dient un - to death.

3 So by Thy mercies teach us, Lord,
Our sacrifice to bring,
Our treasures, heart, and life, and love
To spread before our King.

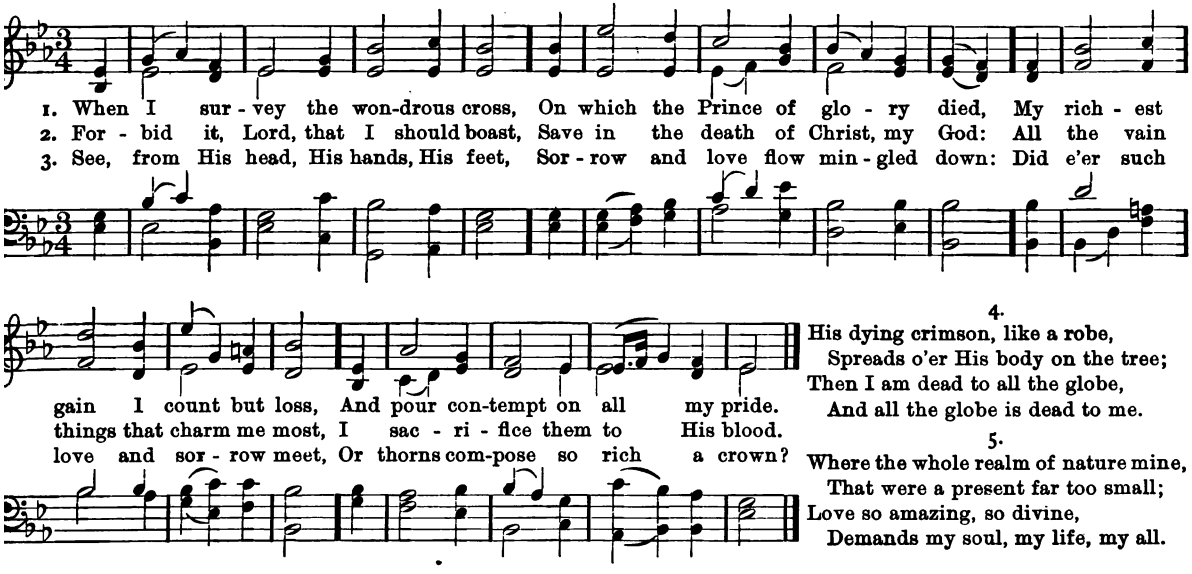
4 Thy presence our guiding star,
We seek Thy holy hill;
Transform us, Lord, renew our minds
To prove Thy perfect will.

## I Think when I Read.—Concluded.


How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with Him then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
And if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:
And ma - ny dear chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n.

## 85 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. "DONCASTER." Edward Miller (1731—1807), 1787.

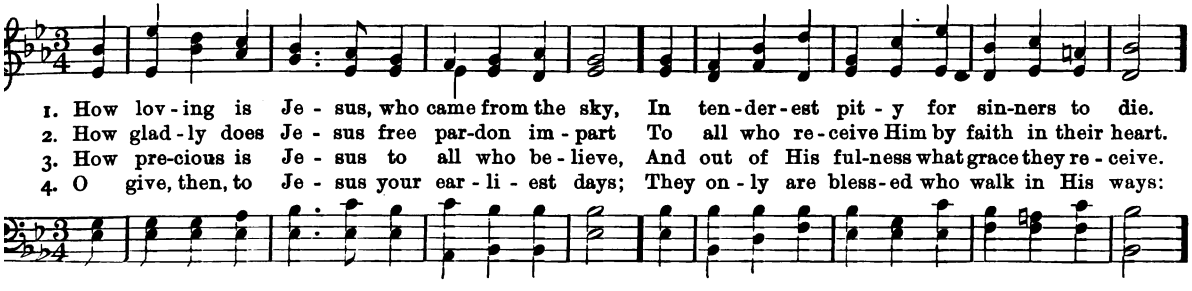

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down: Did e'er such
gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?

4.
His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5.
Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

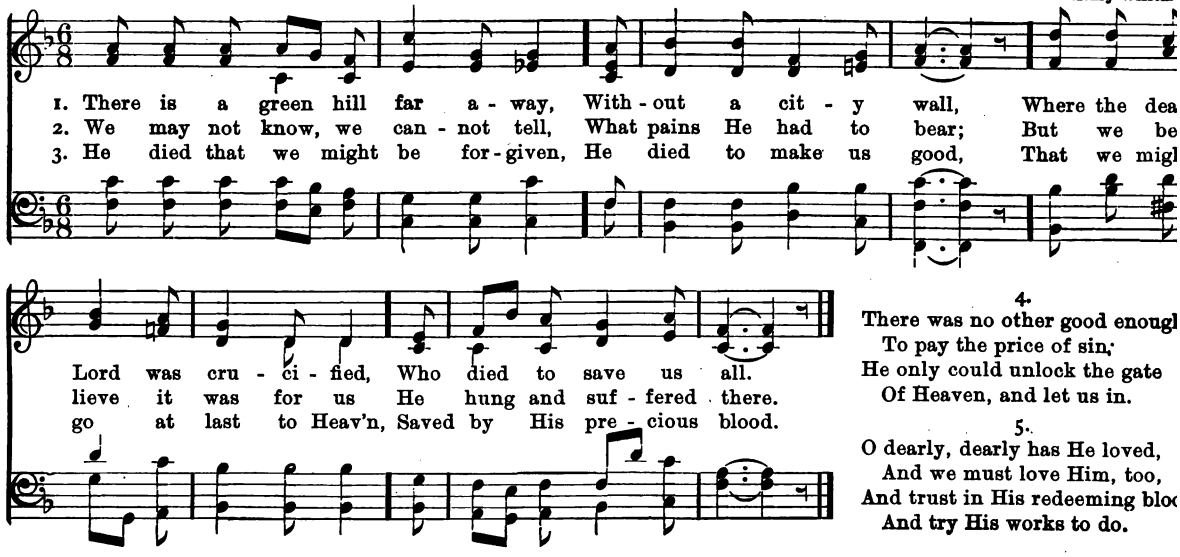
## 86 How Loving is Jesus, Who came from the Sky.

Anon. "BEETHOVEN." Arr. fr. Ludwig von Beethoven (1777—1827).


1. How lov - ing is Je - sus, who came from the sky, In ten-der-est pit - y for sin-ners to die.
2. How glad - ly does Je - sus free par-don im - part To all who re - ceive Him by faith in their heart.
3. How pre-cious is Je - sus to all who be - lieve, And out of His ful-ness what grace they re - ceive.
4. O give, then, to Je - sus your ear - li - est days; They on - ly are bless - ed who walk in His ways:

# 87 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

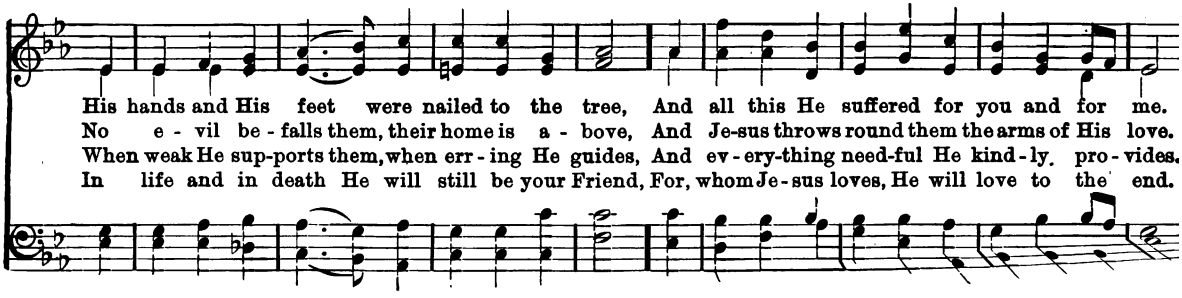
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823— ), 1848. Henry Wilson.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall, Where the dea
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear; But we be
3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good, That we migl
Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.

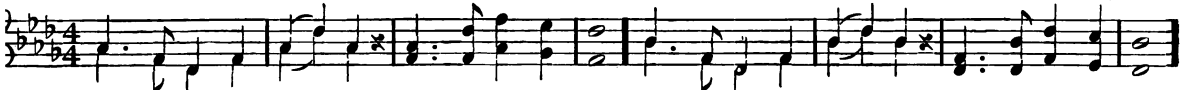
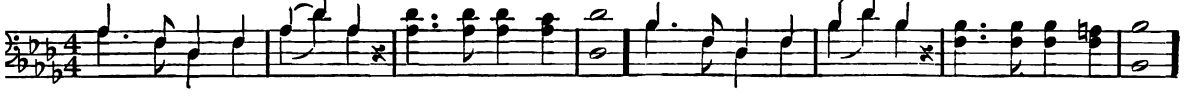
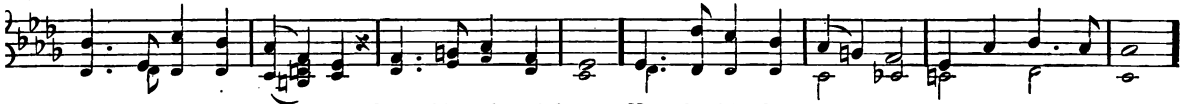
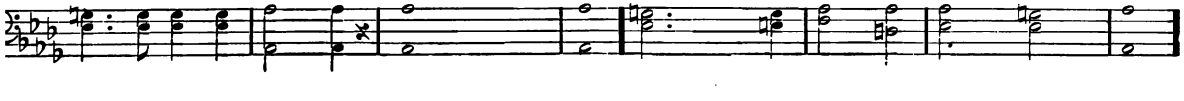
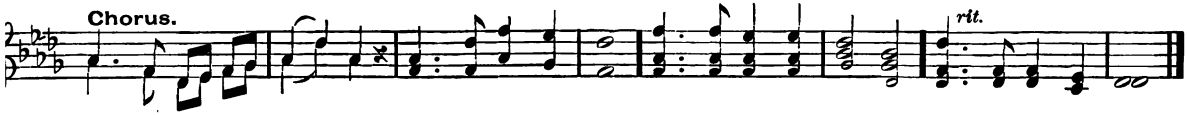
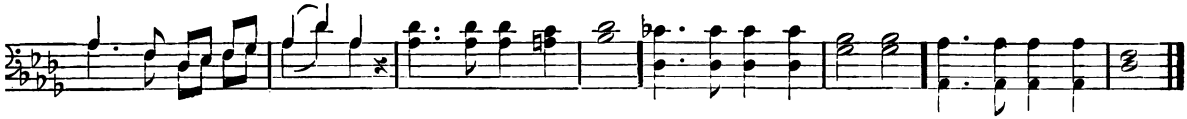
4.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

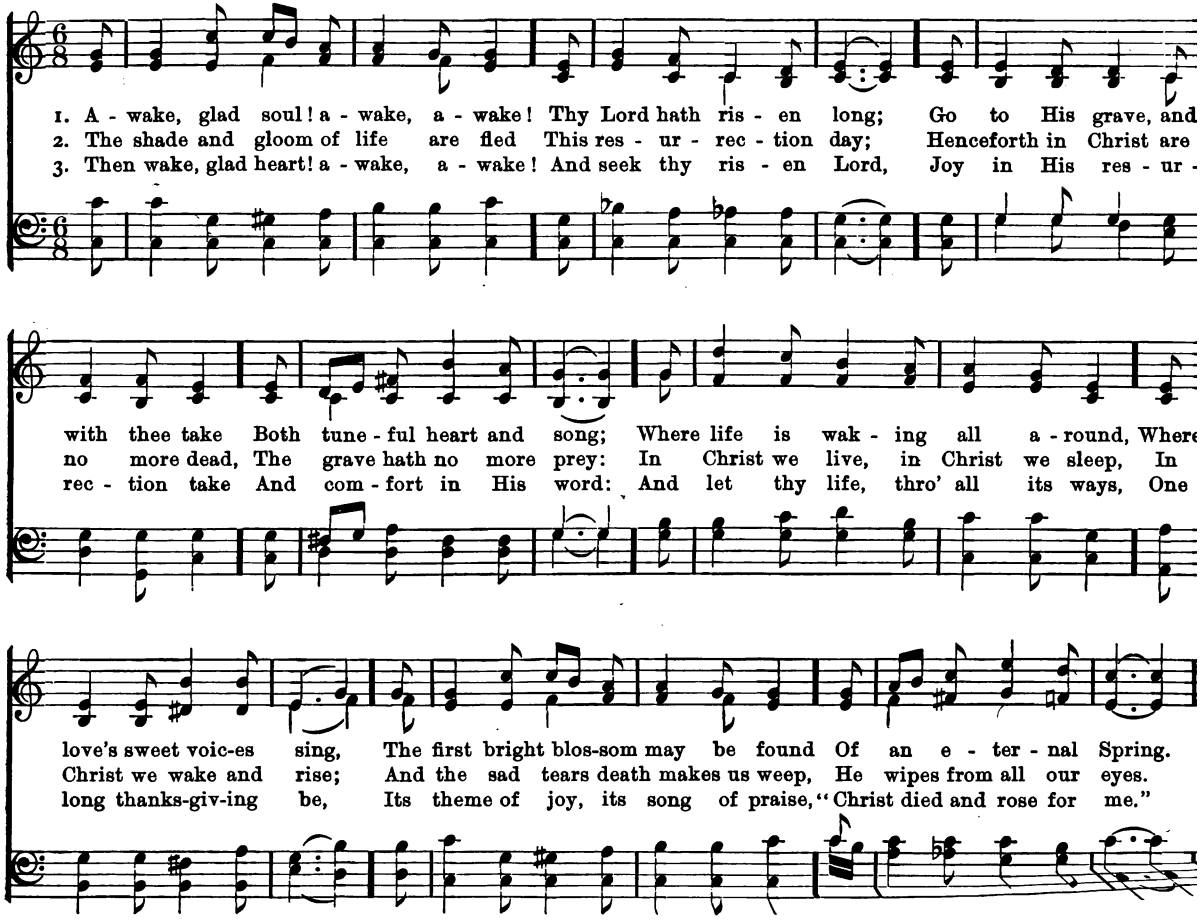
5.
O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blo
And try His works to do.

## How Loving is Jesus.—Concluded.

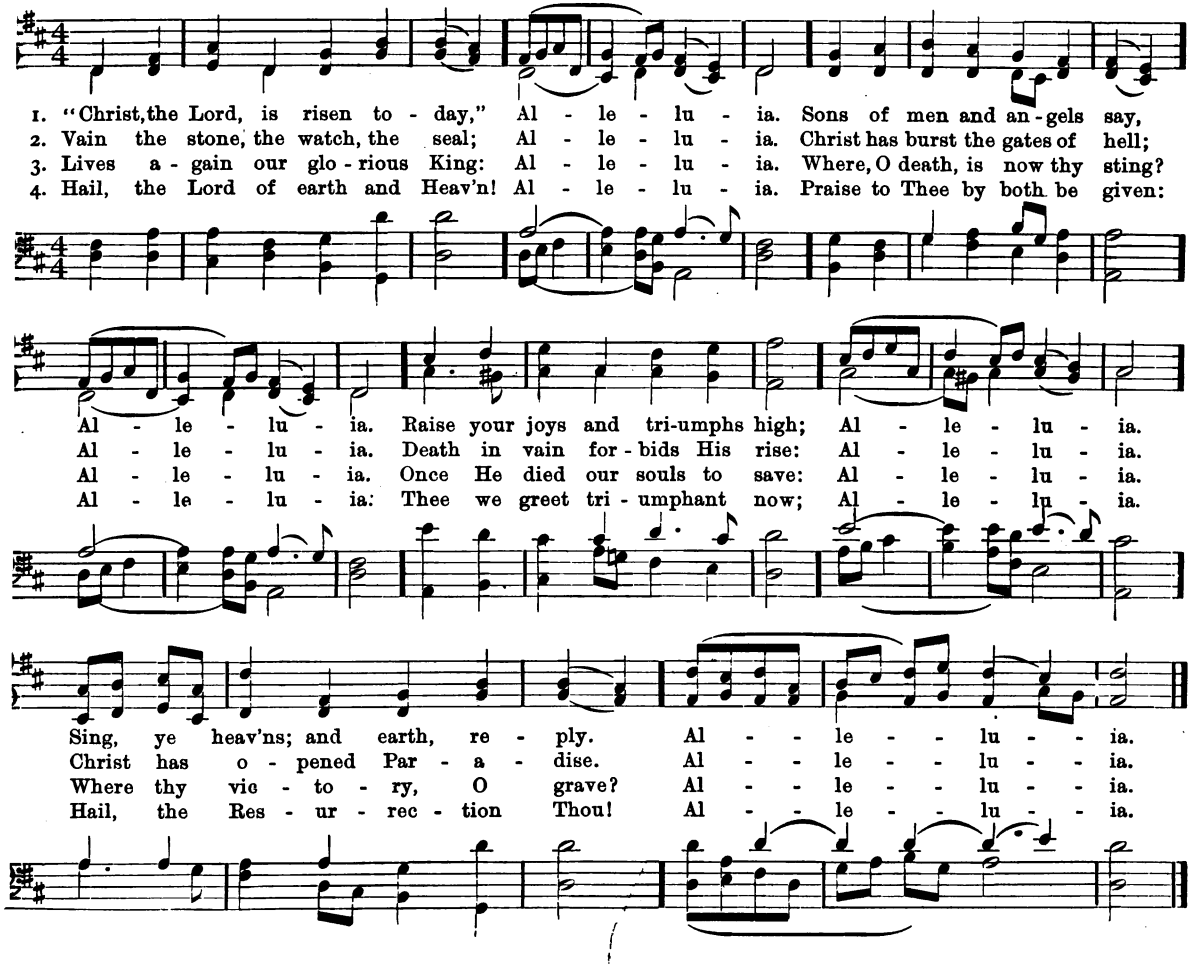

His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree, And all this He suffered for you and for me.
No e - vil be - falls them, their home is a - bove, And Je-sus throws round them the arms of His love.
When weak He sup-ports them, when err - ing He guides, And ev - ery-thing need-ful He kind - ly pro - vides.
In life and in death He will still be your Friend, For, whom Je - sus loves, He will love to the end.

# 88 God hath sent His Angels to the Earth Again.

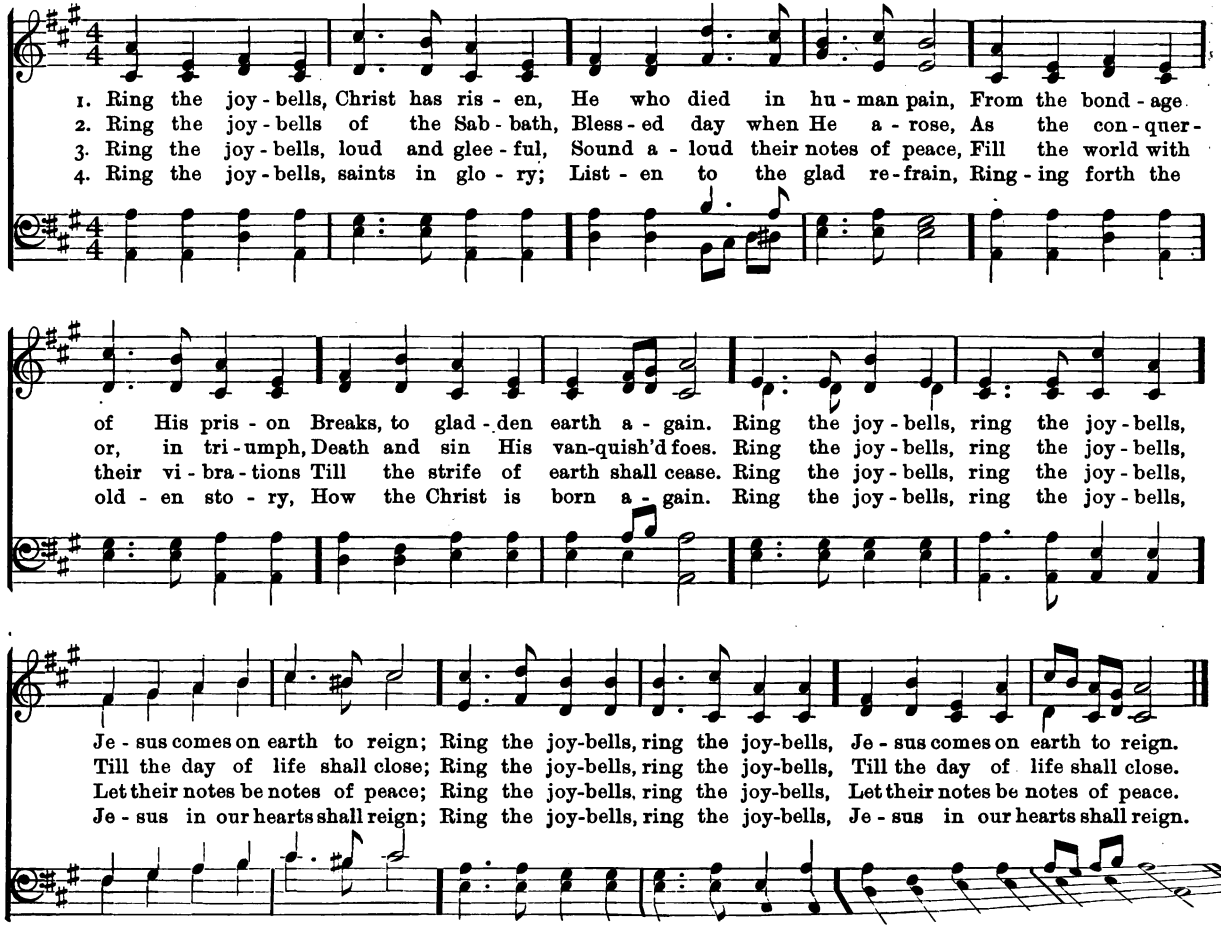
Anon. English.

1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bringing joy - ful ti - dings to the sons of men.
2. In the dreadful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faithful an - gels gath-ered at His side.
3. God has still His an - gels, help - ing, at His word, All His faithful chil - dren, like their faithful Lord;
4. Fa-ther, send Thine an - gels un - to us, we pray; Leave us not to wan - der, all a - long our way.

*Voices in Unison.*

They who first at Christmas throng'd the heav'nly way, Now, beside the tomb-door, sit on Eas - ter Day.
And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care Bow'd Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
Sooth-ing them in sor - row, arm - ing them in strife, Opening wide the tomb-doors, lead-ing in - to life.
Let them guard and guide us, where-so - e'er we be, Till our res - ur - rec - tion brings us home to Thee.

Chorus. *rit.*

An - gels, sing His tri - umph, as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," Peace, good will on earth."

# 89 Awake, Glad Soul! Awake!

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875). W. A. Smith.

1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a - wake! Thy Lord hath ris - en long; Go to His grave, and
2. The shade and gloom of life are fled This res - ur - rec - tion day; Henceforth in Christ are
3. Then wake, glad heart! a - wake, a - wake! And seek thy ris - en Lord, Joy in His res - ur -
with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song; Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where
no more dead, The grave hath no more prey: In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep, In
rec - tion take And com - fort in His word: And let thy life, thro' all its ways, One
love's sweet voic-es sing, The first bright blos-som may be found Of an e - ter - nal Spring.
Christ we wake and rise; And the sad tears death makes us weep, He wipes from all our eyes.
long thanks-giv-ing be, Its theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died and rose for me."

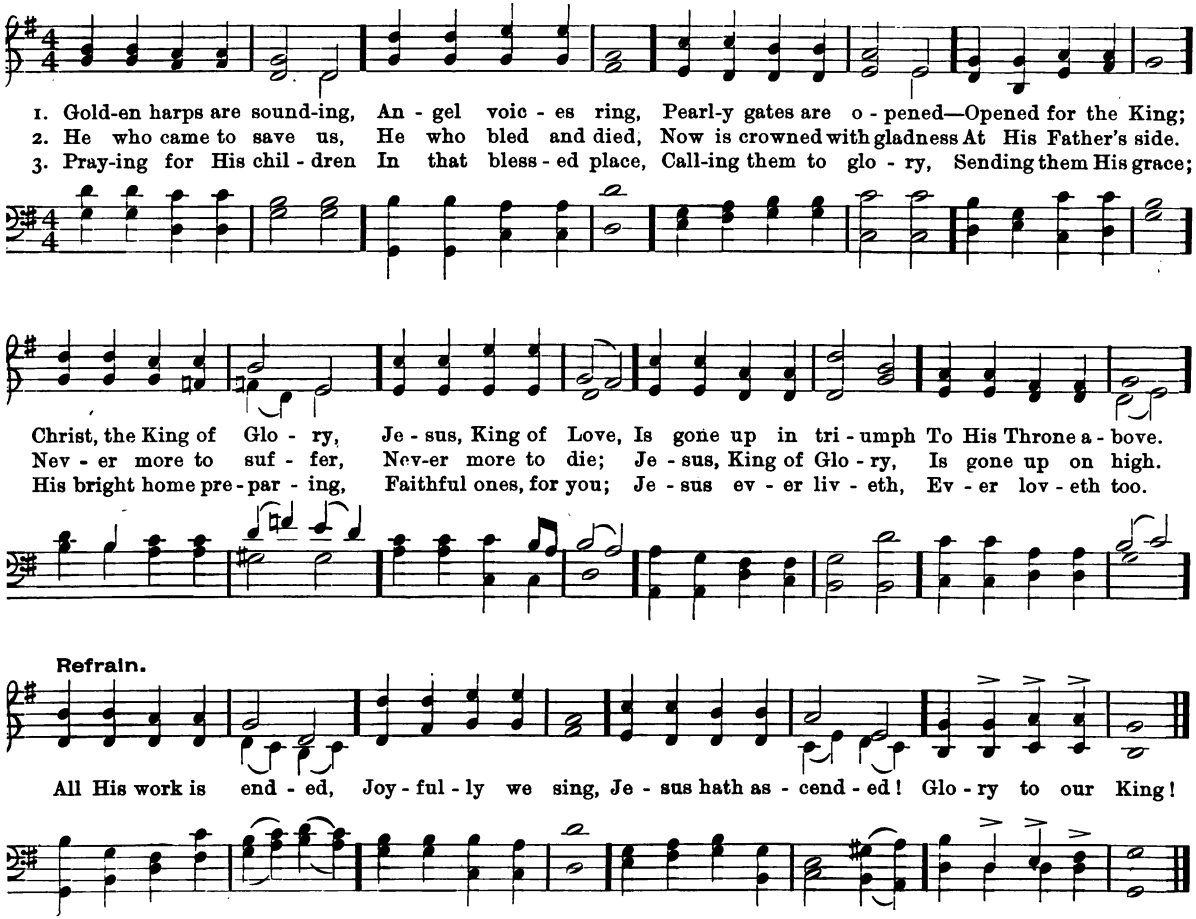
90 . Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1739. "EASTER HYMN." Henry Carey (1693—1743).

1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day," Al - le - lu - ia. Sons of men and an - gels say,
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - le - lu - ia. Christ has burst the gates of hell;
3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - le - lu - ia. Where, O death, is now thy sting?
4. Hail, the Lord of earth and Heav'n! Al - le - lu - ia. Praise to Thee by both be given:
Al - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Al - le - lu - ia.
Al - le - lu - ia. Death in vain for - bids His rise: Al - le - lu - ia.
Al - le - lu - ia. Once He died our souls to save: Al - le - lu - ia.
Al - le - lu - ia: Thee we greet tri - umphant now; Al - le - lu - ia.
Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, re - ply. Al - - le - - lu - - ia.
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - - le - - lu - - ia.
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - le - - lu - - ia.
Hail, the Res - ur - rec - tion Thou! Al - - le - - lu - - ia.

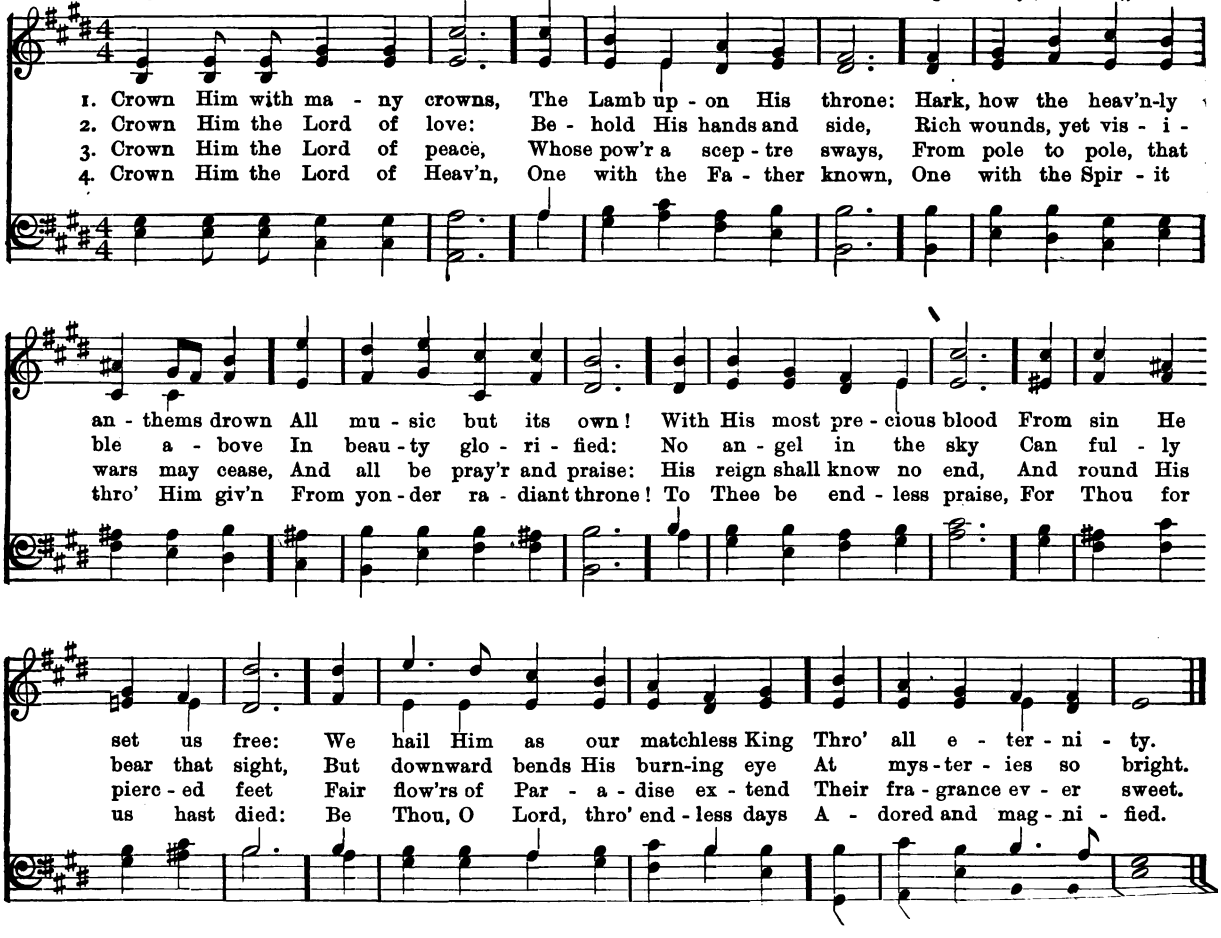
# 91 Ring the Joy-bells, Christ has Risen.

Anon.

1. Ring the joy - bells, Christ has ris - en, He who died in hu - man pain, From the bond - age
2. Ring the joy - bells of the Sab - bath, Bless - ed day when He a - rose, As the con - quer -
3. Ring the joy - bells, loud and glee - ful, Sound a - loud their notes of peace, Fill the world with
4. Ring the joy - bells, saints in glo - ry; List - en to the glad re - frain, Ring - ing forth the
of His pris - on Breaks, to glad - den earth a - gain. Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells,
or, in tri - umph, Death and sin His van-quish'd foes. Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells,
their vi - bra - tions Till the strife of earth shall cease. Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells,
old - en sto - ry, How the Christ is born a - gain. Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells,
Je - sus comes on earth to reign; Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Je - sus comes on earth to reign.
Till the day of life shall close; Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Till the day of life shall close.
Let their notes be notes of peace; Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Let their notes be notes of peace.
Je - sus in our hearts shall reign; Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy-bells, Je - sus in our hearts shall reign.

# 92 Golden Harps are Sounding.

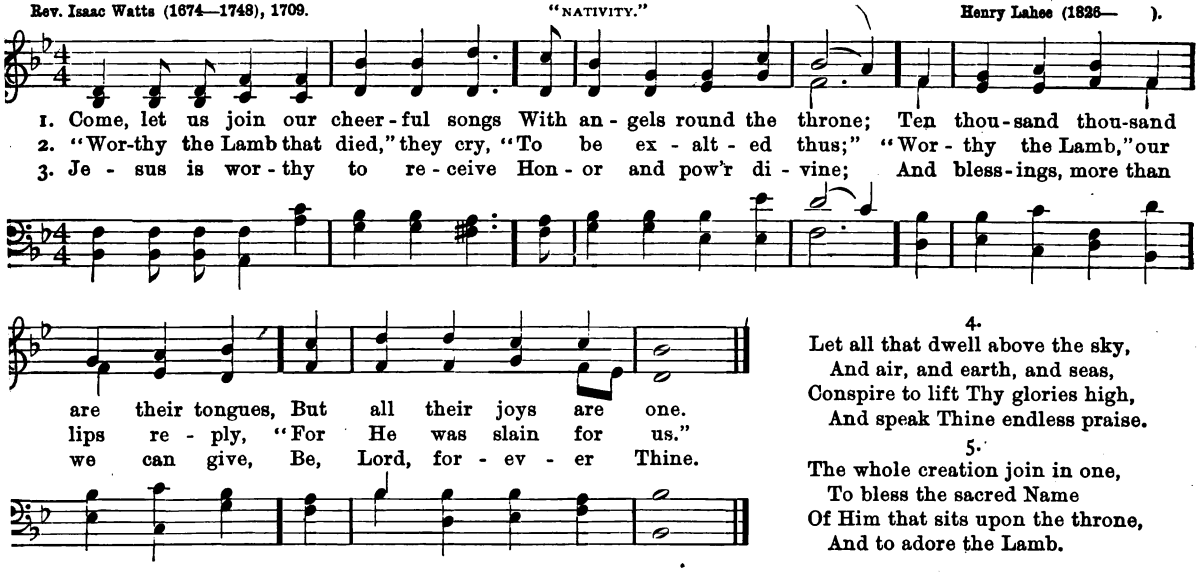
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1871 "ALBAN." Arr. from Francis Joseph Haydn (1732—1809).

1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic - es ring, Pearl-y gates are o - pened—Opened for the King;
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At His Father's side.
3. Pray-ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call-ing them to glo - ry, Sending them His grace;
Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove.
Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die; Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
His bright home pre - par - ing, Faithful ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.
Refrain.
All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

# 93 Crown Him with many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges (1800— ), 1848. "DIADEMATA." Sir George Job Elvey (1816— ), 1868.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne: Hark, how the heav'n-ly an - thems drown All mu - sic but its own! With His most pre - cious blood From sin He set us free: We hail Him as our matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side, Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends His burn-ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways, From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n, One with the Fa - ther known, One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der ra - diant throne! To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died: Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

## 94 Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs.

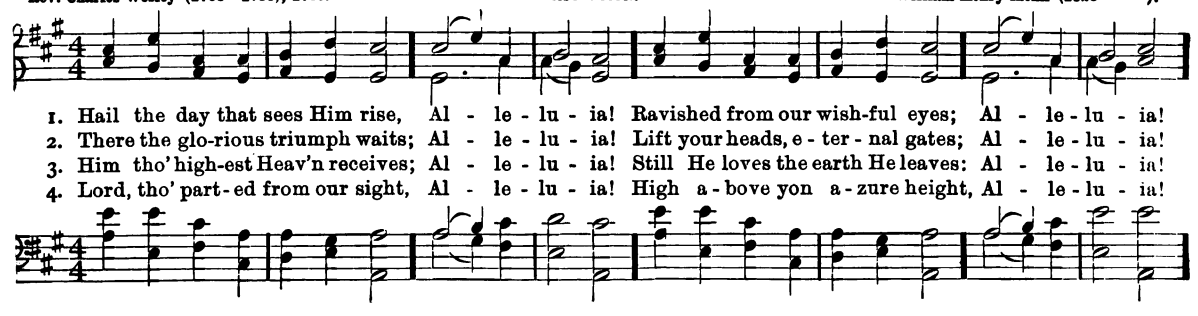
Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. "NATIVITY." Henry Lahee (1826— ).


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand thou-sand
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus;" "Wor-thy the Lamb," our
3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine; And bless-ings, more than
are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us."
we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.

4.
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

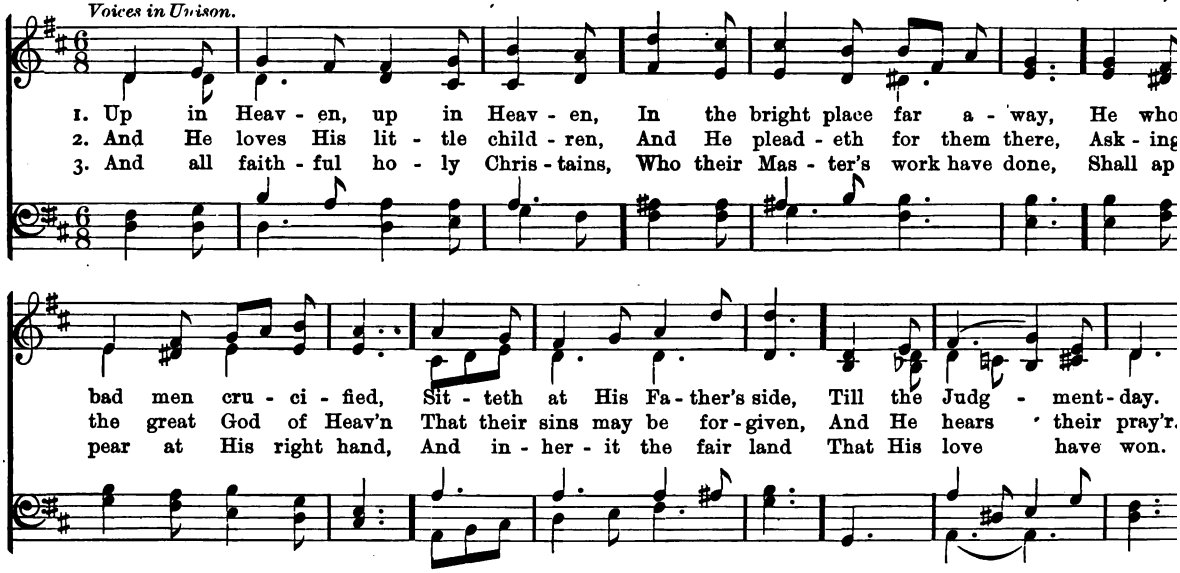
5.
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

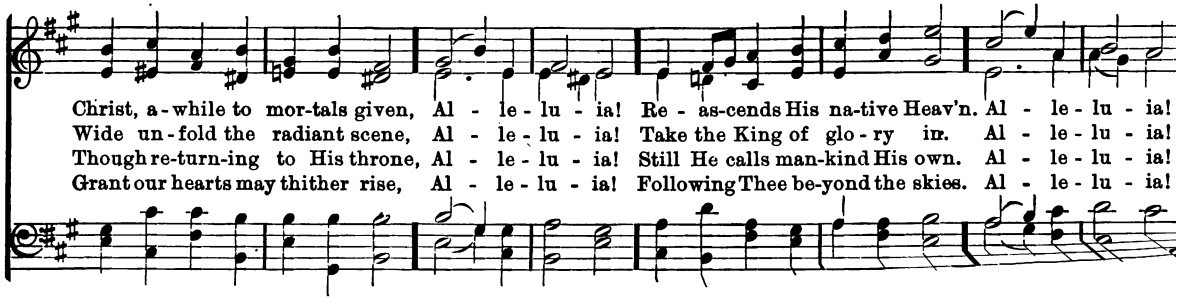
## 95 Hail the Day that sees Him Rise.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1739. "ASCENSION." William Henry Monk (1823— ).

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al-le-lu-ia! Ravished from our wish-ful eyes; Al-le-lu-ia!
2. There the glo-rious triumph waits; Al-le-lu-ia! Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates; Al-le-lu-ia!
3. Him tho' high-est Heav'n receives; Al-le-lu-ia! Still He loves the earth He leaves: Al-le-lu-ia!
4. Lord, tho' part-ed from our sight, Al-le-lu-ia! High a-bove yon a-zure height, Al-le-lu-ia!

# 96 Up in Heaven.

Miss Cecil Frances Alexander (1823— ), 1848. John Stainer (1840— ).

*Voices in Unison.*

1. Up in Heav - en, up in Heav - en, In the bright place far a - way, He who
2. And He loves His lit - tle child - ren, And He plead - eth for them there, Ask - ing
3. And all faith - ful ho - ly Chris - tains, Who their Mas - ter's work have done, Shall ap
bad men cru - ci - fied, Sit - teth at His Fa - ther's side, Till the Judg - ment - day.
the great God of Heav'n That their sins may be for - given, And He hears their pray'r.
pear at His right hand, And in - her - it the fair land That His love have won.

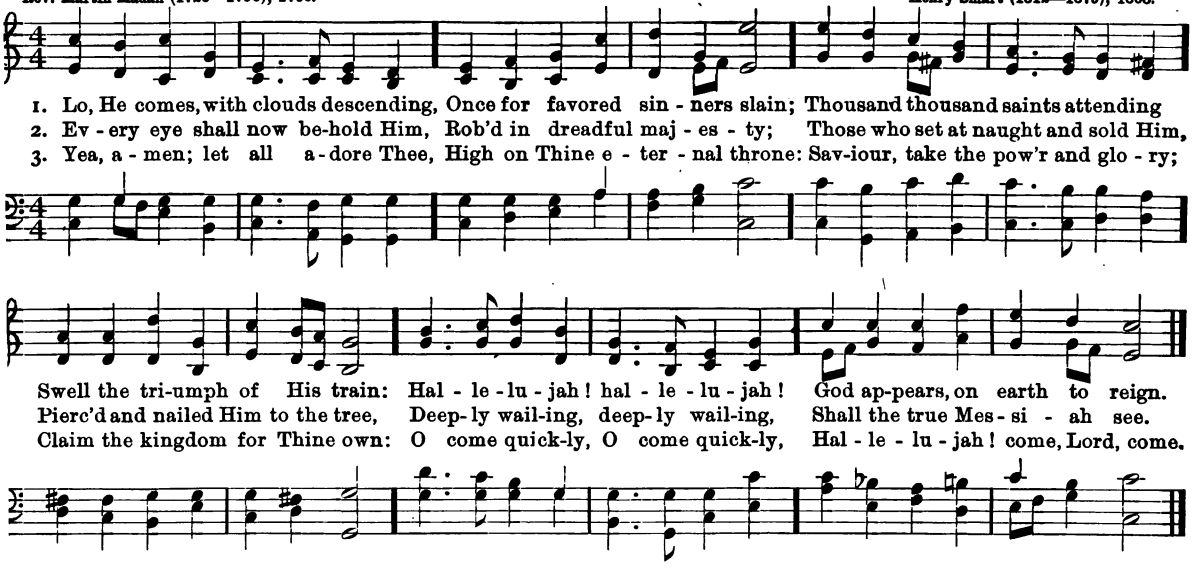
## Hail the Day that sees Him Rise.—Concluded.

Christ, a - while to mor-tals given, Al - le - lu - ia! Re - as-cends His na-tive Heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!
Wide un - fold the radiant scene, Al - le - lu - ia! Take the King of glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!
Though re-turn-ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He calls man-kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Following Thee be-yond the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

## 97 Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1758.
Rev. Martin Madan (1726—1790), 1760.

"CUM NUBIBUS."

Henry Smart (1812—1879), 1868.

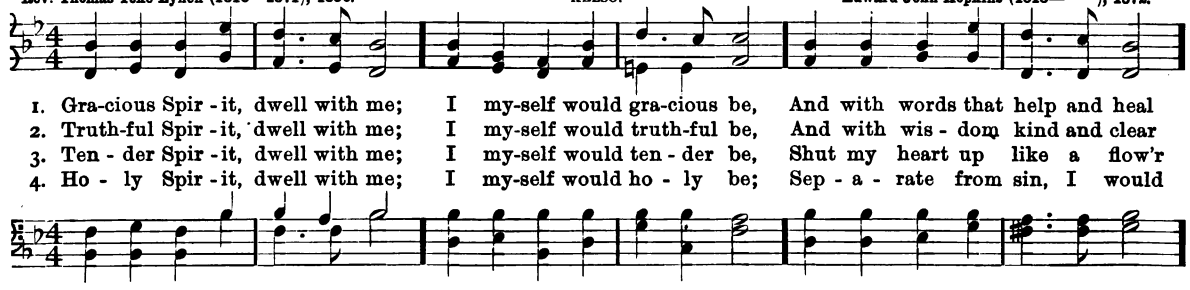

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sin - ners slain; Thousand thousand saints attending
2. Ev - ery eye shall now be-hold Him, Rob'd in dreadful maj - es - ty; Those who set at naught and sold Him,
3. Yea, a - men; let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne: Sav-iour, take the pow'r and glo - ry;
Swell the tri-umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! God ap-pears, on earth to reign.
Pierc'd and nailed Him to the tree, Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
Claim the kingdom for Thine own: O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, Hal - le - lu - jah! come, Lord, come.

## 98 Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me.

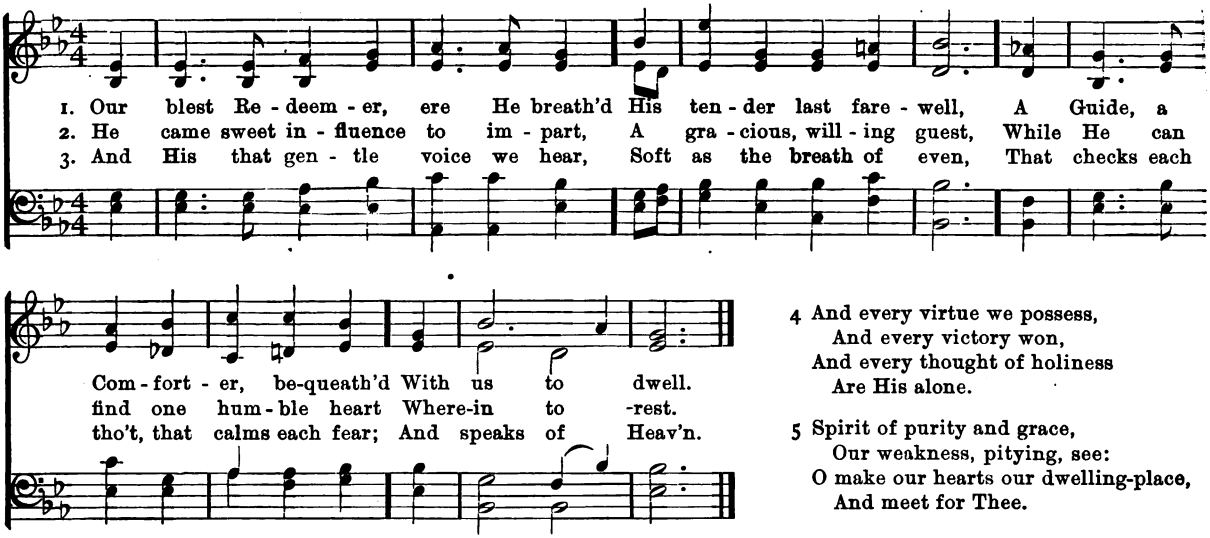
Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch (1818—1871), 1850.

"KELSO."

Edward John Hopkins (1818— ), 1872.


1. Gra-cious Spir - it, dwell with me; I my-self would gra-cious be, And with words that help and heal
2. Truth-ful Spir - it, dwell with me; I my-self would truth-ful be, And with wis - dom kind and clear
3. Ten - der Spir - it, dwell with me; I my-self would ten - der be, Shut my heart up like a flow'r
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me; I my-self would ho - ly be; Sep - a - rate from sin, I would

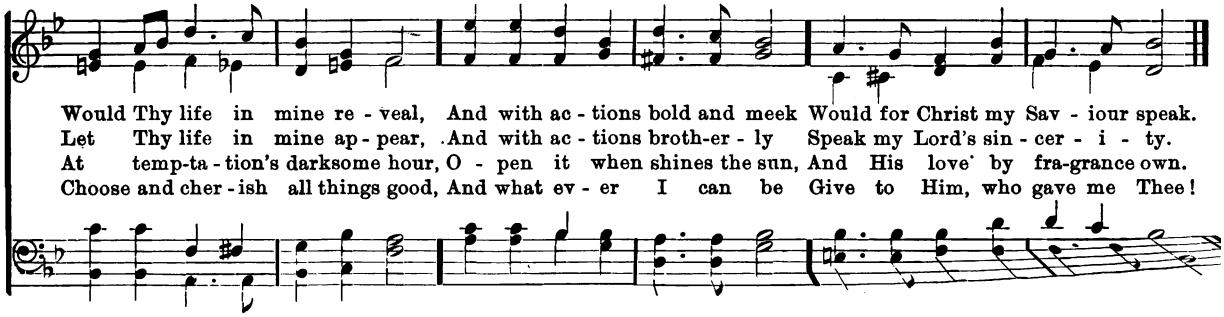
# 99 Our blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.

Miss Harriet Auber (1773—1862), 1829. "ST. CUTHBERT." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breath'd His ten - der last fare - well, A Guide, a
2. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing guest, While He can
3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each
Com - fort - er, be-queath'd With us to dwell.
find one hum - ble heart Where-in to rest.
tho't, that calms each fear; And speaks of Heav'n.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

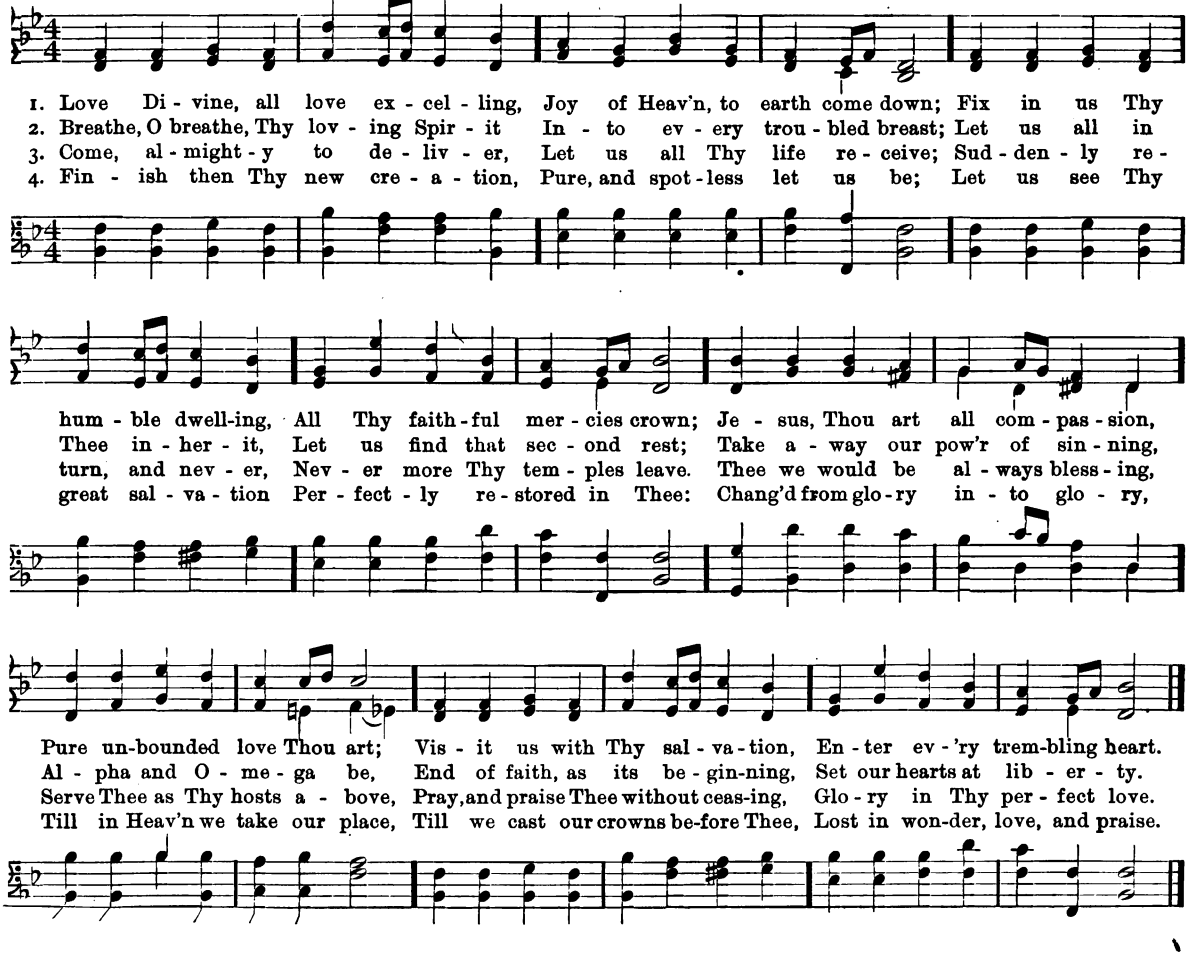
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts our dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

## Gracious Spirit.—Concluded.


Would Thy life in mine re - veal, And with ac - tions bold and meek Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.
Let Thy life in mine ap - pear, And with ac - tions broth-er - ly Speak my Lord's sin - cer - i - ty.
At temp-ta - tion's darksome hour, O - pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fra-grance own.
Choose and cher - ish all things good, And what ev - er I can be Give to Him, who gave me Thee!

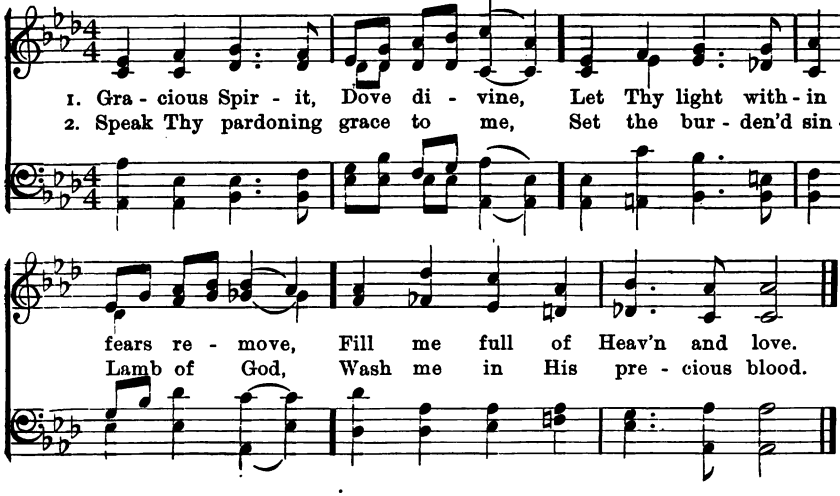
# 100 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1747. "BEECHER." John Zundel (1815—1882), 1870.


1. Love Di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe, Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast; Let us all in
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, and spot - less let us be; Let us see Thy
hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,
Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest; Take a - way our pow'r of sin - ning,
turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,
great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee: Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,
Pure un-bounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
Al - pha and O - me - ga be, End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till in Heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

## 101 Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine.

John Stocker, 1777. "PARACLETE." Berthold Tours (1838— ).

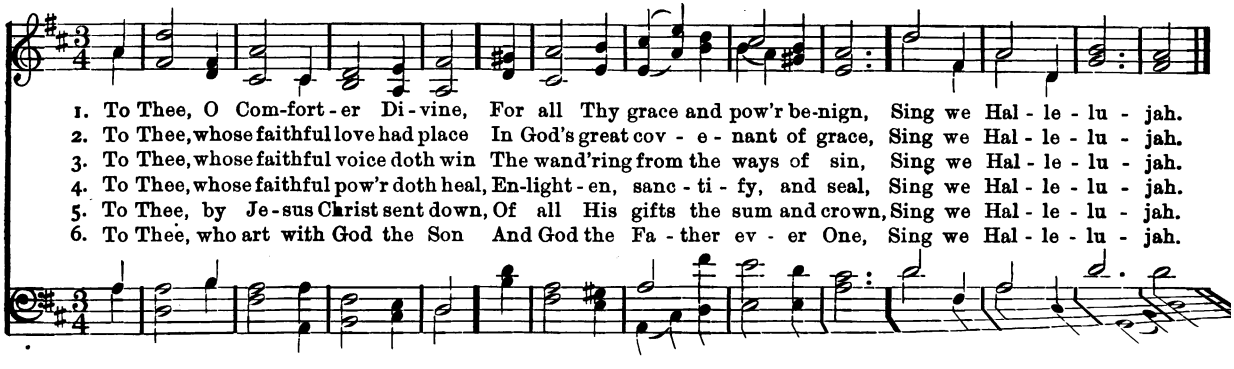

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine; All my guilt - y
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me, Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free, Lead me to the
fears re - move, Fill me full of Heav'n and love.
Lamb of God, Wash me in His pre - cious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

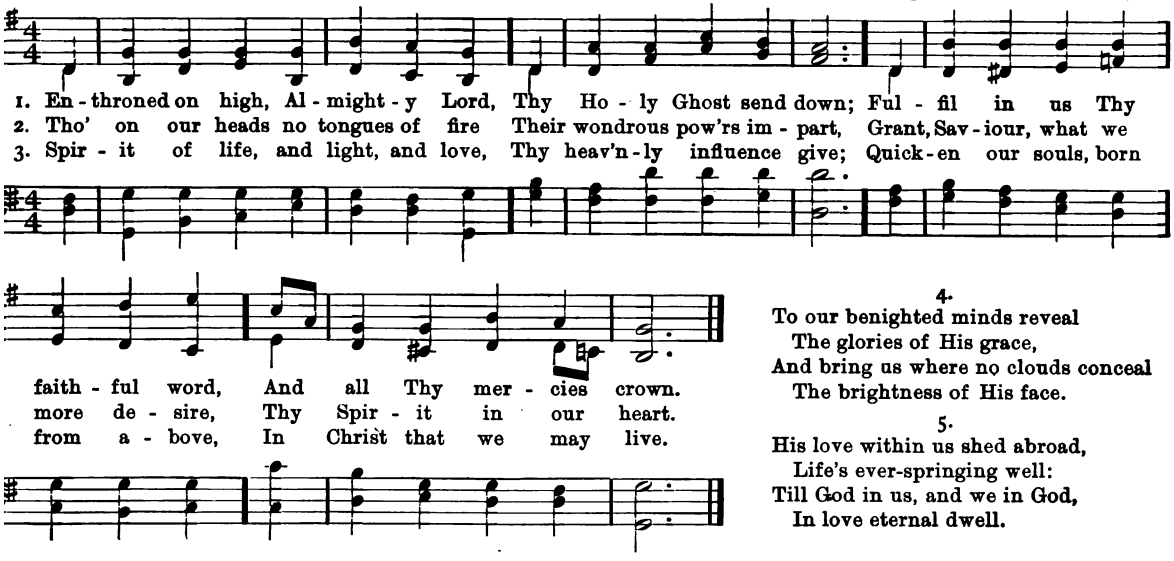
4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

## 102 To Thee, O Comforter Divine.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1876. "PIETAS." Anon.


1. To Thee, O Com-fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy grace and pow'r be-nign, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.
2. To Thee, whose faithful love had place In God's great cov - e - nant of grace, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.
3. To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win The wand'ring from the ways of sin, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.
4. To Thee, whose faithful pow'r doth heal, En-light - en, sanc - ti - fy, and seal, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.
5. To Thee, by Je - sus Christ sent down, Of all His gifts the sum and crown, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.
6. To Thee, who art with God the Son And God the Fa - ther ev - er One, Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah.

## 03 Enthroned on High, Almighty Lord.

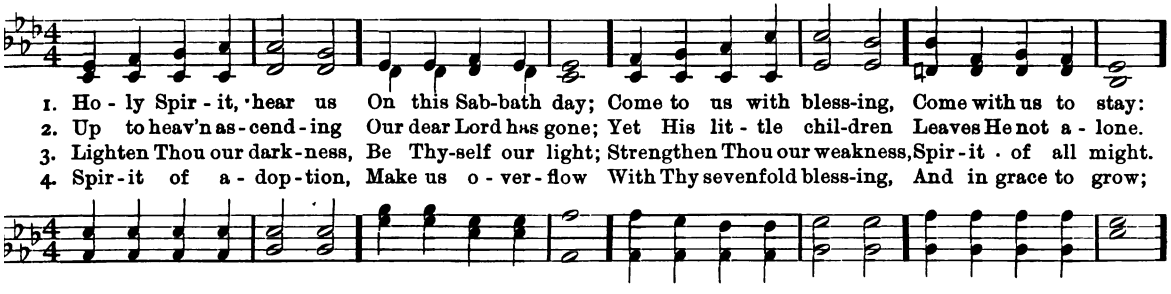
Rev. Thomas Haweis (1732—1820), 1792. "EMMANUEL." Arr. fr. Ludwig von Beethoven (1770—1827).

1. En - throned on high, Al - might - y Lord, Thy Ho - ly Ghost send down; Ful - fil in us Thy
2. Tho' on our heads no tongues of fire Their wondrous pow'rs im - part, Grant, Sav - iour, what we
3. Spir - it of life, and light, and love, Thy heav'n - ly influence give; Quick - en our souls, born
faith - ful word, And all Thy mer - cies crown.
more de - sire, Thy Spir - it in our heart.
from a - bove, In Christ that we may live.

4.
To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5.
His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well:
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

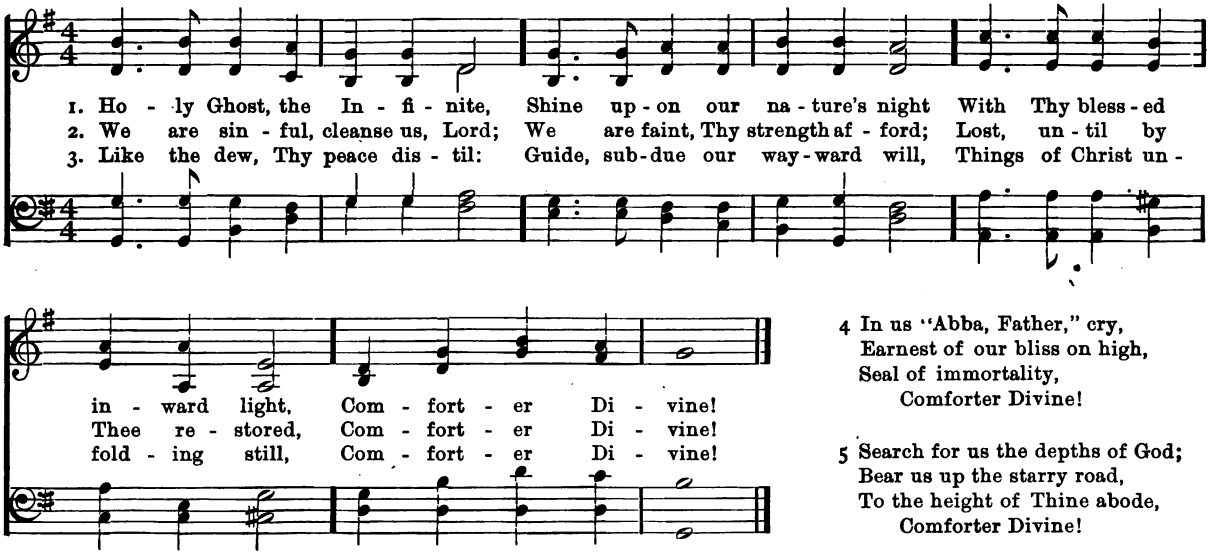
## 04 Holy Spirit, Hear Us.

William Henry Parker (1845— ), 1880. "LYNDHURST." Anon.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, hear us On this Sab-bath day; Come to us with bless-ing, Come with us to stay:
2. Up to heav'n as - cend - ing Our dear Lord has gone; Yet His lit - tle chil-dren Leaves He not a - lone.
3. Lighten Thou our dark - ness, Be Thy-self our light; Strengthen Thou our weakness, Spir - it of all might.
4. Spir - it of a - dop - tion, Make us o - ver - flow With Thy sevenfold bless-ing, And in grace to grow;

# 105 Holy Ghost, the Infinite.

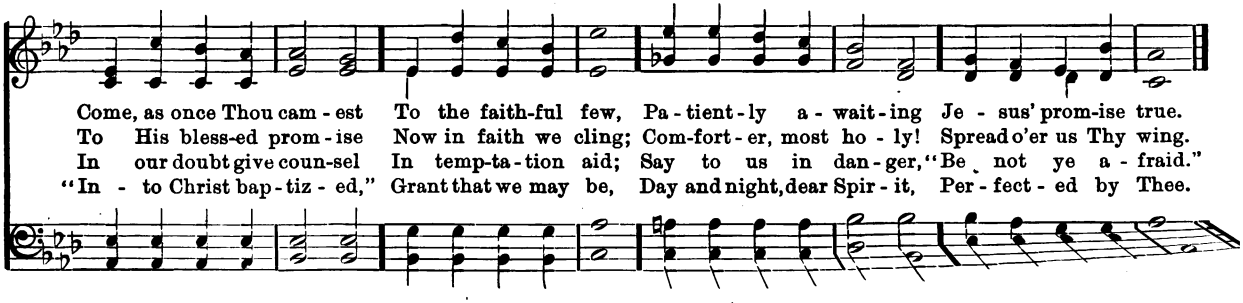
George Rawson (1807—1885), 1853. "SEPTEM VOCES." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).


1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed
2. We are sin - ful, cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, Thy strength af - ford; Lost, un - til by
3. Like the dew, Thy peace dis - til: Guide, sub - due our way - ward will, Things of Christ un -
in - ward light, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
fold - ing still, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

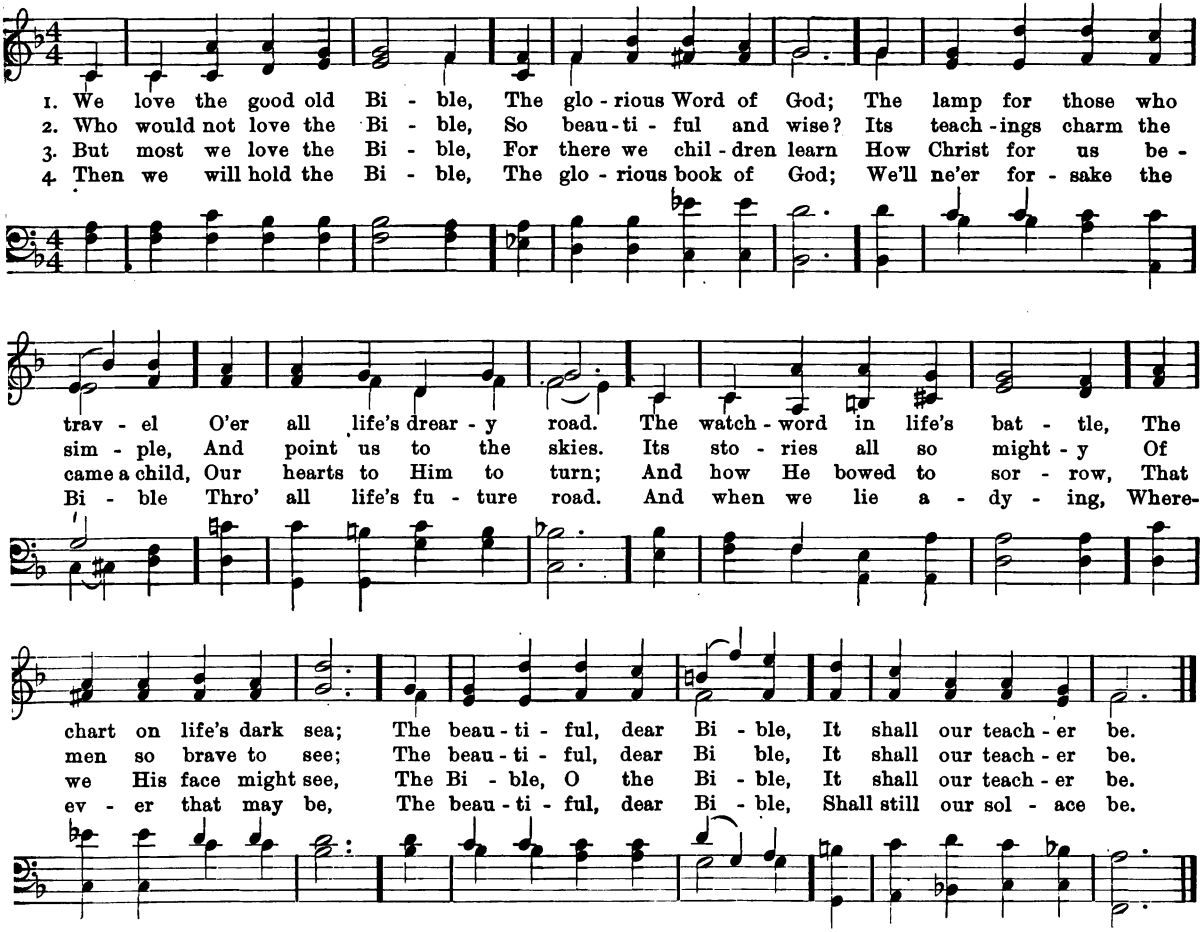
4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

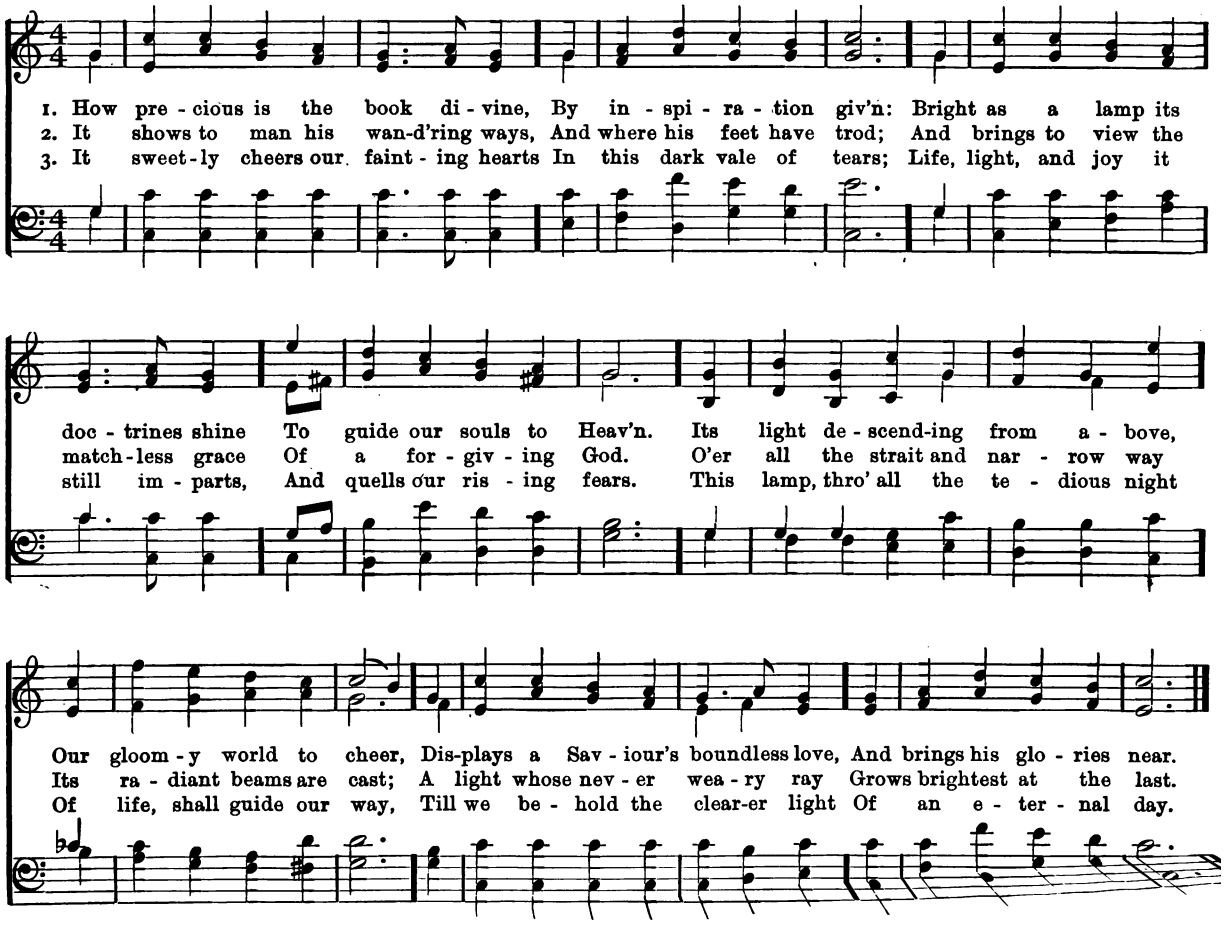
## Holy Spirit, Hear Us.—Concluded.


Come, as once Thou cam - est To the faith-ful few, Pa - tient - ly a - wait - ing Je - sus' prom-ise true.
To His bless-ed prom - ise Now in faith we cling; Com-fort - er, most ho - ly! Spread o'er us Thy wing.
In our doubt give coun-sel In temp-ta - tion aid; Say to us in dan - ger, "Be not ye a - fraid."
"In - to Christ bap - tiz - ed," Grant that we may be, Day and night, dear Spir - it, Per - fect - ed by Thee.

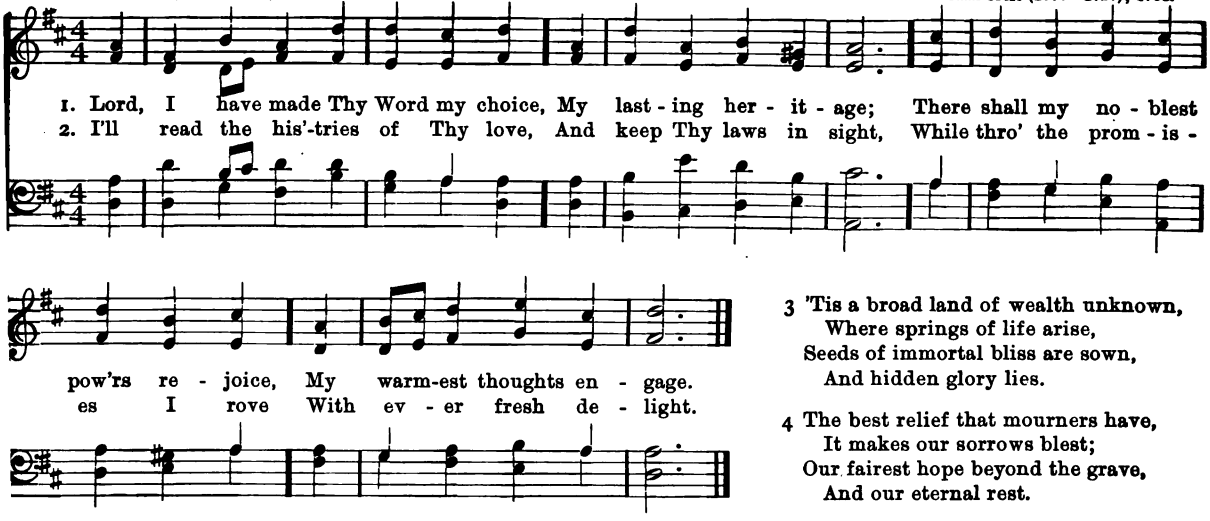
# 106 We Love the Good Old Bible.

Rev. Edwin Pax'on Hood (1820—1885), 1852. "SAVOY CHAPEL." John Baptiste Calkin (1827— ).

1. We love the good old Bi - ble, The glo - rious Word of God; The lamp for those who
2. Who would not love the Bi - ble, So beau - ti - ful and wise? Its teach - ings charm the
3. But most we love the Bi - ble, For there we chil - dren learn How Christ for us be -
4. Then we will hold the Bi - ble, The glo - rious book of God; We'll ne'er for - sake the
trav - el O'er all life's drear - y road. The watch - word in life's bat - tle, The
sim - ple, And point us to the skies. Its sto - ries all so might - y Of
came a child, Our hearts to Him to turn; And how He bowed to sor - row, That
Bi - ble Thro' all life's fu - ture road. And when we lie a - dy - ing, Where-
chart on life's dark sea; The beau - ti - ful, dear Bi - ble, It shall our teach - er be.
men so brave to see; The beau - ti - ful, dear Bi ble, It shall our teach - er be.
we His face might see, The Bi - ble, O the Bi - ble, It shall our teach - er be.
ev - er that may be, The beau - ti - ful, dear Bi - ble, Shall still our sol - ace be.

# 107 How Precious is the Book Divine.

Rev. John Fawcett (1739—1817), 1782. "BETHLEHEM." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n: Bright as a lamp its
2. It shows to man his wan-d'ring ways, And where his feet have trod; And brings to view the
3. It sweet-ly cheers our faint - ing hearts In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy it
doc - trines shine To guide our souls to Heav'n. Its light de - scend-ing from a - bove,
match-less grace Of a for - giv - ing God. O'er all the strait and nar - row way
still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night
Our gloom - y world to cheer, Dis-plays a Sav - iour's boundless love, And brings his glo - ries near.
Its ra - diant beams are cast; A light whose nev - er wea - ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
Of life, shall guide our way, Till we be - hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

## 108 Lord, I have made Thy Word my Choice.

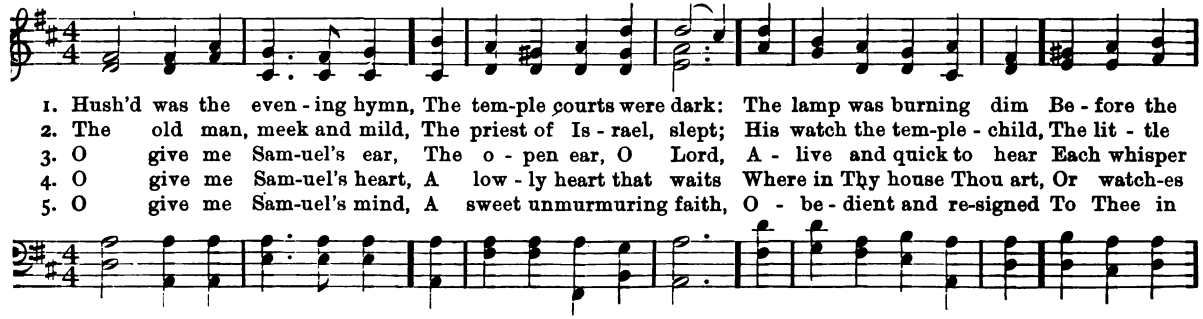
Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. "ST. ANN." William Croft (1677—1727), 1708.

1. Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age; There shall my no - blest
2. I'll read the his'-tries of Thy love, And keep Thy laws in sight, While thro' the prom - is -
pow'rs re - joice, My warm-est thoughts en - gage.
es I rove With ev - er fresh de - light.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

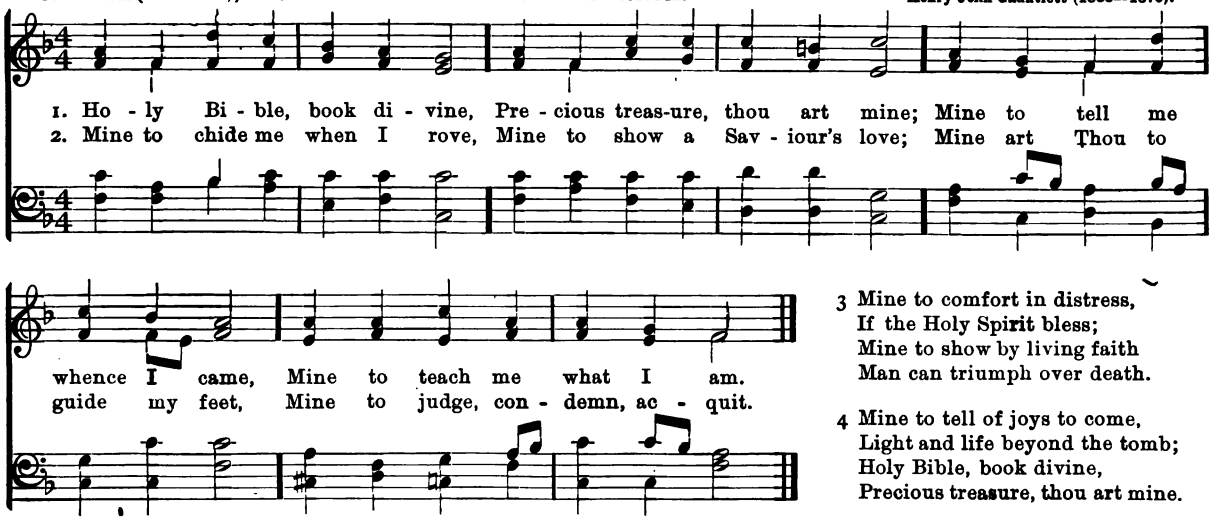
## 109 Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. James Drummond Burns (1823—1864), 1856. "ST. MAURA." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ), 1872.


1. Hush'd was the even - ing hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark: The lamp was burning dim Be - fore the
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept; His watch the tem-ple - child, The lit - tle
3. O give me Sam-uel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord, A - live and quick to hear Each whisper
4. O give me Sam-uel's heart, A low - ly heart that waits Where in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-es
5. O give me Sam-uel's mind, A sweet unmurmuring faith, O - be - dient and re-signed To Thee in

# 110 Holy Bible, Book Divine.

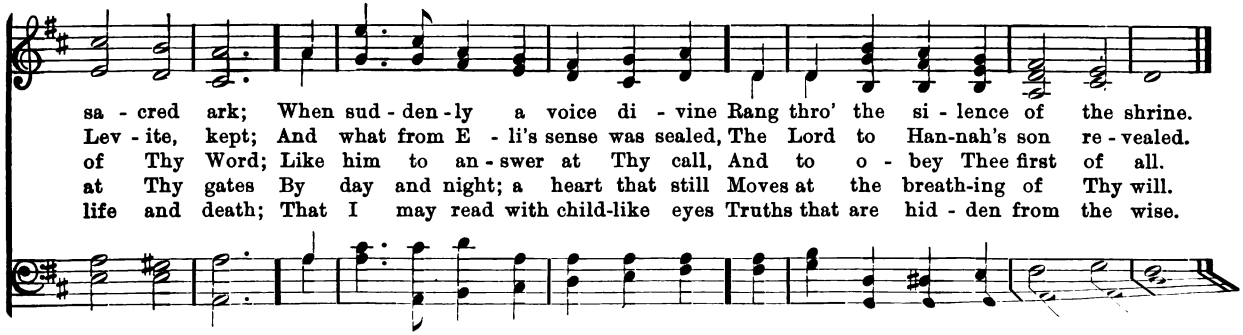
John Burton (1773—1822), 1805. "UNIVERSITY COLLEGE." Henry John Gauntlett (1806—1876).


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine; Mine to tell me
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love; Mine art Thou to
whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
guide my feet, Mine to judge, con - demn, ac - quit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

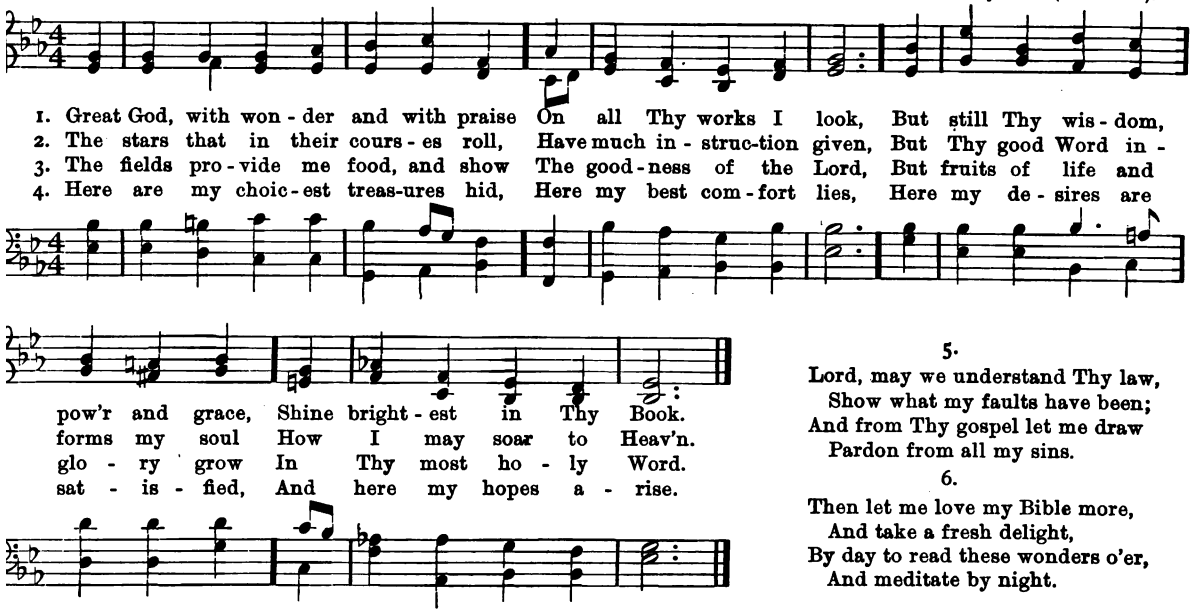
4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

## Hushed was the Evening Hymn.—Concluded.


sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
Lev - ite, kept; And what from E - li's sense was sealed, The Lord to Han-nah's son re - vealed.
of Thy Word; Like him to an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.
at Thy gates By day and night; a heart that still Moves at the breath-ing of Thy will.
life and death; That I may read with child-like eyes Truths that are hid - den from the wise.

## 111 Great God, with Wonder and with Praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1715. "EVENTIDE." Henry Smart (1812—1879).


1. Great God, with won - der and with praise On all Thy works I look, But still Thy wis - dom,
2. The stars that in their cours - es roll, Have much in - struc-tion given, But Thy good Word in -
3. The fields pro - vide me food, and show The good - ness of the Lord, But fruits of life and
4. Here are my choic - est treas-ures hid, Here my best com - fort lies, Here my de - sires are
pow'r and grace, Shine bright - est in Thy Book.
forms my soul How I may soar to Heav'n.
glo - ry grow In Thy most ho - ly Word.
sat - is - fied, And here my hopes a - rise.

5.

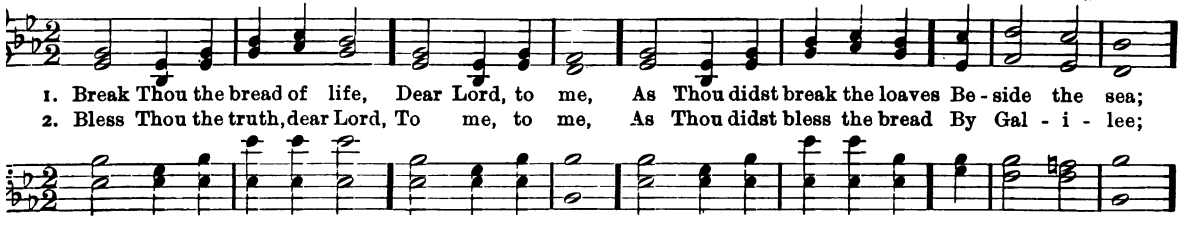
Lord, may we understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon from all my sins.

6.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

## 112 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

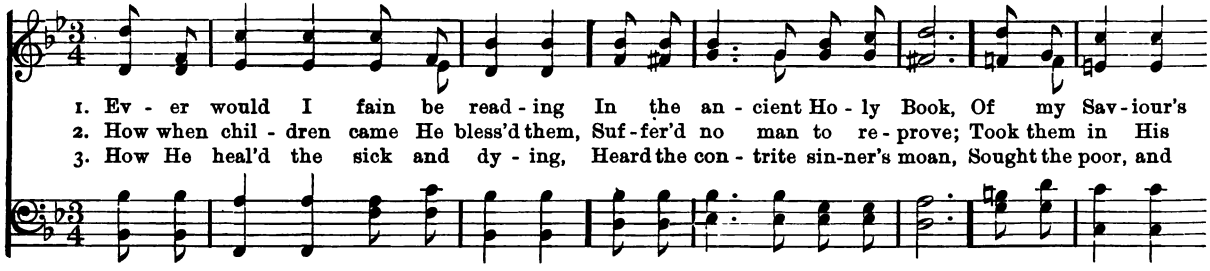
Miss Mary Ann Lathbury (1841— ), 1880. "BREAD OF LIFE." By per. William Fisk Sherwin (1826—1888), 1880.

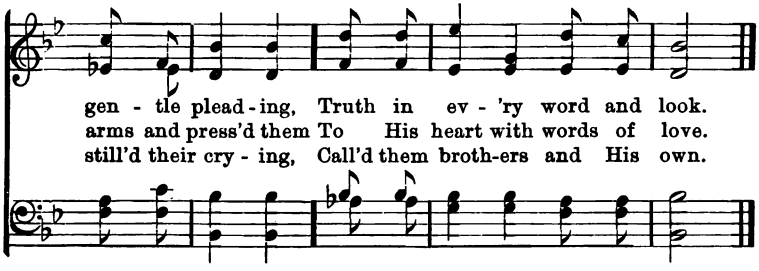

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;

# 113 Ever would I Fain be Reading.

Miss Luise Hensel (1798—1876), 1829.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1858.

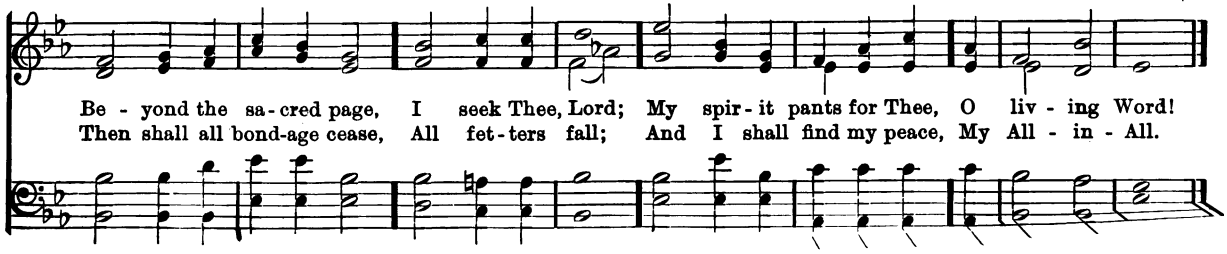
W. H. Jude.


1. Ev - er would I fain be read - ing In the an - cient Ho - ly Book, Of my Sav - iour's
2. How when chil - dren came He bless'd them, Suf - fer'd no man to re - prove; Took them in His
3. How He heal'd the sick and dy - ing, Heard the con - trite sin-ner's moan, Sought the poor, and

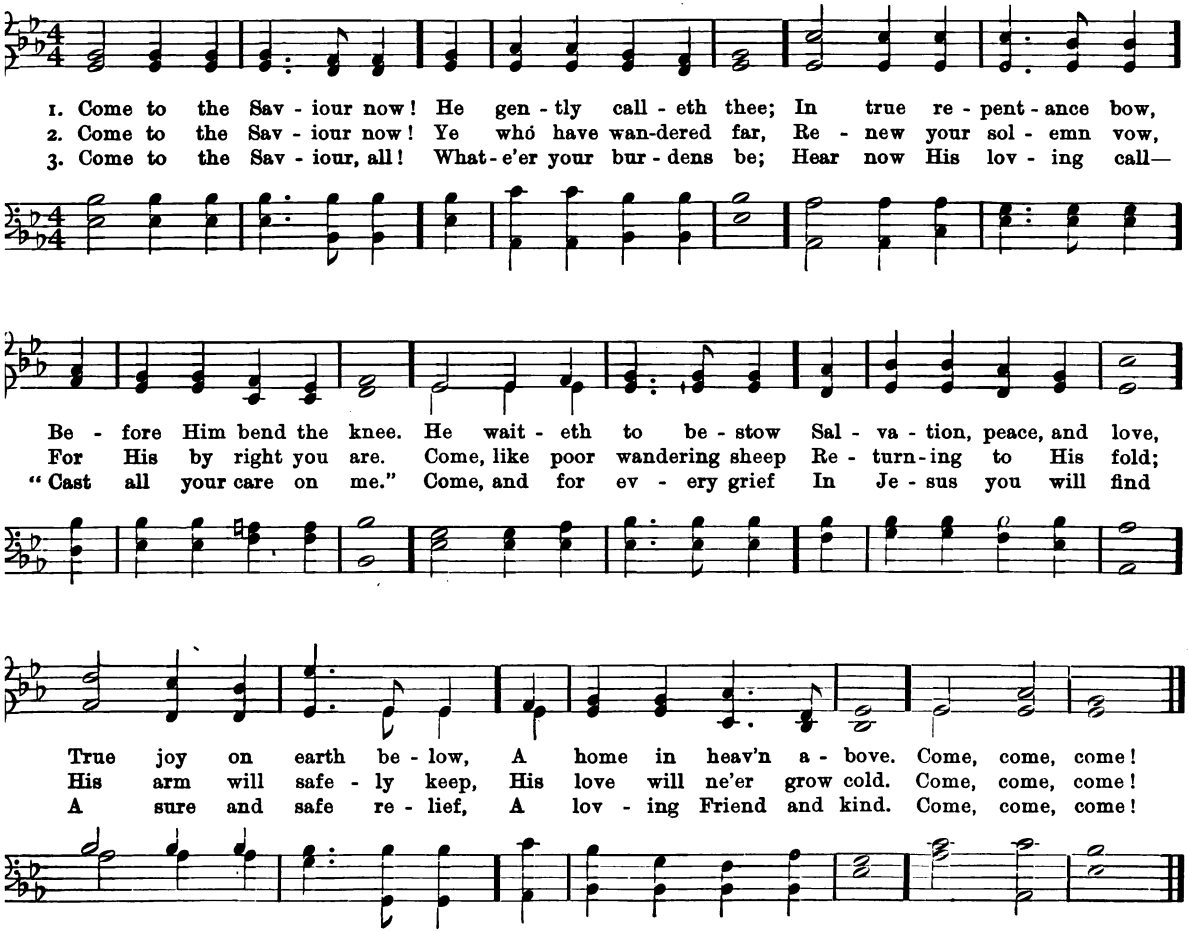

gen - tle plead - ing, Truth in ev - 'ry word and look.
arms and press'd them To His heart with words of love.
still'd their cry - ing, Call'd them broth-ers and His own.

4.
Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new;
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

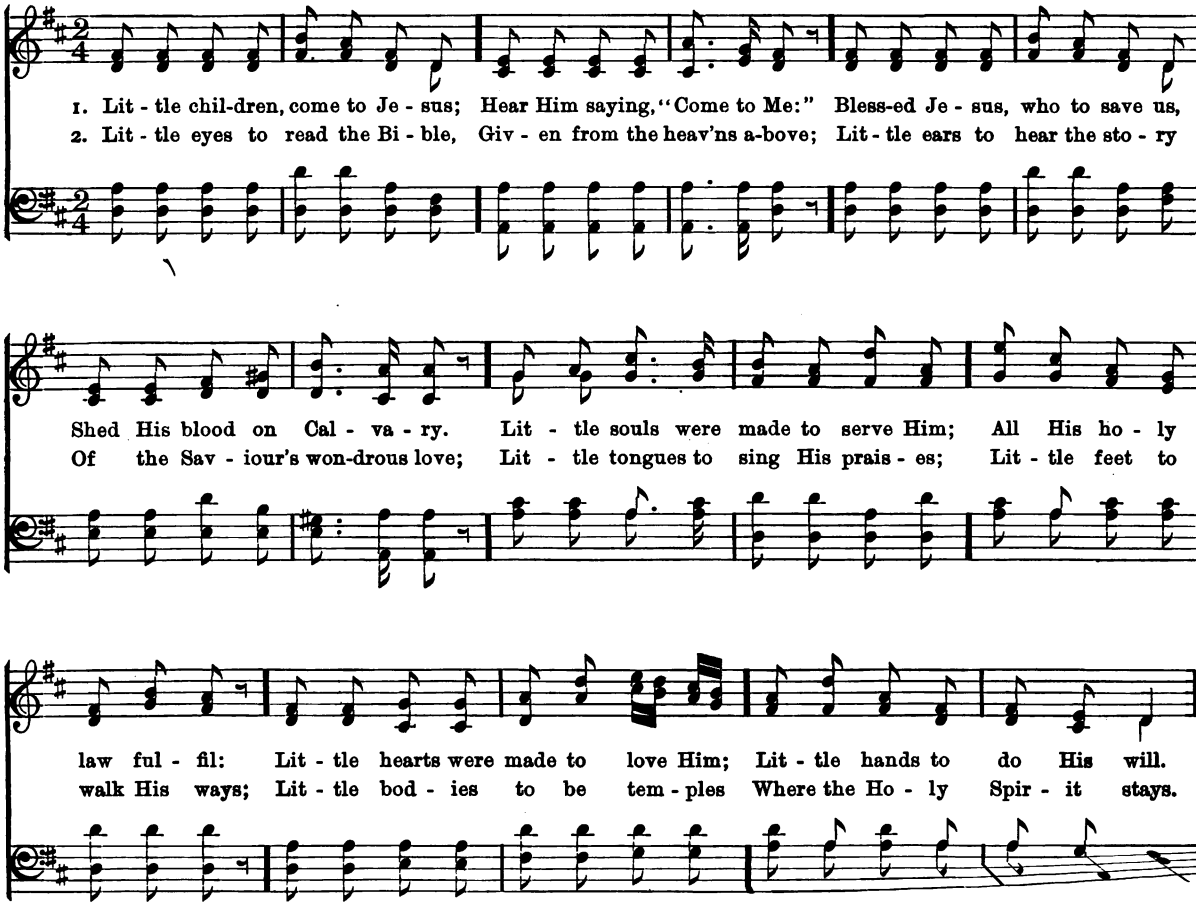
5.
Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee mid joy or woe.

## Break Thou the Bread of Life.—Concluded.

Be - yond the sa - cred page, I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

# 114 Comè to the Saviour Now!

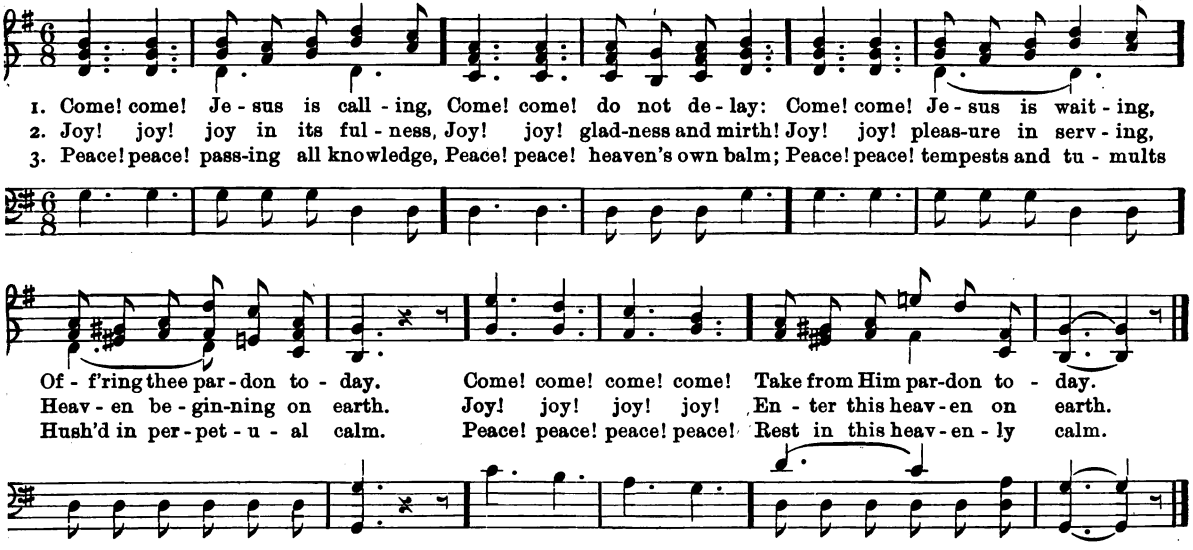
John Murch Wigner (1844— ), 1882. "INVITATION." F. C. Maker (1844— ), 1882.

1. Come to the Sav - iour now! He gen - tly call - eth thee; In true re - pent - ance bow,
2. Come to the Sav - iour now! Ye whó have wan-dered far, Re - new your sol - emn vow,
3. Come to the Sav - iour, all! What - e'er your bur - dens be; Hear now His lov - ing call—
Be - fore Him bend the knee. He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,
For His by right you are. Come, like poor wandering sheep Re - turn - ing to His fold;
"Cast all your care on me." Come, and for ev - ery grief In Je - sus you will find
True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove. Come, come, come!
His arm will safe - ly keep, His love will ne'er grow cold. Come, come, come!
A sure and safe re - lief, A lov - ing Friend and kind. Come, come, come!

# 115 Little Children, Come to Jesus.

Anon. "WARNER." Anon.

1. Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus; Hear Him saying, "Come to Me:" Bless-ed Je - sus, who to save us,
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heav'ns a-bove; Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry
Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry. Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him; All His ho - ly
Of the Sav - iour's won-drous love; Lit - tle tongues to sing His prais - es; Lit - tle feet to
law ful - fil: Lit - tle hearts were made to love Him; Lit - tle hands to do His will.
walk His ways; Lit - tle bod - ies to be tem - ples Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.

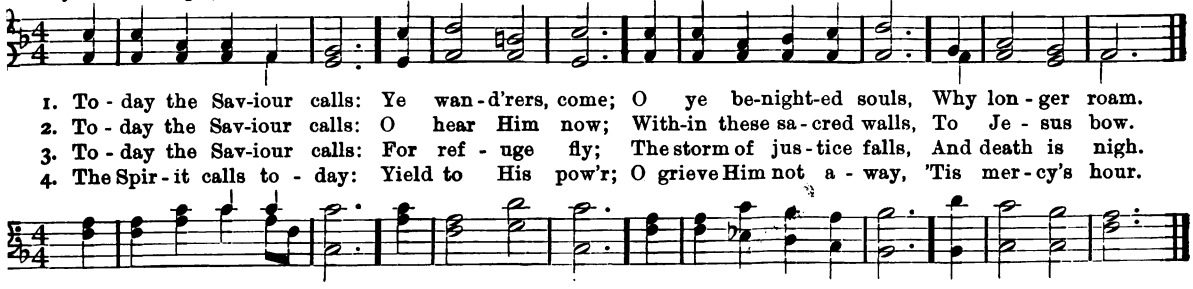
## 116 Come! Come! Jesus is Calling.

Rev. James Stephens. "JESUS IS CALLING." Arr. fr. Old Melody.


1. Come! come! Je - sus is call - ing, Come! come! do not de - lay: Come! come! Je - sus is wait - ing,
2. Joy! joy! joy in its ful - ness, Joy! joy! glad-ness and mirth! Joy! joy! pleas-ure in serv - ing,
3. Peace! peace! pass-ing all knowledge, Peace! peace! heaven's own balm; Peace! peace! tempests and tu - mults
Of - f'ring thee par - don to - day. Come! come! come! come! Take from Him par-don to - day.
Heav - en be - gin-ning on earth. Joy! joy! joy! joy! En - ter this heav - en on earth.
Hush'd in per - pet - u - al calm. Peace! peace! peace! peace! Rest in this heav - en - ly calm.

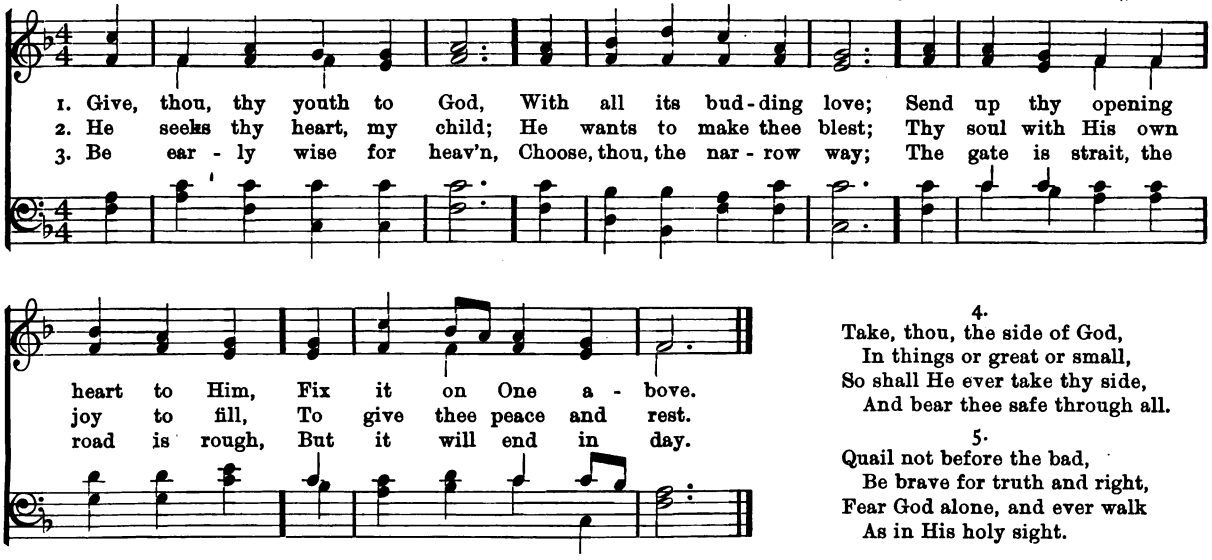
## 117 To-day the Saviour Calls.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808— ), 1831.
Alt. by Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1831. "TO-DAY." Arr. from Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1831.


1. To - day the Sav-iour calls: Ye wan - d'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam.
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls: O hear Him now; With-in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls: For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

## 118 Give, Thou, Thy Youth to God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889). "NEWLAND." Henry John Gauntlett (1806—1876), 1857.

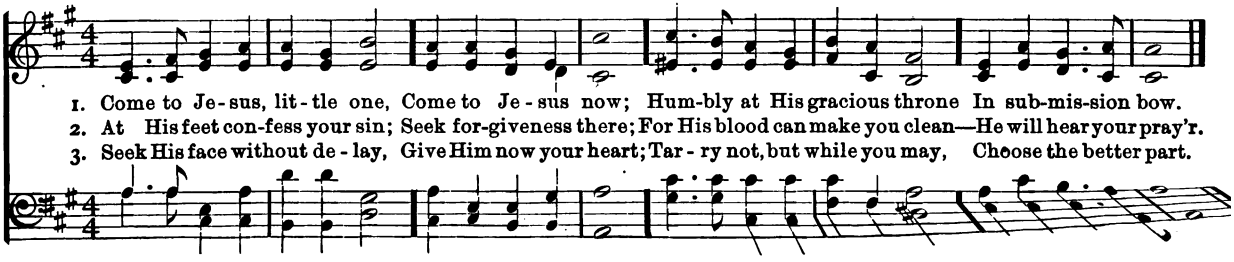

1. Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud-ding love; Send up thy opening
2. He seeks thy heart, my child; He wants to make thee blest; Thy soul with His own
3. Be ear - ly wise for heav'n, Choose, thou, the nar - row way; The gate is strait, the
heart to Him, Fix it on One a - bove.
joy to fill, To give thee peace and rest.
road is rough, But it will end in day.

4.
Take, thou, the side of God,
In things or great or small,
So shall He ever take thy side,
And bear thee safe through all.

5.
Quail not before the bad,
Be brave for truth and right,
Fear God alone, and ever walk
As in His holy sight.

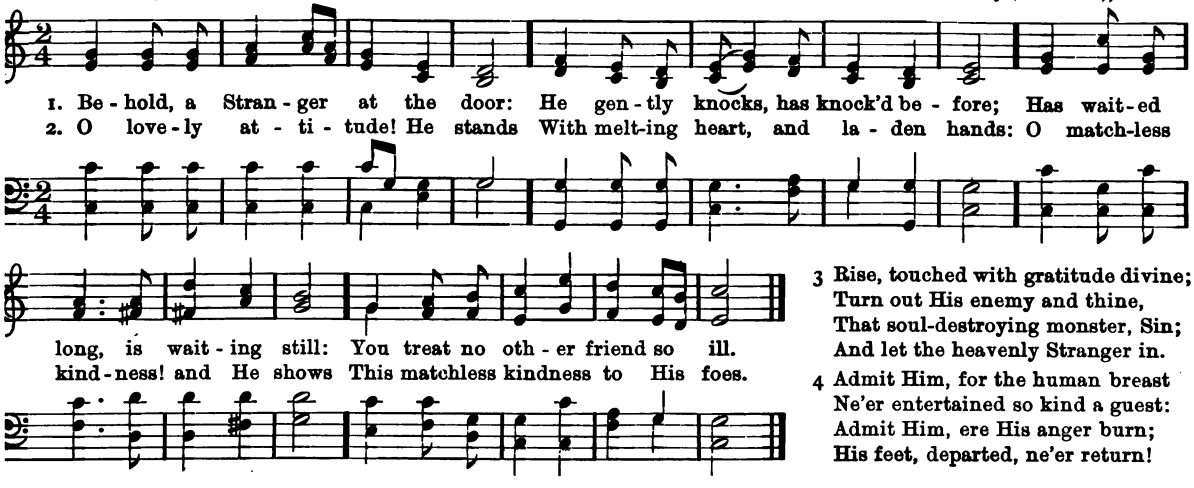
## 119 Come to Jesus, Little One.

Rev. Edward Turney (1816—1872), 1860. "ST. PIRAN." Edward John Hopkins (1818— ).


1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one, Come to Je-sus now; Hum-bly at His gracious throne In sub-mis-sion bow.
2. At His feet con-fess your sin; Seek for-giveness there; For His blood can make you clean—He will hear your pray'r.
3. Seek His face without de-lay, Give Him now your heart; Tar-ry not, but while you may, Choose the better part.

## 120 Behold, a Stranger at the Door.

Rev. Joseph Grigg ( —1768), 1765. "ZEPHYR." William Batchelder Bradbury (1816—1868), 1844.

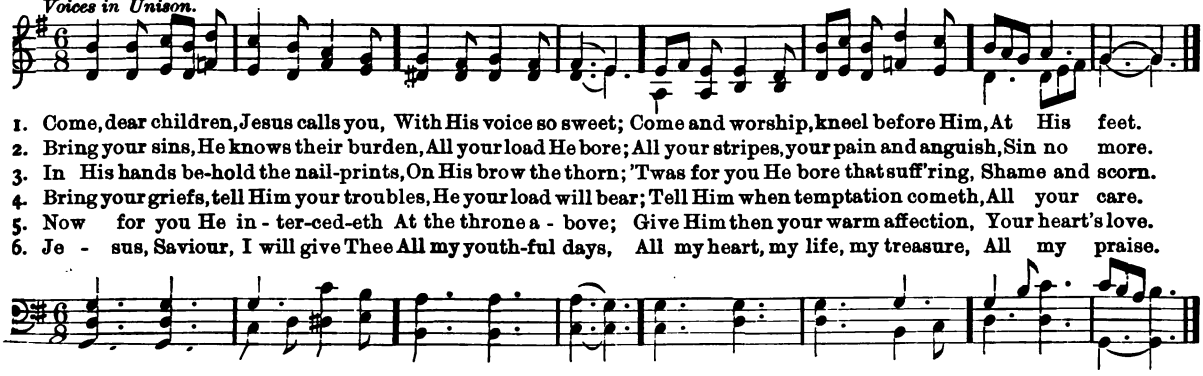

1. Be - hold, a Stran - ger at the door: He gen - tly knocks, has knock'd be - fore; Has wait - ed
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melt-ing heart, and la - den hands: O match-less
long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
kind - ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return!

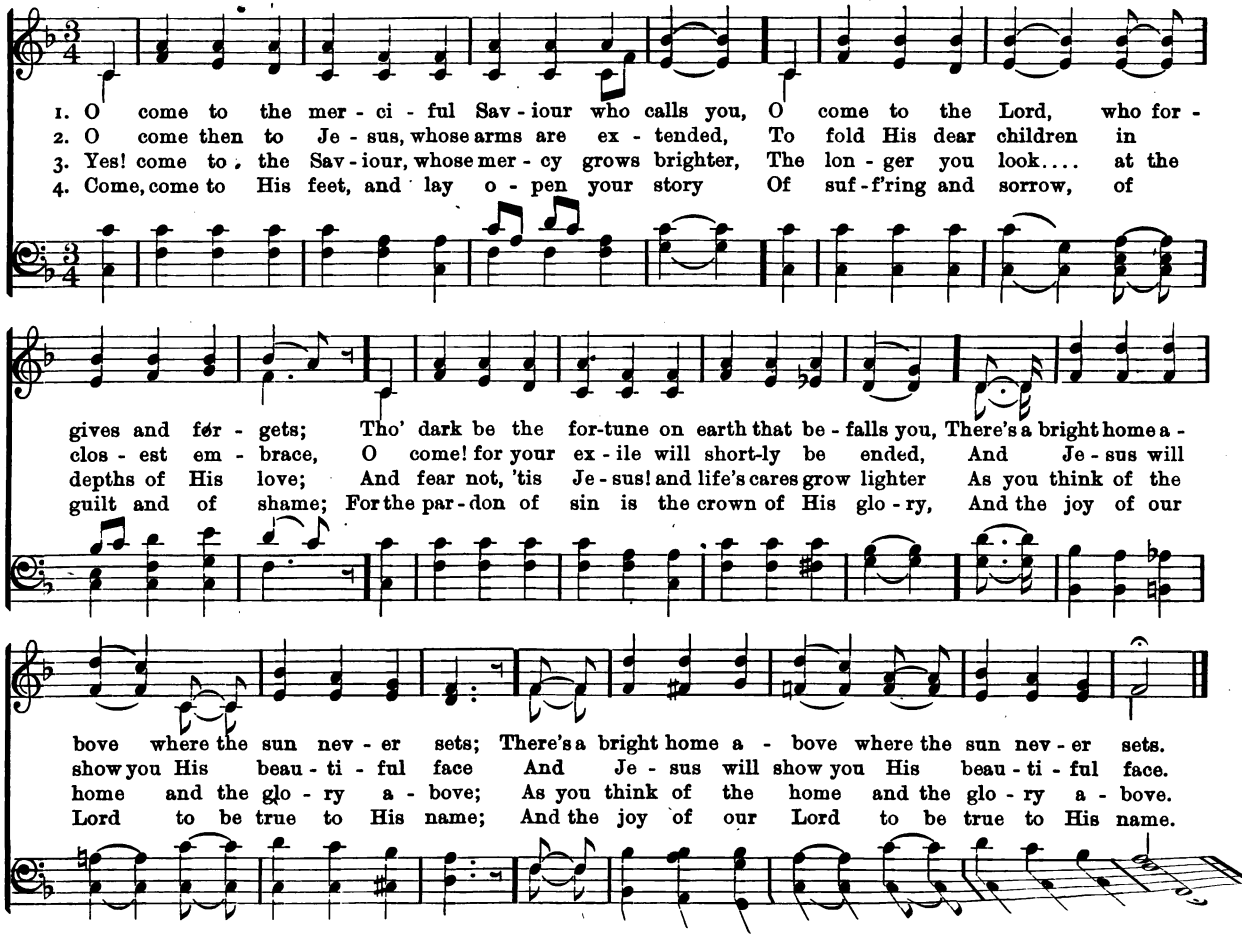
## 121 Come, Dear Children, Jesus calls You.

Rev. James Stephens. W. H. Lee Davies.

*Voices in Unison.*

1. Come, dear children, Jesus calls you, With His voice so sweet; Come and worship, kneel before Him, At His feet.
2. Bring your sins, He knows their burden, All your load He bore; All your stripes, your pain and anguish, Sin no more.
3. In His hands be-hold the nail-prints, On His brow the thorn; 'Twas for you He bore that suff'ring, Shame and scorn.
4. Bring your griefs, tell Him your troubles, He your load will bear; Tell Him when temptation cometh, All your care.
5. Now for you He in - ter-ced-eth At the throne a - bove; Give Him then your warm affection, Your heart's love.
6. Je - sus, Saviour, I will give Thee All my youth-ful days, All my heart, my life, my treasure, All my praise.

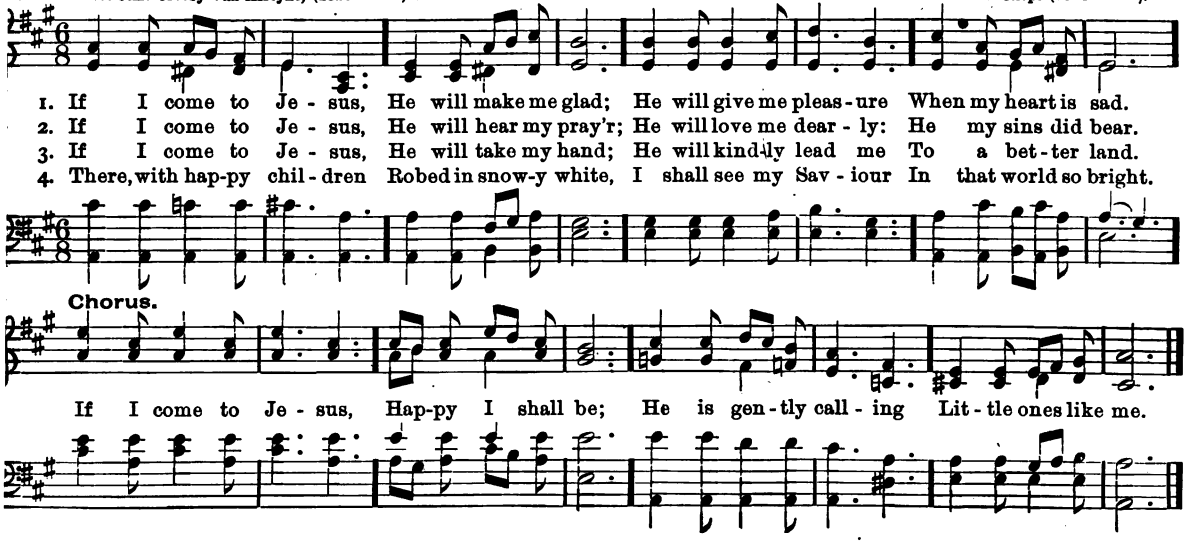
# 122 O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1854. "KOSCHAT." Arr. fr. Thomas Koschat.


1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you, O come to the Lord, who for -
2. O come then to Je - sus, whose arms are ex - tended, To fold His dear children in
3. Yes! come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows brighter, The lon - ger you look.... at the
4. Come, come to His feet, and lay o - pen your story Of suf - f'ring and sorrow, of
gives and for - gets; Tho' dark be the for-tune on earth that be - falls you, There's a bright home a -
clos - est em - brace, O come! for your ex - ile will short-ly be ended, And Je - sus will
depths of His love; And fear not, 'tis Je - sus! and life's cares grow lighter As you think of the
guilt and of shame; For the par - don of sin is the crown of His glo - ry, And the joy of our
bove where the sun nev - er sets; There's a bright home a - bove where the sun nev - er sets.
show you His beau - ti - ful face And Je - sus will show you His beau - ti - ful face.
home and the glo - ry a - bove; As you think of the home and the glo - ry a - bove.
Lord to be true to His name; And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

## 123 If I Come to Jesus.

Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne, (1823— ) 1868. R. R. Chope (1830— ).

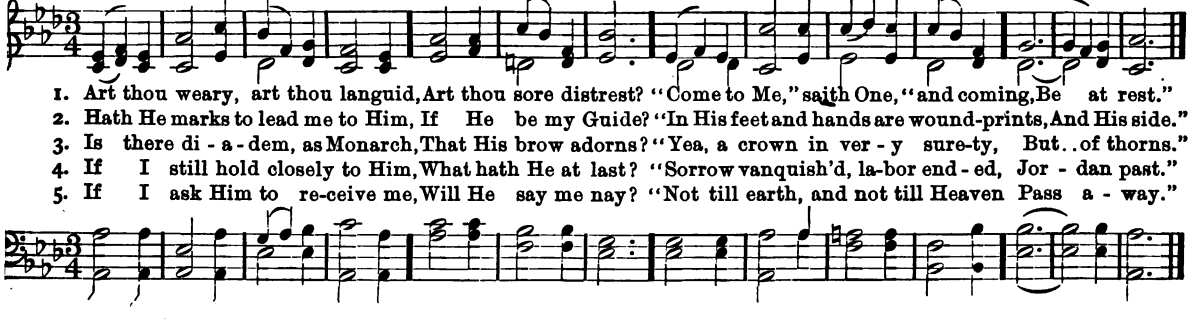

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad; He will give me pleas - ure When my heart is sad.
2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my pray'r; He will love me dear - ly: He my sins did bear.
3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand; He will kindly lead me To a bet - ter land.
4. There, with hap-py chil - dren Robed in snow-y white, I shall see my Sav - iour In that world so bright.
Chorus.
If I come to Je - sus, Hap-py I shall be; He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

## 124 Art thou Weary, Art thou Languid?

Stephen of St. Sabas (725—794).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.

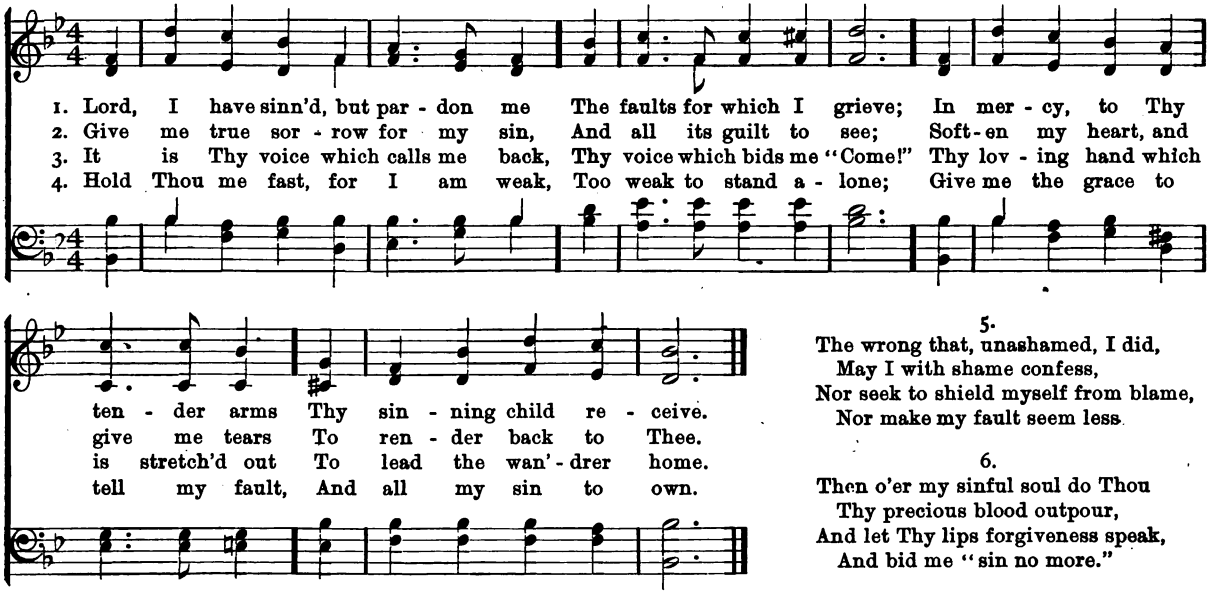
"GENEVA."

E. W. Bullinger ( — ), 1885.


1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yea, a crown in ver - y sure-ty, But..of thorns."
4. If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquish'd, la-bor end - ed, Jor - dan past."
5. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till Heaven Pass a - way."

## 125 Lord, I have Sinned, but Pardon Me.

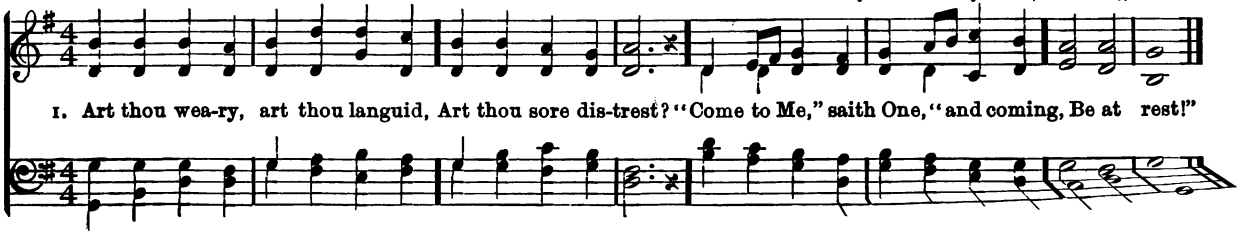
Mrs. Claudia Frances Hernaman (1836— ), 1873. "HOLY CROSS." John Stainer (1840— ).

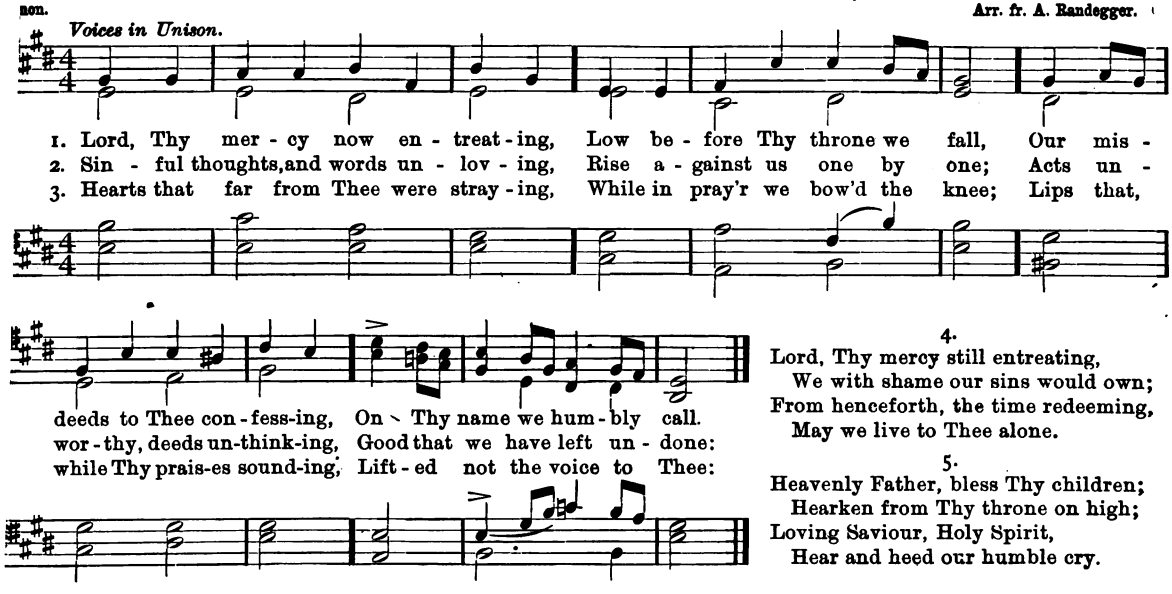

1. Lord, I have sinn'd, but par - don me The faults for which I grieve; In mer - cy, to Thy
2. Give me true sor - row for my sin, And all its guilt to see; Soft - en my heart, and
3. It is Thy voice which calls me back, Thy voice which bids me "Come!" Thy lov - ing hand which
4. Hold Thou me fast, for I am weak, Too weak to stand a - lone; Give me the grace to
ten - der arms Thy sin - ning child re - ceive.
give me tears To ren - der back to Thee.
is stretch'd out To lead the wan' - drer home.
tell my fault, And all my sin to own.

5.
The wrong that, unashamed, I did,
May I with shame confess,
Nor seek to shield myself from blame,
Nor make my fault seem less.

6.
Then o'er my sinful soul do Thou
Thy precious blood outpour,
And let Thy lips forgiveness speak,
And bid me "sin no more."

## 124 Art thou Weary?—[SECOND TUNE.]

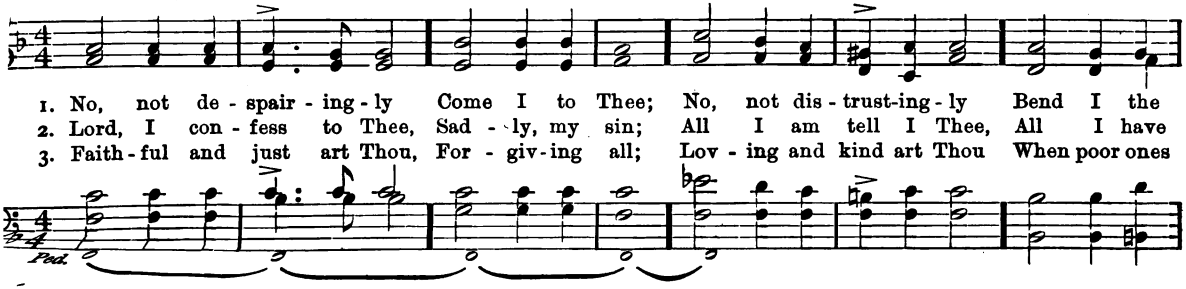
"STEPHANOS." Rev. Sir Henry William Baker (1821—1877). Arr. by William Henry Monk (1823— ), 1861.

## 26 Lord, Thy Mercy Now Entreating.

non. Arr. fr. A. Randegger.

Voices in Unison.
1. Lord, Thy mer - cy now en - treat - ing, Low be - fore Thy throne we fall, Our mis -
2. Sin - ful thoughts, and words un - lov - ing, Rise a - gainst us one by one; Acts un -
3. Hearts that far from Thee were stray - ing, While in pray'r we bow'd the knee; Lips that,
deeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we hum - bly call.
wor - thy, deeds un-think-ing, Good that we have left un - done:
while Thy prais-es sound-ing, Lift - ed not the voice to Thee:

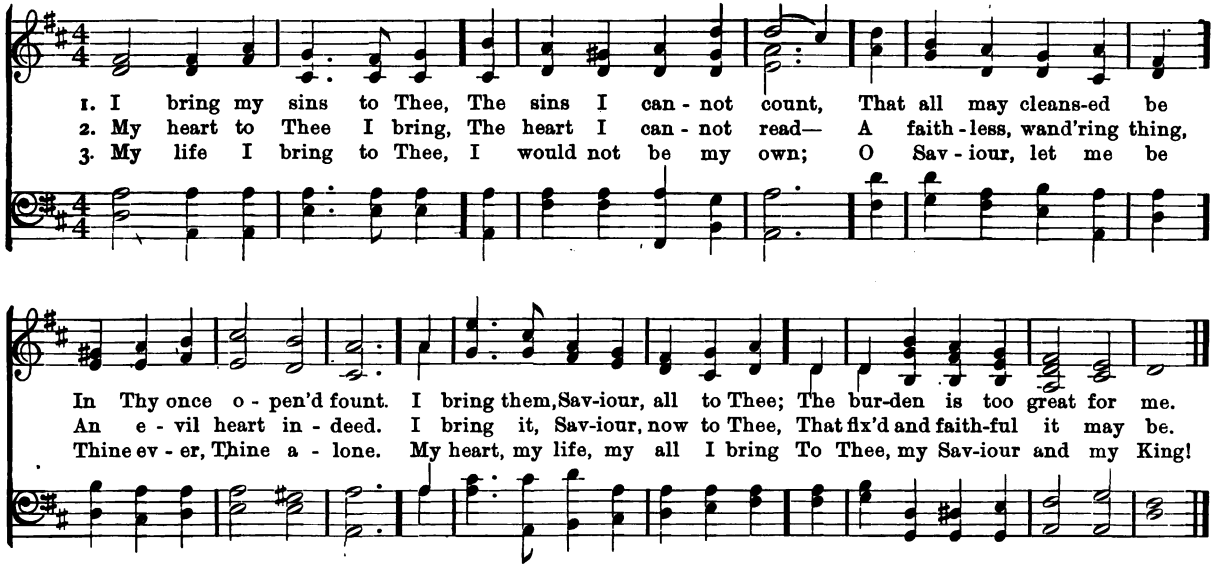
4.
Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

5.
Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.

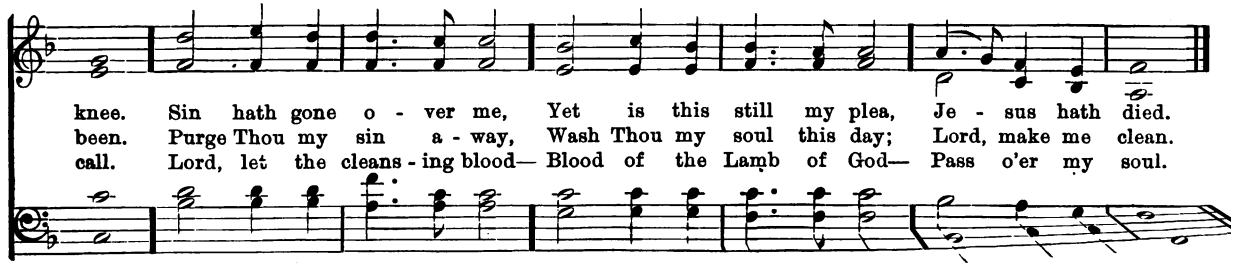
## 27 No, Not Despairingly.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1867. "BETHEL." A. B. Spratt ( — ).

1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis - trust-ing - ly Bend I the
2. Lord, I con - fess to Thee, Sad - ly, my sin; All I am tell I Thee, All I have
3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and kind art Thou When poor ones
Ped.

# 128 I Bring My Sins to Thee.

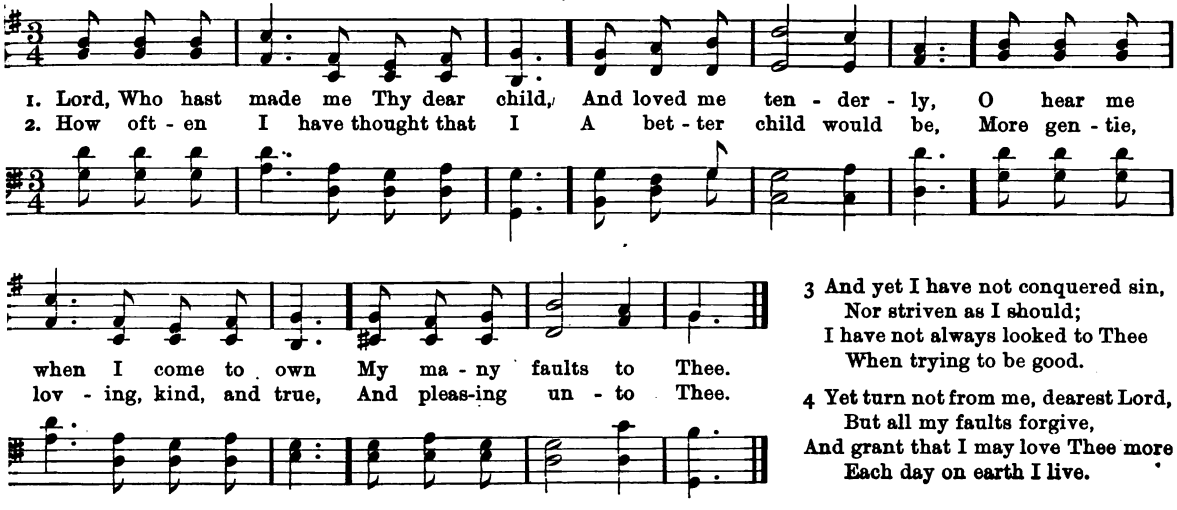
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1870. "ST. MAURA." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ), 1872.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleans-ed be
2. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read— A faith - less, wand'ring thing,
3. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Sav - iour, let me be
In Thy once o - pen'd fount. I bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee; The bur-den is too great for me.
An e - vil heart in - deed. I bring it, Sav-iour, now to Thee, That fix'd and faith-ful it may be.
Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone. My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King!

## No, Not Despairingly.—Concluded.


knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
been. Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
call. Lord, let the cleans - ing blood— Blood of the Lamb of God— Pass o'er my soul.

## 29 Lord, Who hast made Me Thy dear Child.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. "LAMBETH." English.

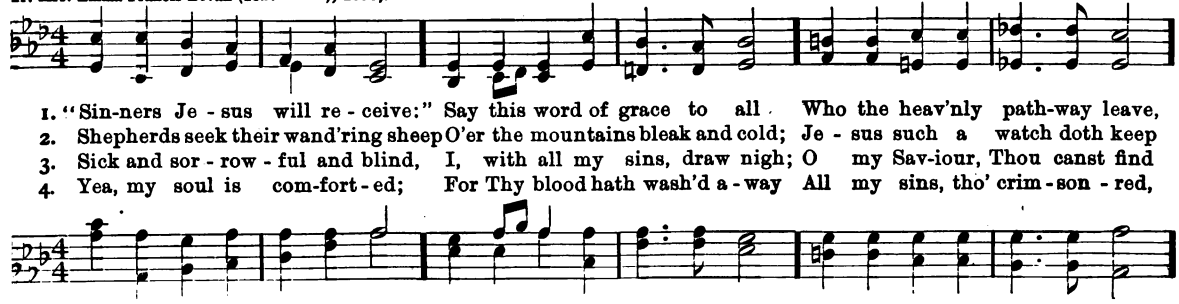

1. Lord, Who hast made me Thy dear child, And loved me ten - der - ly, O hear me
2. How oft - en I have thought that I A bet - ter child would be, More gen - tie,
when I come to own My ma - ny faults to Thee.
lov - ing, kind, and true, And pleas-ing un - to Thee.

3 And yet I have not conquered sin,
Nor striven as I should;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

4 Yet turn not from me, dearest Lord,
But all my faults forgive,
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live.

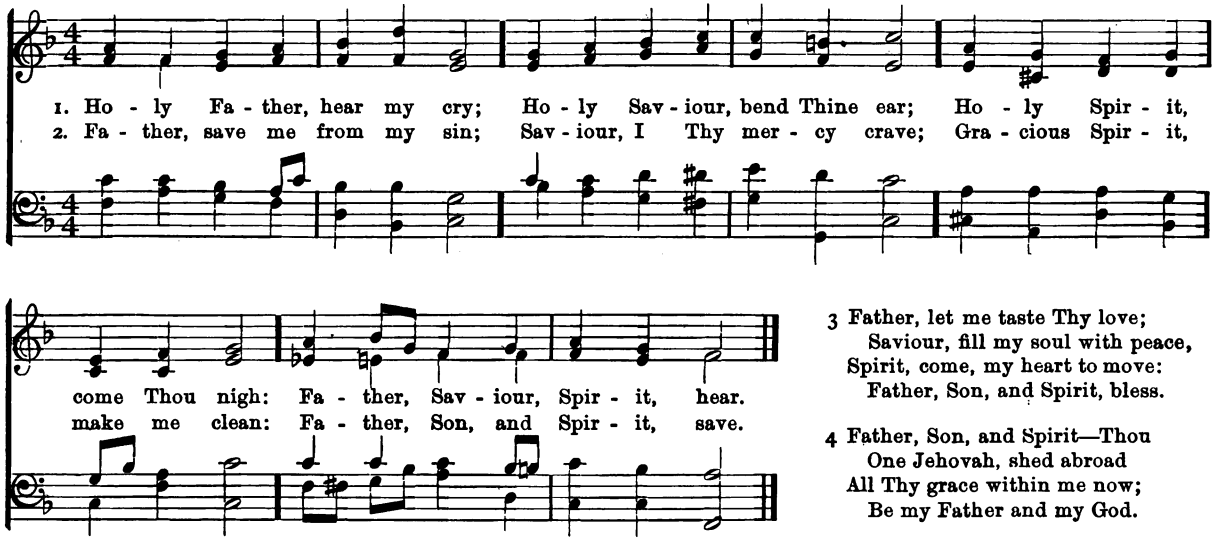
## 30 Sinners Jesus will Receive.

Rev. Erdmann Neumeister (1671—1756), 1718.
Tr. Mrs. Emma Francis Bevan (1827— ), 1858). "GLASTONBURY." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).


1. "Sin-ners Je - sus will re - ceive:" Say this word of grace to all Who the heav'nly path-way leave,
2. Shepherds seek their wand'ring sheep O'er the mountains bleak and cold; Je - sus such a watch doth keep
3. Sick and sor - row - ful and blind, I, with all my sins, draw nigh; O my Sav-iour, Thou canst find
4. Yea, my soul is com-fort - ed; For Thy blood hath wash'd a - way All my sins, tho' crim - son - red,

# 131 Holy Father, hear My Cry.

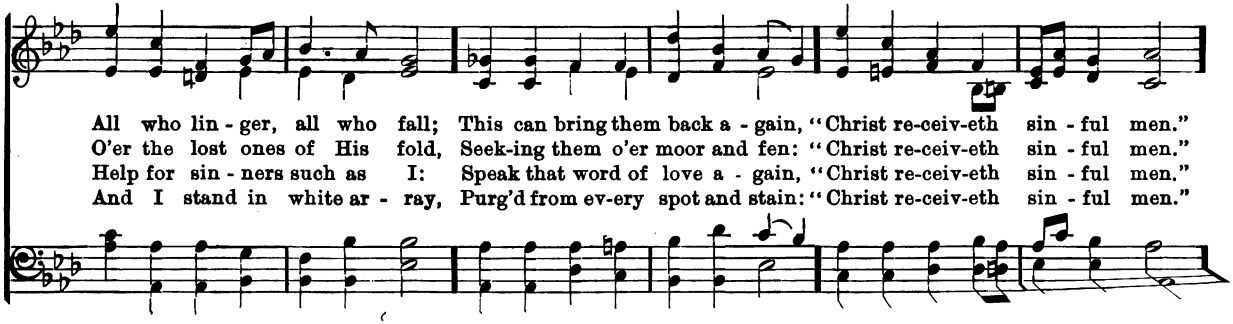
Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1843. "BEETHOVEN." Arr. fr. Ludwig von Beethoven (1770—1527).


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear; Ho - ly Spir - it,
2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave; Gra - cious Spir - it,
come Thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear.
make me clean: Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, save.

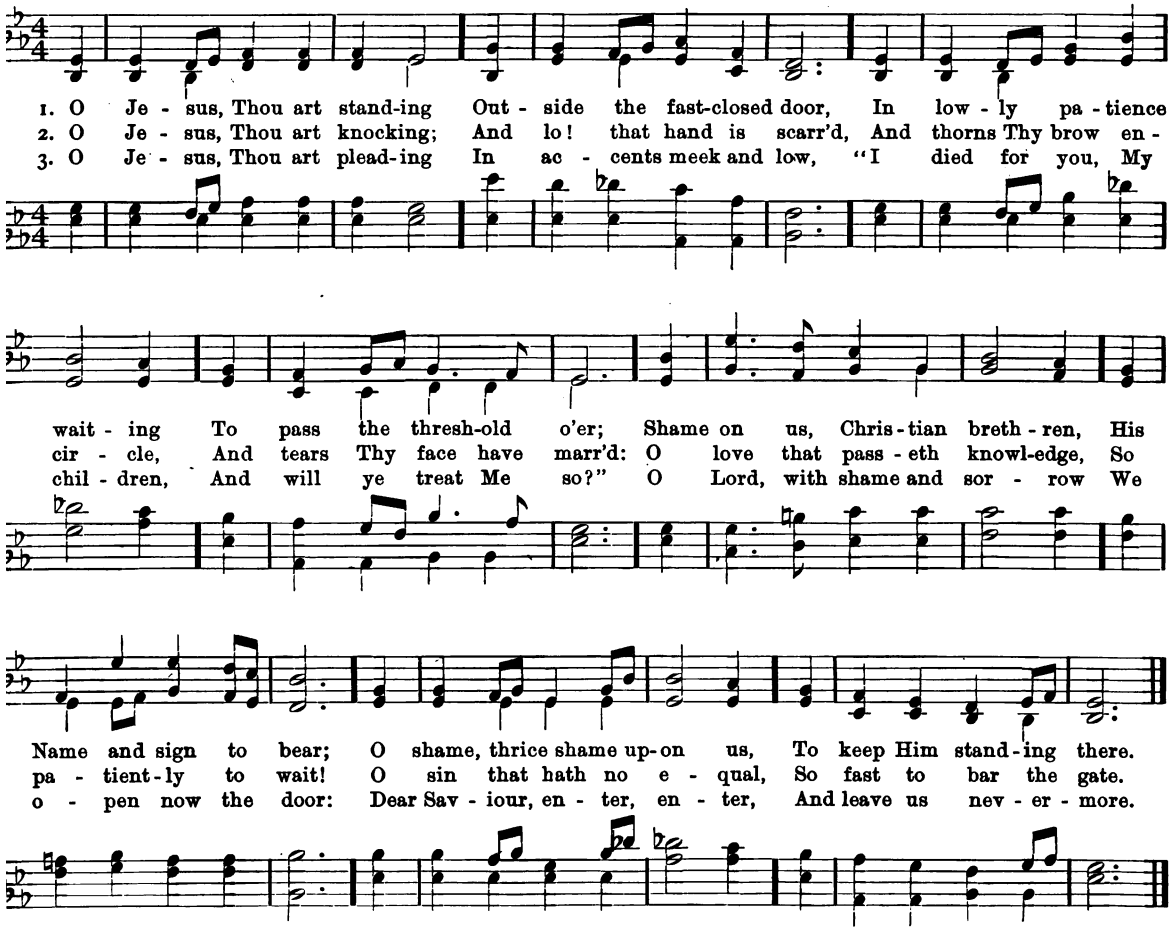
3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
Spirit, come, my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

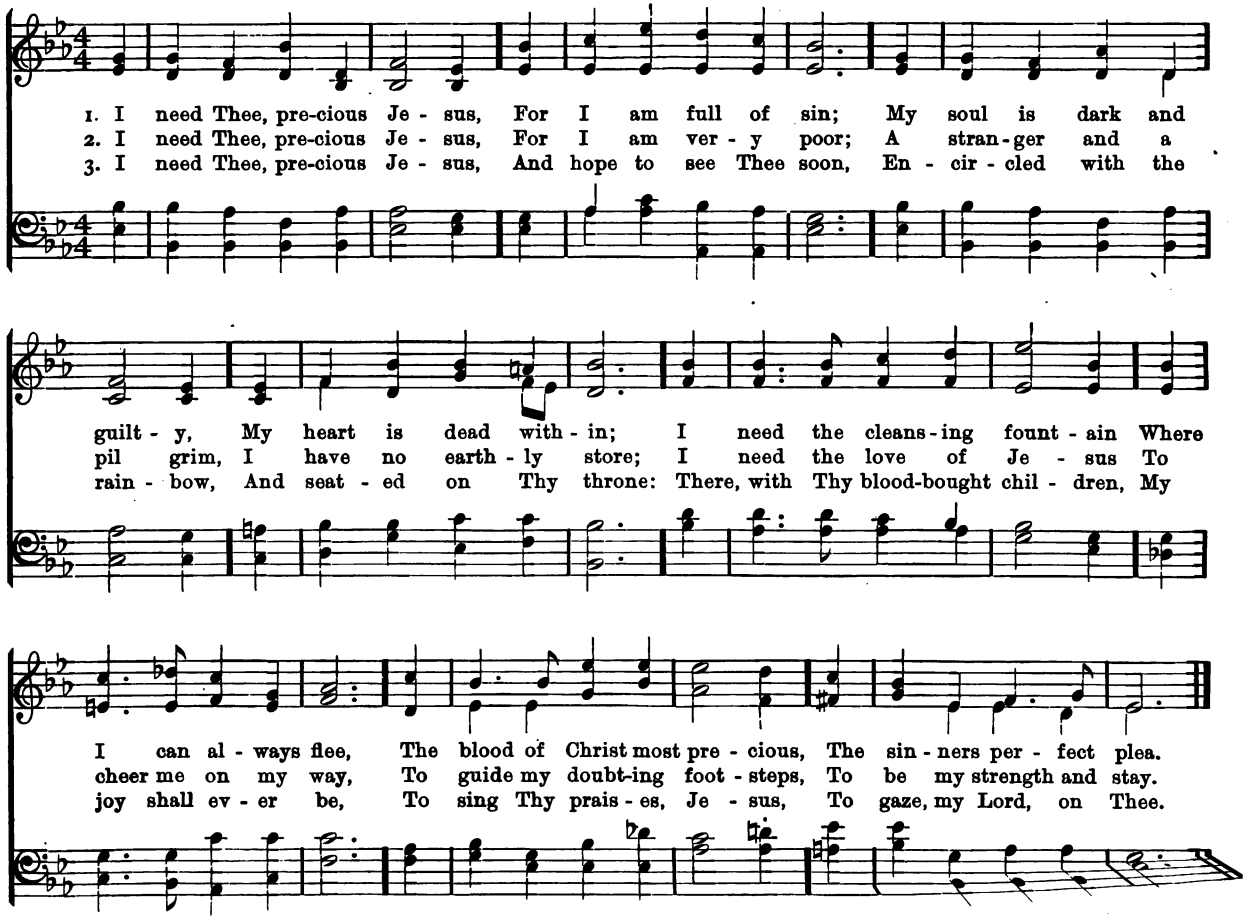
## Sinners, Jesus will Receive.—Concluded.


All who lin - ger, all who fall; This can bring them back a - gain, "Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men."
O'er the lost ones of His fold, Seek-ing them o'er moor and fen: "Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men."
Help for sin - ners such as I: Speak that word of love a - gain, "Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men."
And I stand in white ar - ray, Purg'd from ev-ery spot and stain: "Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men."

# 32 O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

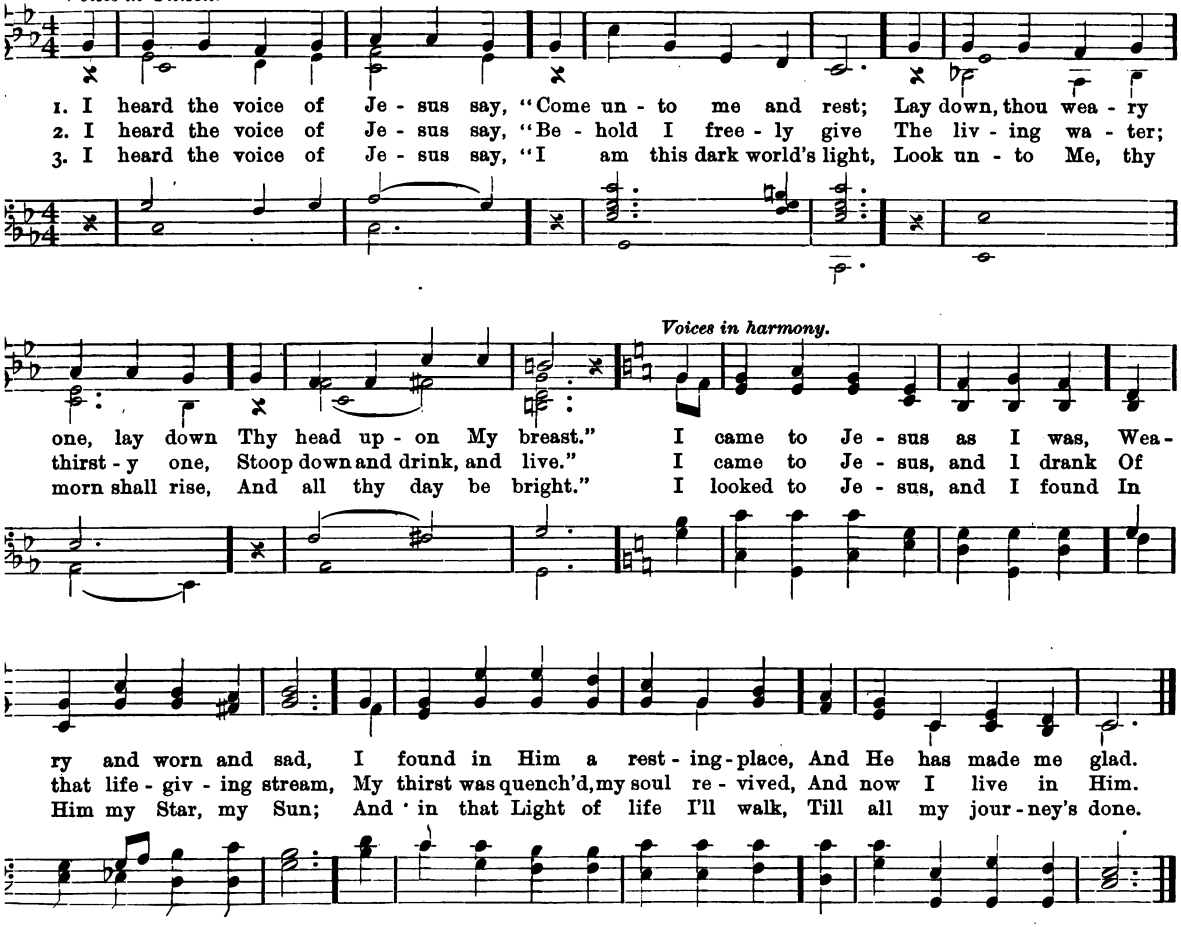
Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1854. "ST. HILDA." Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752—1817). E. Husband (1843— ).

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en -
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My
wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er; Shame on us, Chris-tian breth - ren, His
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So
chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We
Name and sign to bear; O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there.
pa - tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate.
o - pen now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

# 133 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield (1829— ), 1859. "ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON." J. Walch (1837— ).

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
2. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stran-ger and a
3. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon, En - cir - cled with the
guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in; I need the cleans-ing fount - ain Where
pil grim, I have no earth - ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To
rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne: There, with Thy blood-bought chil - dren, My
I can al - ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ners per - fect plea.
cheer me on my way, To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
joy shall ev - er be, To sing Thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

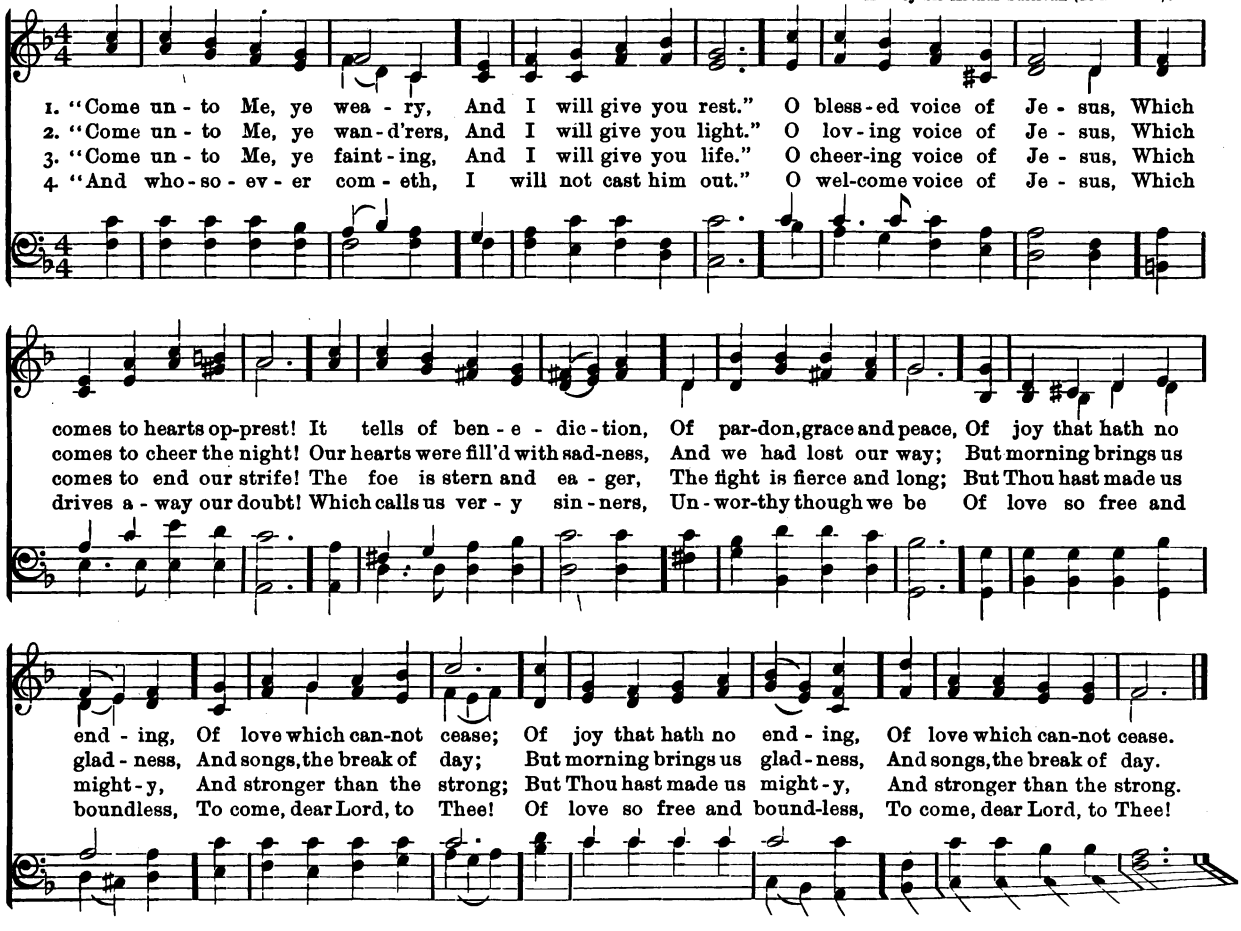
# 34 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1846. "IONA." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

*Voices in Unison.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light, Look un - to Me, thy
*Voices in harmony.*
one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -
thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In
ry and worn and sad, I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
that life - giv - ing stream, My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
Him my Star, my Sun; And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.

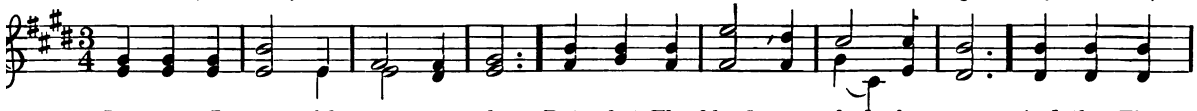
# 135 Come unto Me, ye Weary.

William Chatterton Dix (1837— ), 1867. "MESSIAH." George Frederick Handel (1685—1759). Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

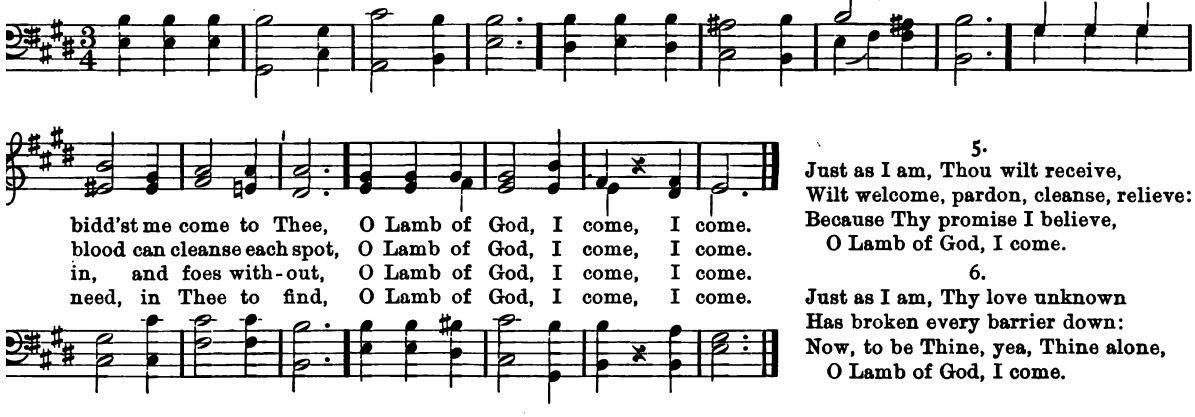

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which
2. "Come un - to Me, ye wan - d'rers, And I will give you light." O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life." O cheer-ing voice of Je - sus, Which
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out." O wel-come voice of Je - sus, Which
comes to hearts op-prest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace and peace, Of joy that hath no
comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were fill'd with sad-ness, And we had lost our way; But morning brings us
comes to end our strife! The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long; But Thou hast made us
drives a - way our doubt! Which calls us ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor-thy though we be Of love so free and
end - ing, Of love which can-not cease; Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.
glad - ness, And songs, the break of day; But morning brings us glad - ness, And songs, the break of day.
might - y, And stronger than the strong; But Thou hast made us might - y, And stronger than the strong.
boundless, To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Of love so free and bound-less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

# 136 Just as I Am, without One Plea.

Miss Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1836. "ST. CRISPIN." Sir George Job Elvey (1816— ).



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose
3. Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, With fears with -
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I

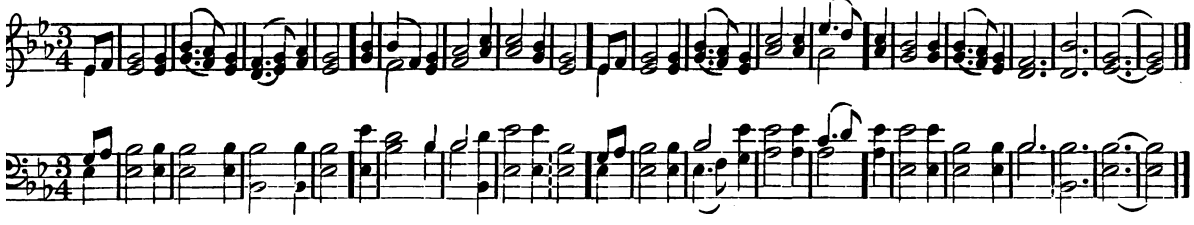


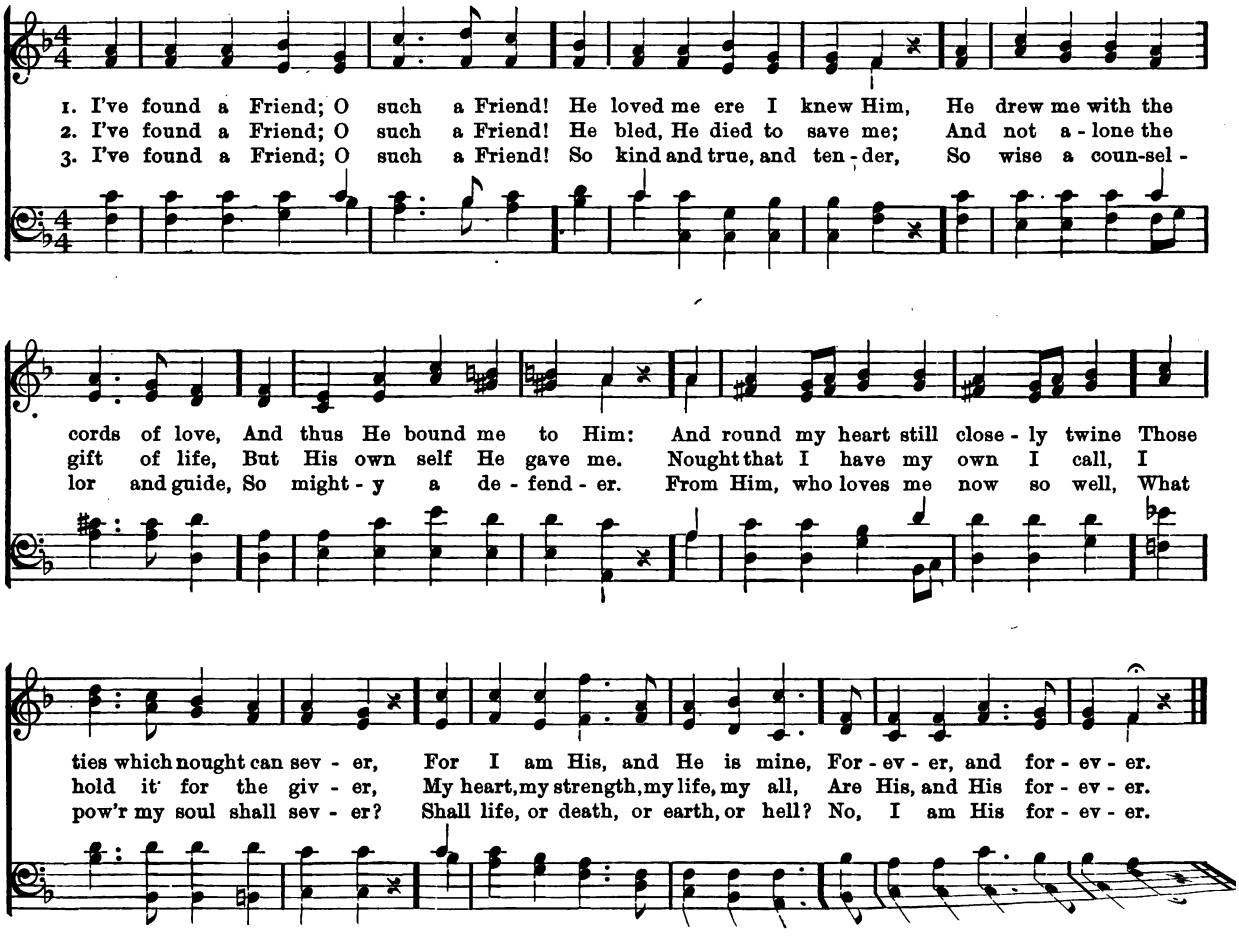
bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
in, and foes with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5.
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

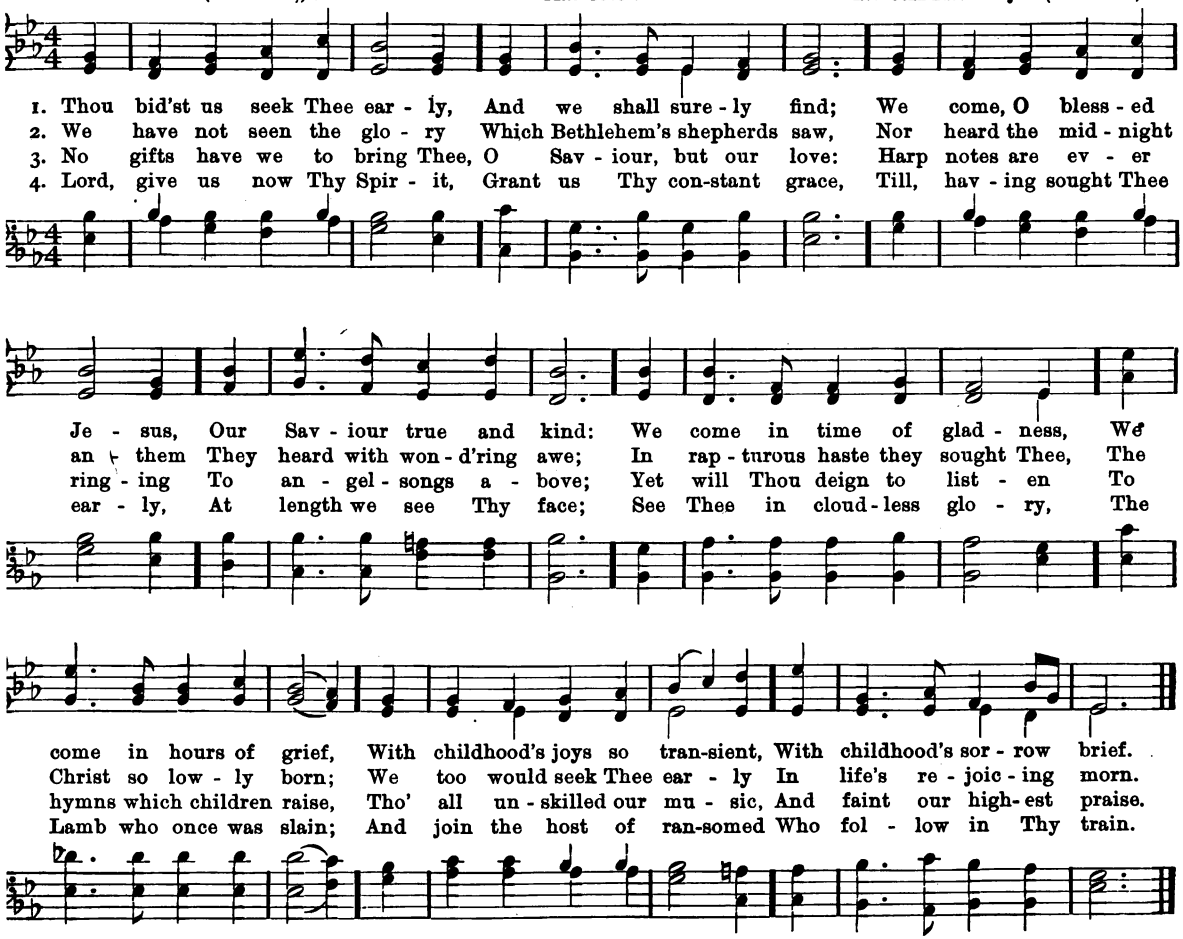
6.
Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

## [SECOND TUNE.]

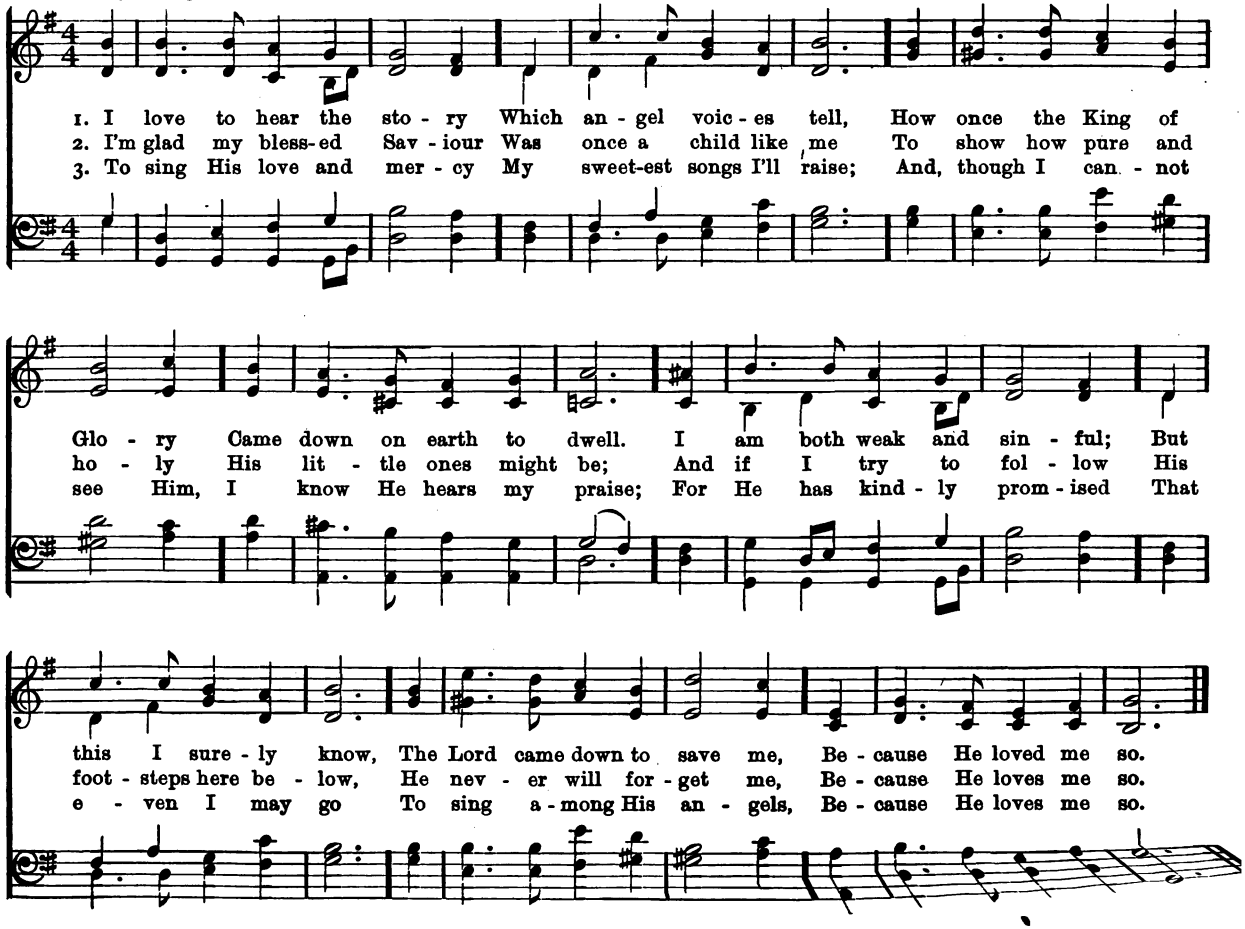
"WOODWORTH." William Batchelder Bradbury (1816—1868), 1849.

# 137. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. James Grindly Small (1817—1888), 1866. "CONSTANCE." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him, He drew me with the
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a - lone the
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true, and ten - der, So wise a coun-sel -
cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him: And round my heart still close - ly twine Those
gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I
lor and guide, So might - y a de - fend - er. From Him, who loves me now so well, What
ties which nought can sev - er, For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er.
hold it for the giv - er, My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
pow'r my soul shall sev - er? Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell? No, I am His for - ev - er.

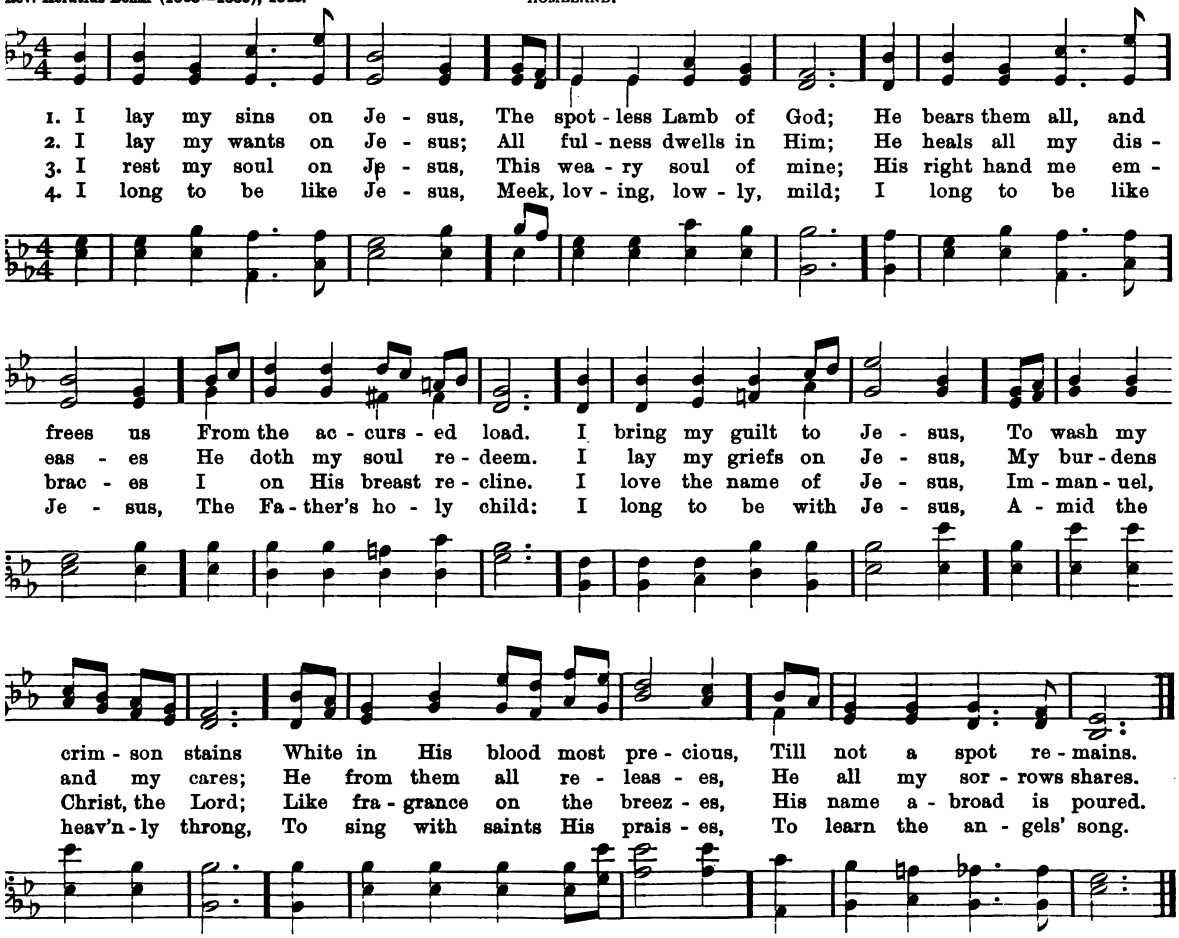
# 138 Thou bid'st Us seek Thee Early.

Miss Jeannette Threefall (1821—1880), 1873. "BLAIRGOVIE." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).

1. Thou bid'st us seek Thee ear - ly, And we shall sure - ly find; We come, O bless - ed
2. We have not seen the glo - ry Which Bethlehem's shepherds saw, Nor heard the mid - night
3. No gifts have we to bring Thee, O Sav - iour, but our love: Harp notes are ev - er
4. Lord, give us now Thy Spir - it, Grant us Thy con-stant grace, Till, hav - ing sought Thee
Je - sus, Our Sav - iour true and kind: We come in time of glad - ness, We
an - them They heard with won - d'ring awe; In rap - turous haste they sought Thee, The
ring - ing To an - gel - songs a - bove; Yet will Thou deign to list - en To
ear - ly, At length we see Thy face; See Thee in cloud - less glo - ry, The
come in hours of grief, With childhood's joys so tran-sient, With childhood's sor - row brief.
Christ so low - ly born; We too would seek Thee ear - ly In life's re - joic - ing morn.
hymns which children raise, Tho' all un - skilled our mu - sic, And faint our high - est praise.
Lamb who once was slain; And join the host of ran-somed Who fol - low in Thy train.

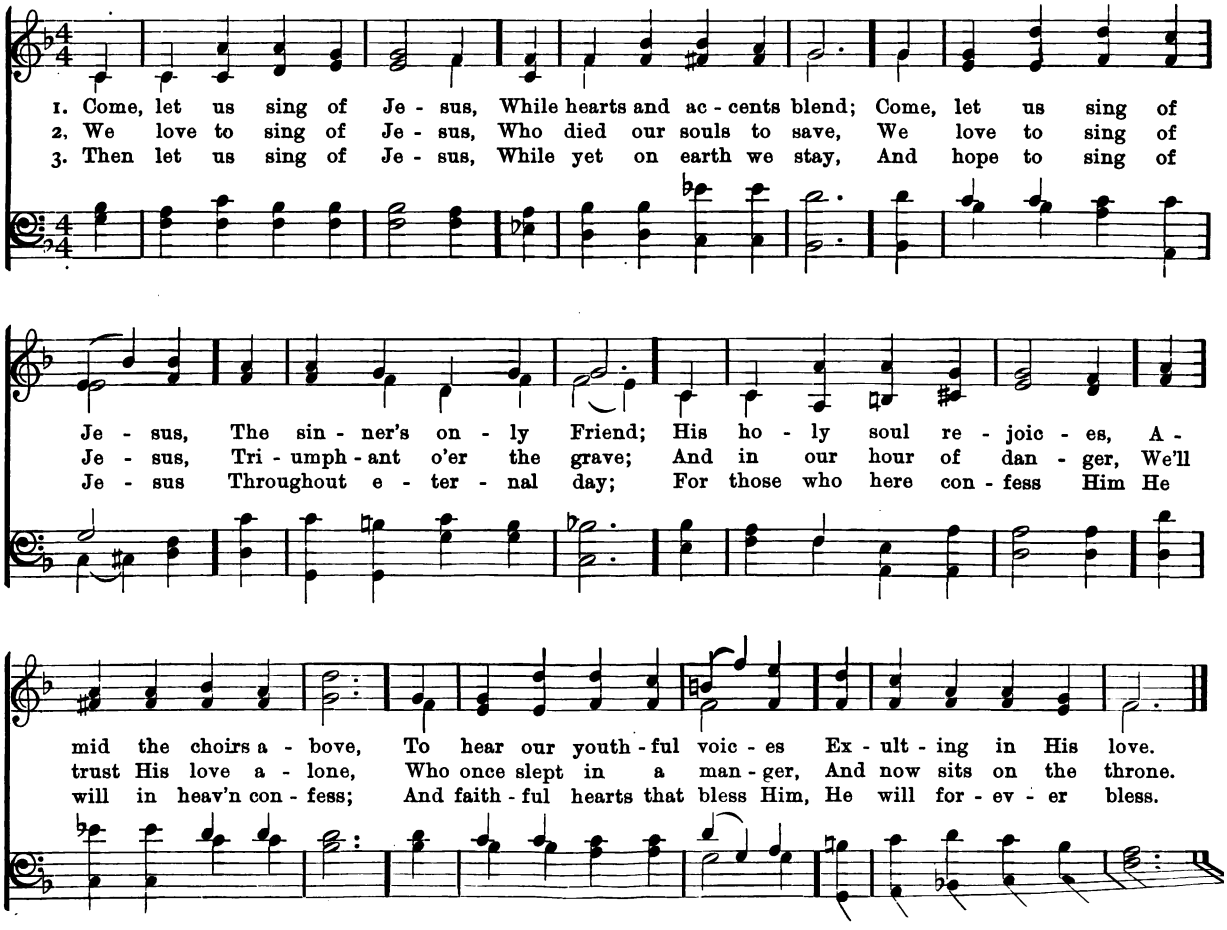
# 139 I Love to Hear the Story.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller (1833— ), 1867. "ANGEL'S STORY." A. H. Mann.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet-est songs I'll raise; And, though I can - not
Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful; But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind - ly prom - ised That
this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
e - ven I may go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

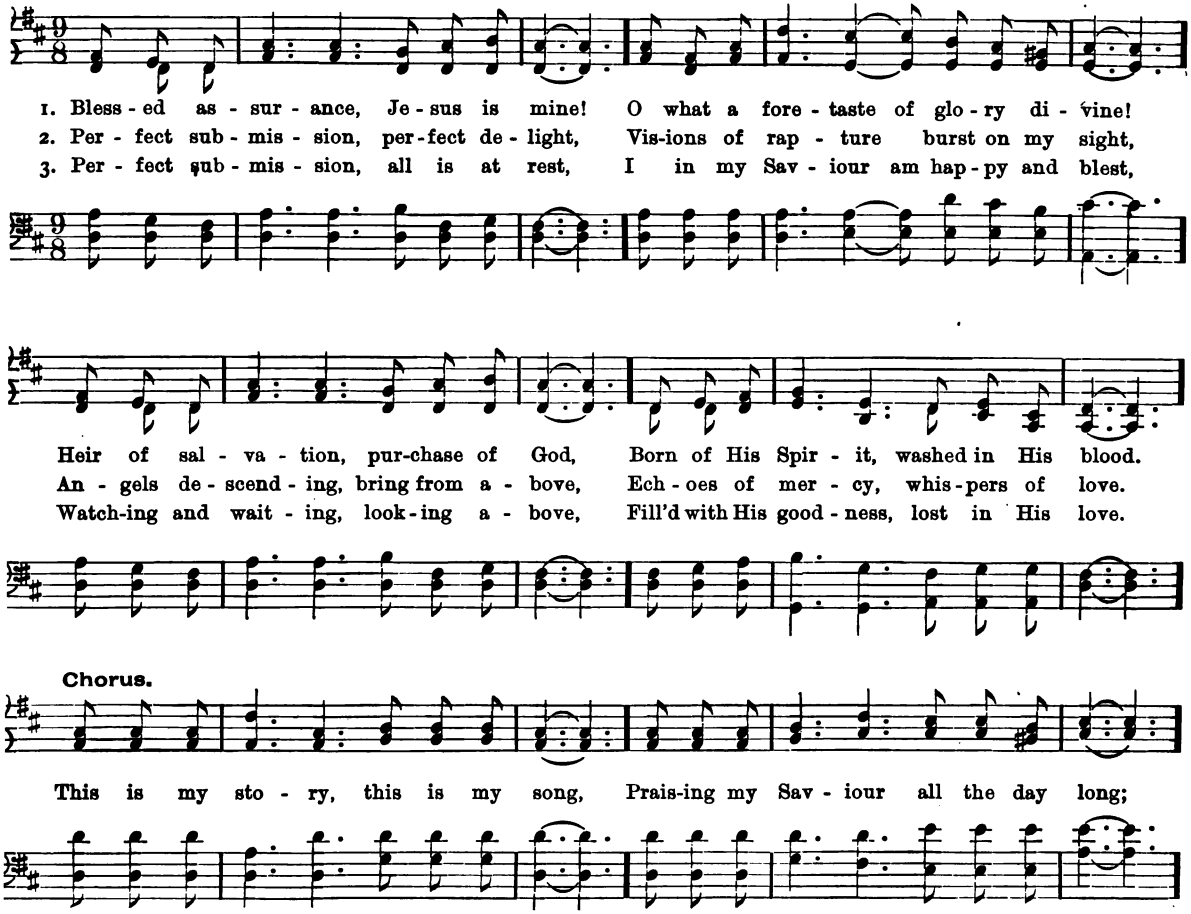
# 40 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

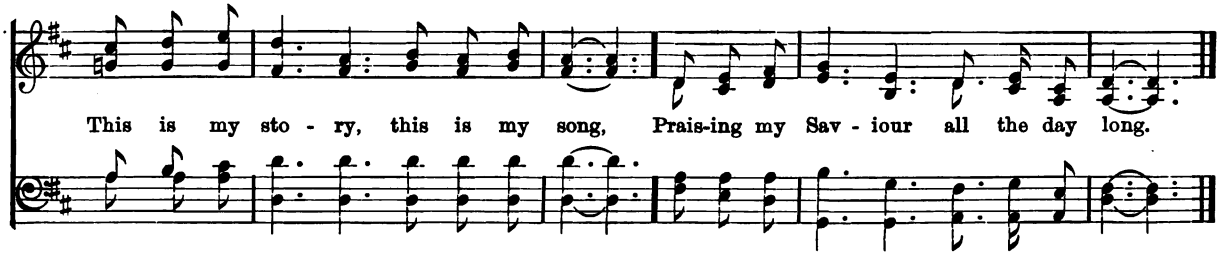
Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1843. "HOMELAND."

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him; He heals all my dis - eas - es He doth my soul re - deem. I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His right hand me em - brac - es I on His breast re - cline. I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord; Like fra - grance on the breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.
4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child: I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n - ly throng, To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

# 141. Come, let Us Sing of Jesus.

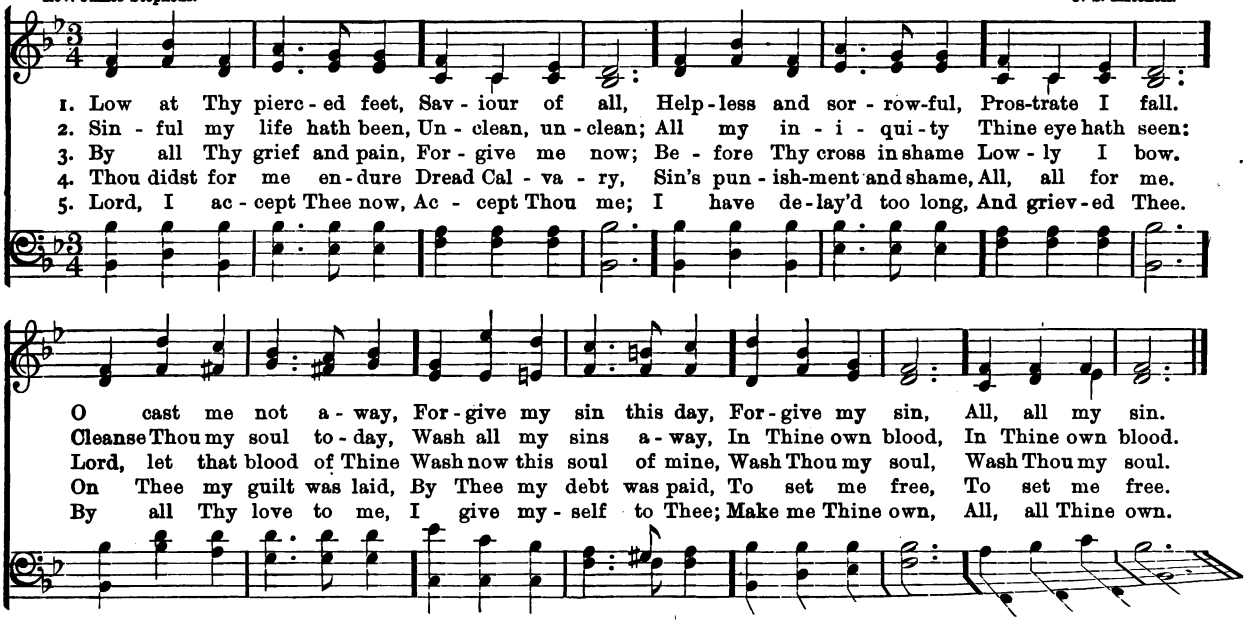
Rev. George Washington Bethune (1805—1862), 1850. "CALKIN." John Baptiste Calkin (1827— ).

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend; Come, let us sing of
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save, We love to sing of
3. Then let us sing of Je - sus, While yet on earth we stay, And hope to sing of
Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend; His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A -
Je - sus, Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave; And in our hour of dan - ger, We'll
Je - sus Throughout e - ter - nal day; For those who here con - fess Him He
mid the choirs a - bove, To hear our youth - ful voic - es Ex - ult - ing in His love.
trust His love a - lone, Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.
will in heav'n con - fess; And faith - ful hearts that bless Him, He will for - ev - er bless.

# 142 Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine!

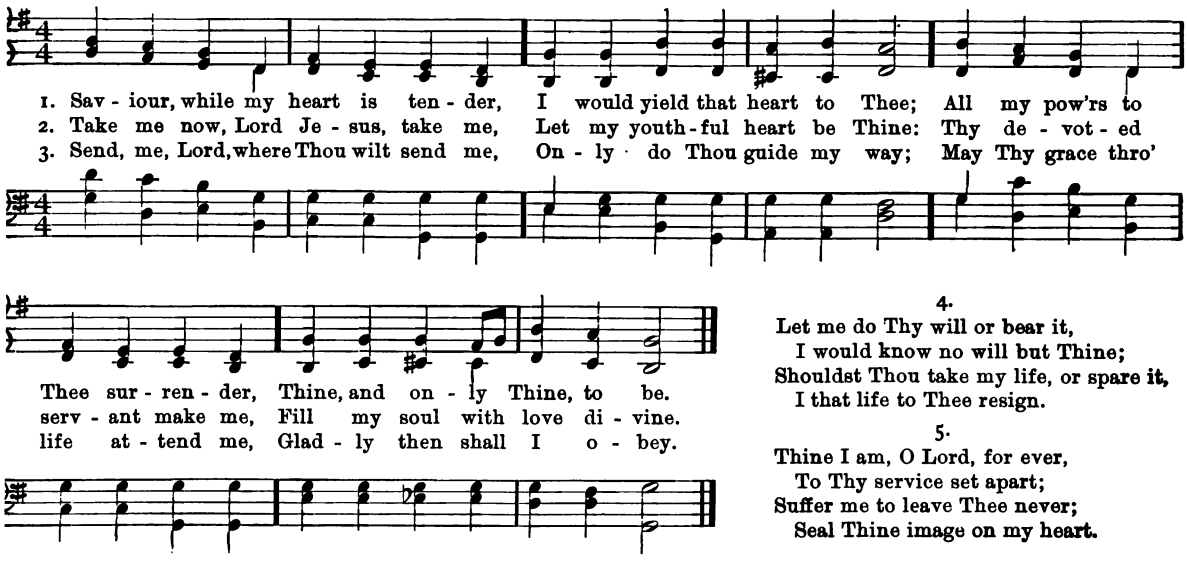
Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne (1823— ) "ASSURANCE." By per. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp (1839— ), 1873.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture burst on my sight,
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest,
Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His good - ness, lost in His love.
Chorus.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long;

## Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine!—Concluded.

## 143 Low at Thy Pierced Feet, Saviour of All.

Rev. James Stephens. J. S. Mitchell.


1. Low at Thy pierc - ed feet, Sav - iour of all, Help - less and sor - row-ful, Pros-trate I fall.
2. Sin - ful my life hath been, Un - clean, un - clean; All my in - i - qui - ty Thine eye hath seen:
3. By all Thy grief and pain, For - give me now; Be - fore Thy cross in shame Low - ly I bow.
4. Thou didst for me en - dure Dread Cal - va - ry, Sin's pun - ish-ment and shame, All, all for me.
5. Lord, I ac - cept Thee now, Ac - cept Thou me; I have de - lay'd too long, And griev - ed Thee.
O cast me not a - way, For - give my sin this day, For - give my sin, All, all my sin.
Cleanse Thou my soul to - day, Wash all my sins a - way, In Thine own blood, In Thine own blood.
Lord, let that blood of Thine Wash now this soul of mine, Wash Thou my soul, Wash Thou my soul.
On Thee my guilt was laid, By Thee my debt was paid, To set me free, To set me free.
By all Thy love to me, I give my - self to Thee; Make me Thine own, All, all Thine own.

## 144 Saviour, While My Heart is Tender.

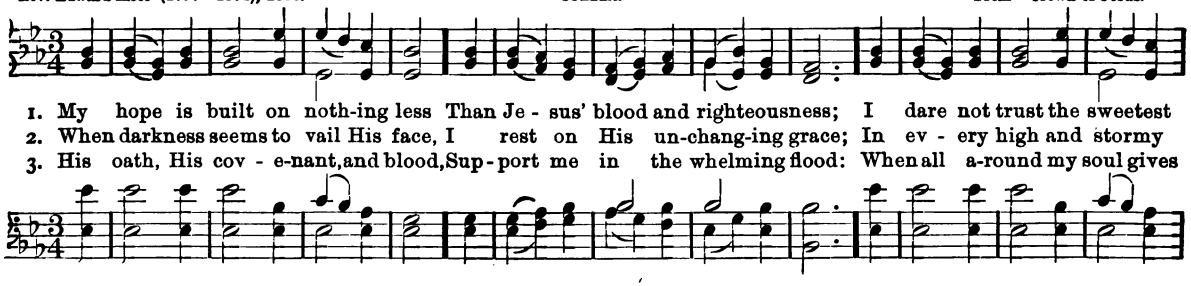
John Burton (1803—1877), 1850. "CHILDREN'S PRAYER." "Sacred Musical Cabinet."

1. Sav - iour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee; All my pow'rs to
2. Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine: Thy de - vot - ed
3. Send, me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way; May Thy grace thro'
Thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly Thine, to be.
serv - ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
life at - tend me, Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.

4.
Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

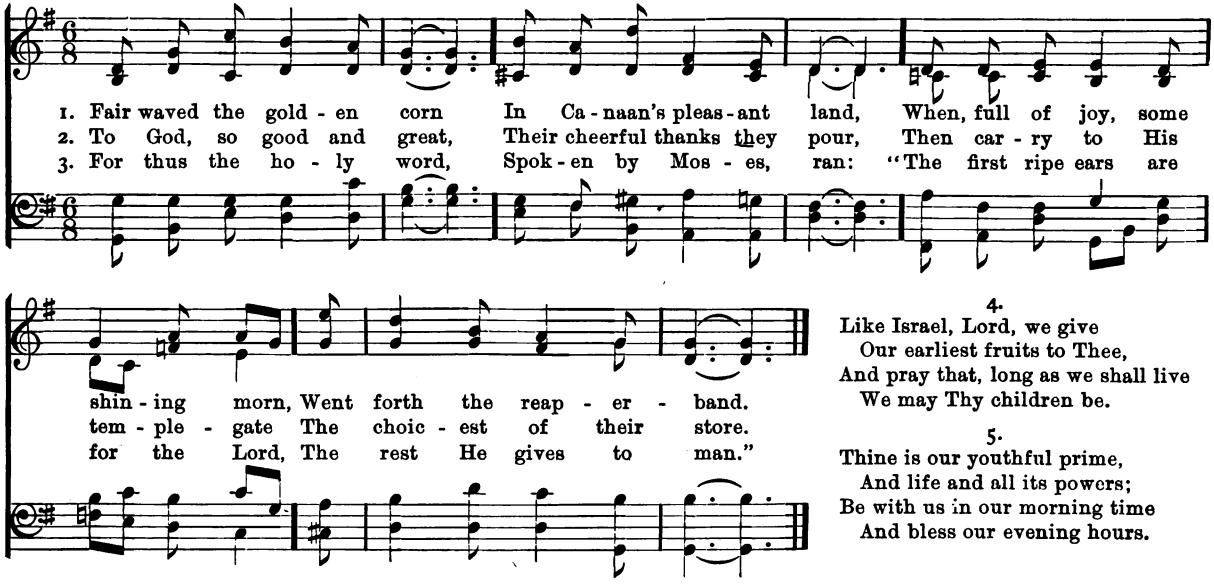
5.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

## 145 My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.

Rev. Edward Mote (1797—1874), 1836. "STELLA." From "Crown of Jesus."

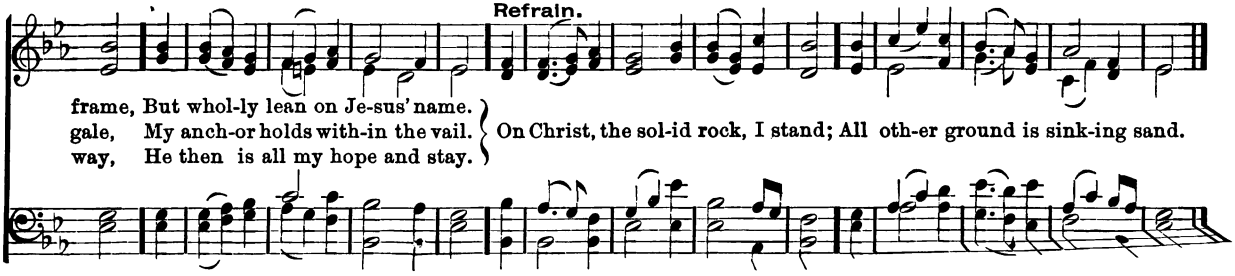

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest
2. When darkness seems to vail His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev - ery high and stormy
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood: When all a-round my soul gives

# 146 Fair Waved the Golden Corn.

Rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1851. "CHISELHURST." Joseph Barnby (1838— ), 1887.

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land, When, full of joy, some
2. To God, so good and great, Their cheerful thanks they pour, Then car - ry to His
3. For thus the ho - ly word, Spok - en by Mos - es, ran: "The first ripe ears are
shin - ing morn, Went forth the reap - er - band.
tem - ple - gate The choic - est of their store.
for the Lord, The rest He gives to man."

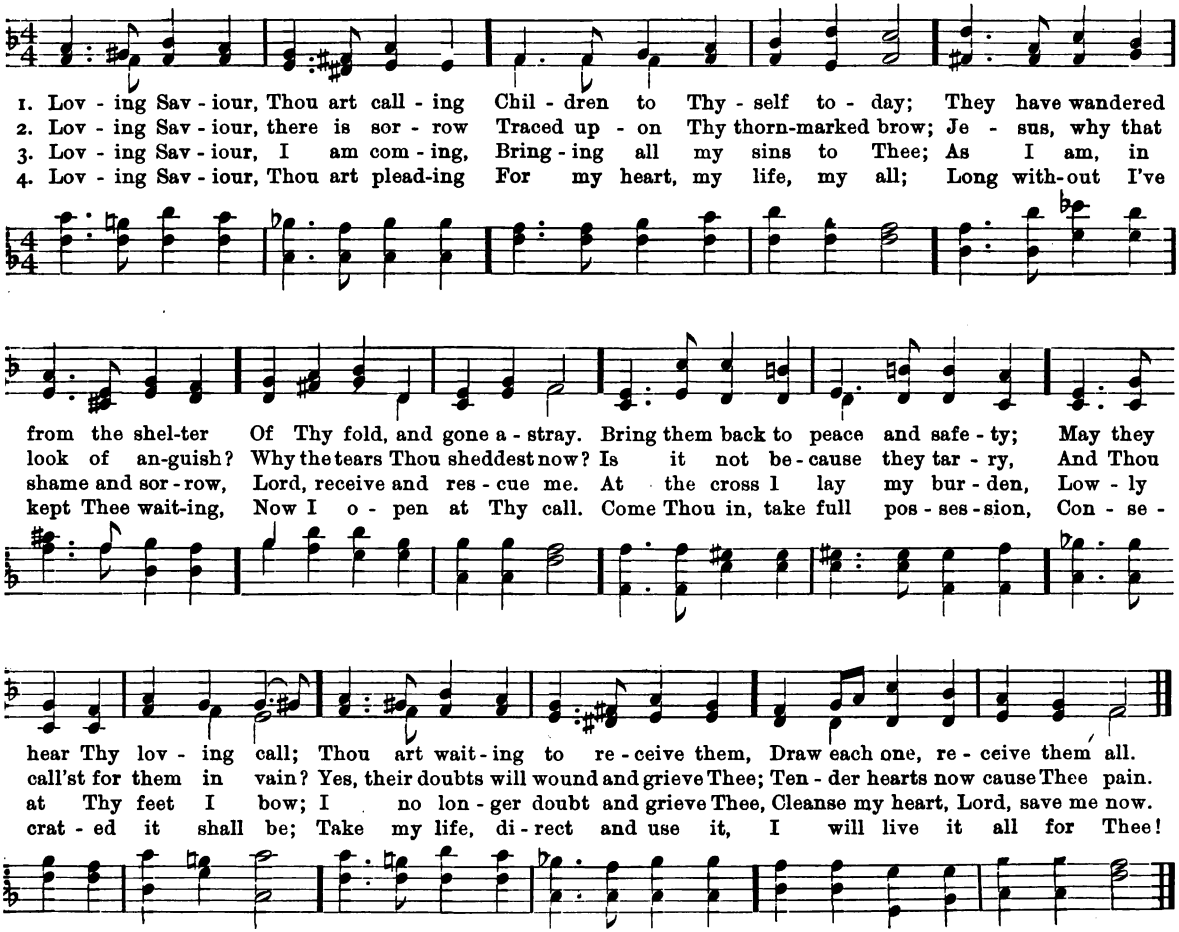
4.
Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live
We may Thy children be.

5.
Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time
And bless our evening hours.

## My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.—Concluded.

Refrain.
frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
gale, My anch-or holds with-in the vail.
way, He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

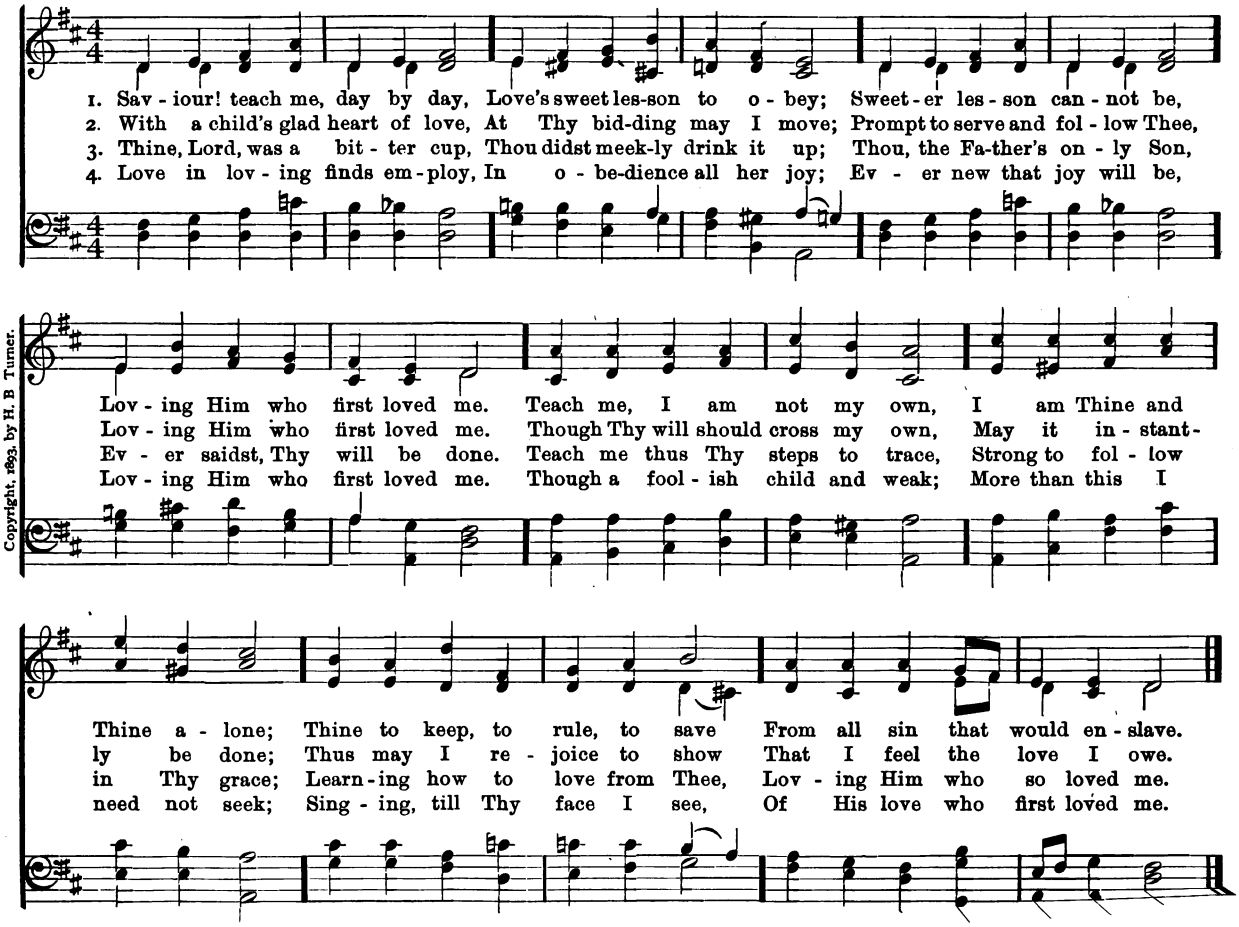
# 47 Loving Saviour, Thou art Calling.

Rev. James Stephens. Boyton Smith.


1. Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou art call - ing Chil - dren to Thy - self to - day; They have wandered
2. Lov - ing Sav - iour, there is sor - row Traced up - on Thy thorn-marked brow; Je - sus, why that
3. Lov - ing Sav - iour, I am com - ing, Bring - ing all my sins to Thee; As I am, in
4. Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou art plead-ing For my heart, my life, my all; Long with-out I've
from the shel-ter Of Thy fold, and gone a - stray. Bring them back to peace and safe - ty; May they
look of an-guish? Why the tears Thou sheddest now? Is it not be - cause they tar - ry, And Thou
shame and sor - row, Lord, receive and res - cue me. At the cross I lay my bur - den, Low - ly
kept Thee wait-ing, Now I o - pen at Thy call. Come Thou in, take full pos - ses - sion, Con - se -
hear Thy lov - ing call; Thou art wait - ing to re - ceive them, Draw each one, re - ceive them all.
call'st for them in vain? Yes, their doubts will wound and grieve Thee; Ten - der hearts now cause Thee pain.
at Thy feet I bow; I no lon - ger doubt and grieve Thee, Cleanse my heart, Lord, save me now.
crat - ed it shall be; Take my life, di - rect and use it, I will live it all for Thee!

# 148 Saviour! Teach Me, Day by Day.

Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson, 1842. "GIBSON." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1886.


1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey; Sweet - er les - son can - not be,
2. With a child's glad heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move; Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee,
3. Thine, Lord, was a bit - ter cup, Thou didst meek-ly drink it up; Thou, the Fa-ther's on - ly Son,
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be-dience all her joy; Ev - er new that joy will be,
Lov - ing Him who first loved me. Teach me, I am not my own, I am Thine and
Lov - ing Him who first loved me. Though Thy will should cross my own, May it in - stant -
Ev - er saidst, Thy will be done. Teach me thus Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low
Lov - ing Him who first loved me. Though a fool - ish child and weak; More than this I
Thine a - lone; Thine to keep, to rule, to save From all sin that would en - slave.
ly be done; Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe.
in Thy grace; Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who so loved me.
need not seek; Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

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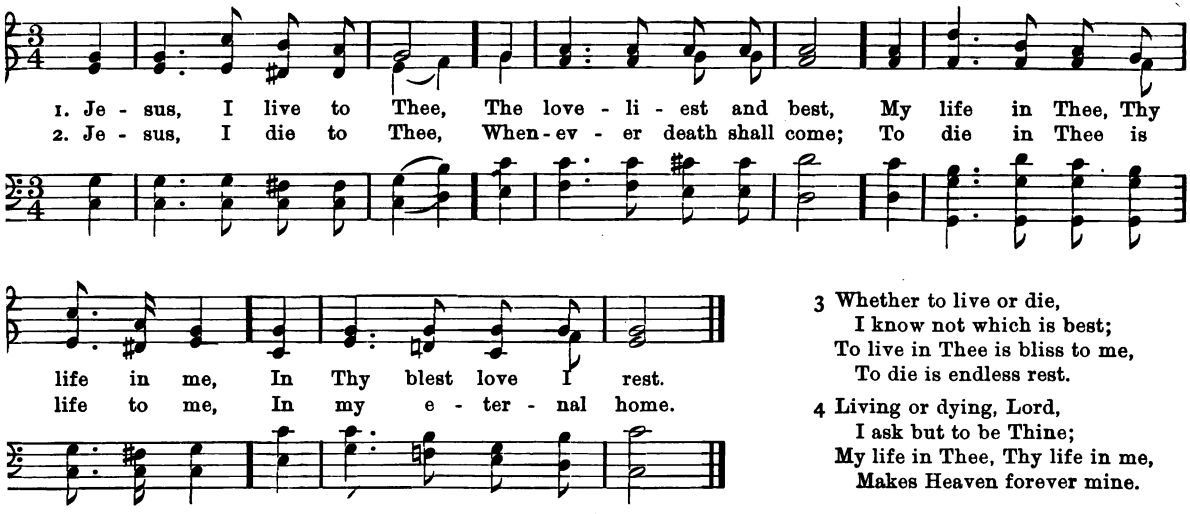
## 149 Jesus, I Live to Thee.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh (1817—1867), 1859. "EARL." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1889.

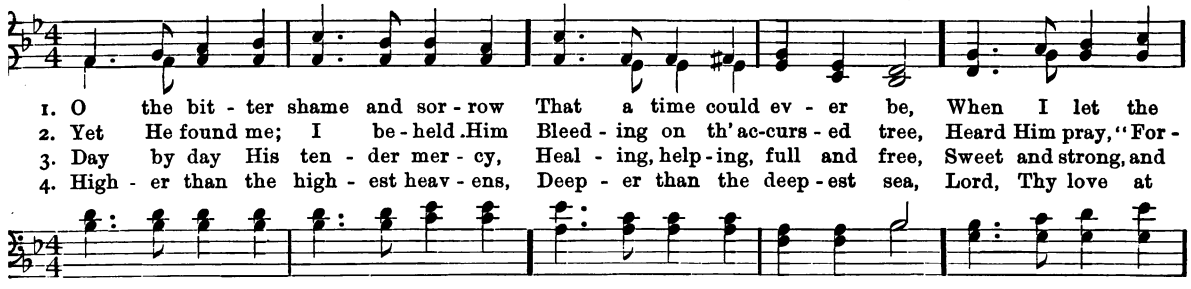

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best, My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.
2. Je - sus, I die to Thee, When - ev - er death shall come; To die in Thee is life to me, In my e - ter - nal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes Heaven forever mine.

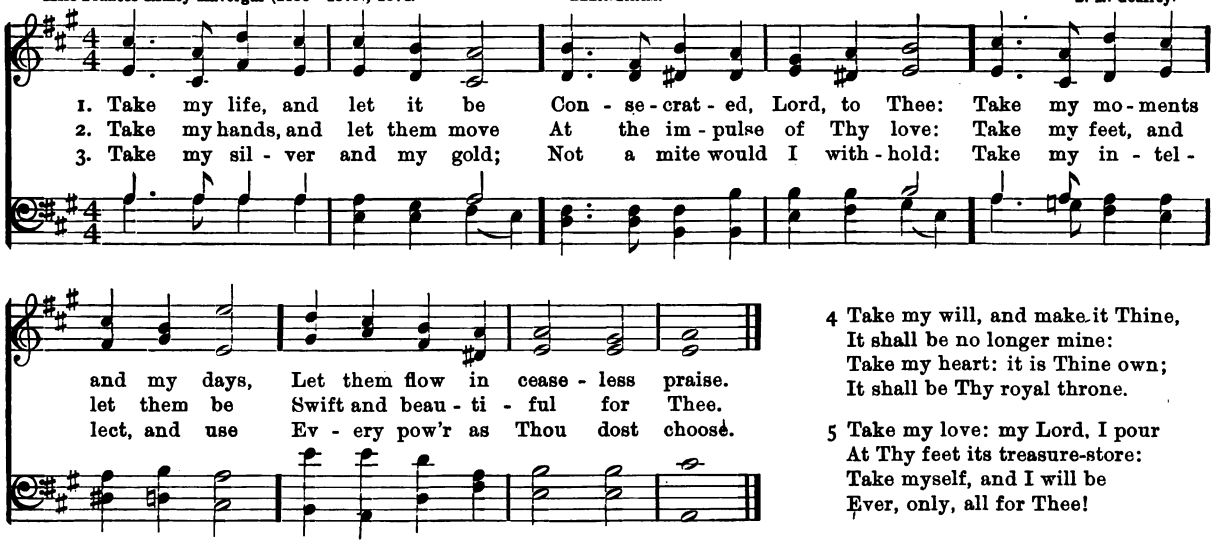
## 150 O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

Rev. Theodore Monod, 1874. "ST. JUDE." Charles J. Vincent (1852— ).


1. O the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could ev - er be, When I let the
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th' ac-curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For -
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free, Sweet and strong, and
4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at

# 151 Take My Life, and Let it be.

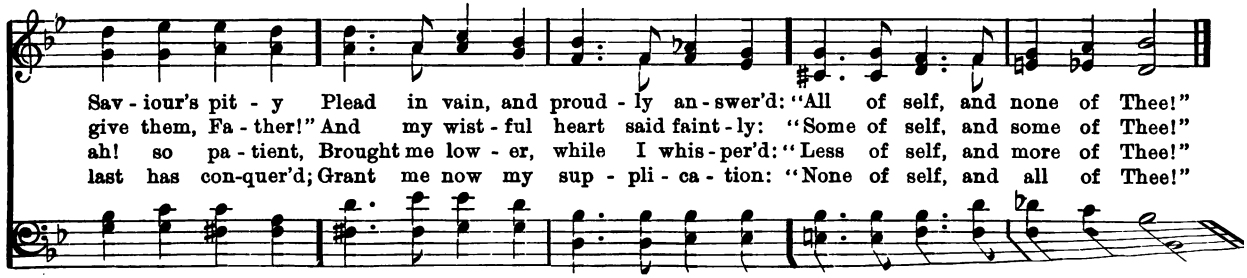
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1874. "ELLINGHAM." S. N. Godfrey.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee: Take my mo - ments
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love: Take my feet, and
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with - hold: Take my in - tel -
and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
lect, and use Ev - ery pow'r as Thou dost choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart: it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

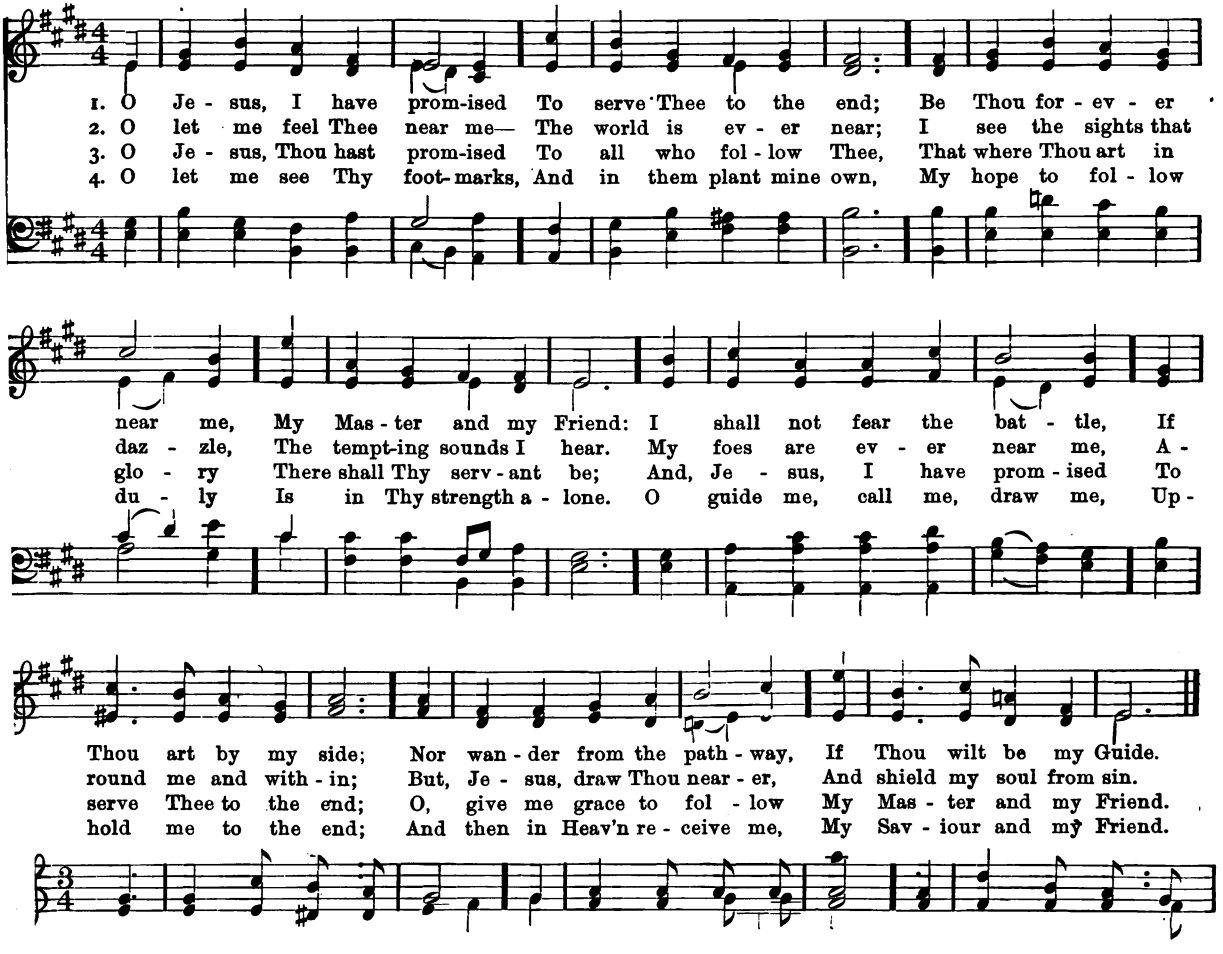
5 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

## O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.—Concluded.

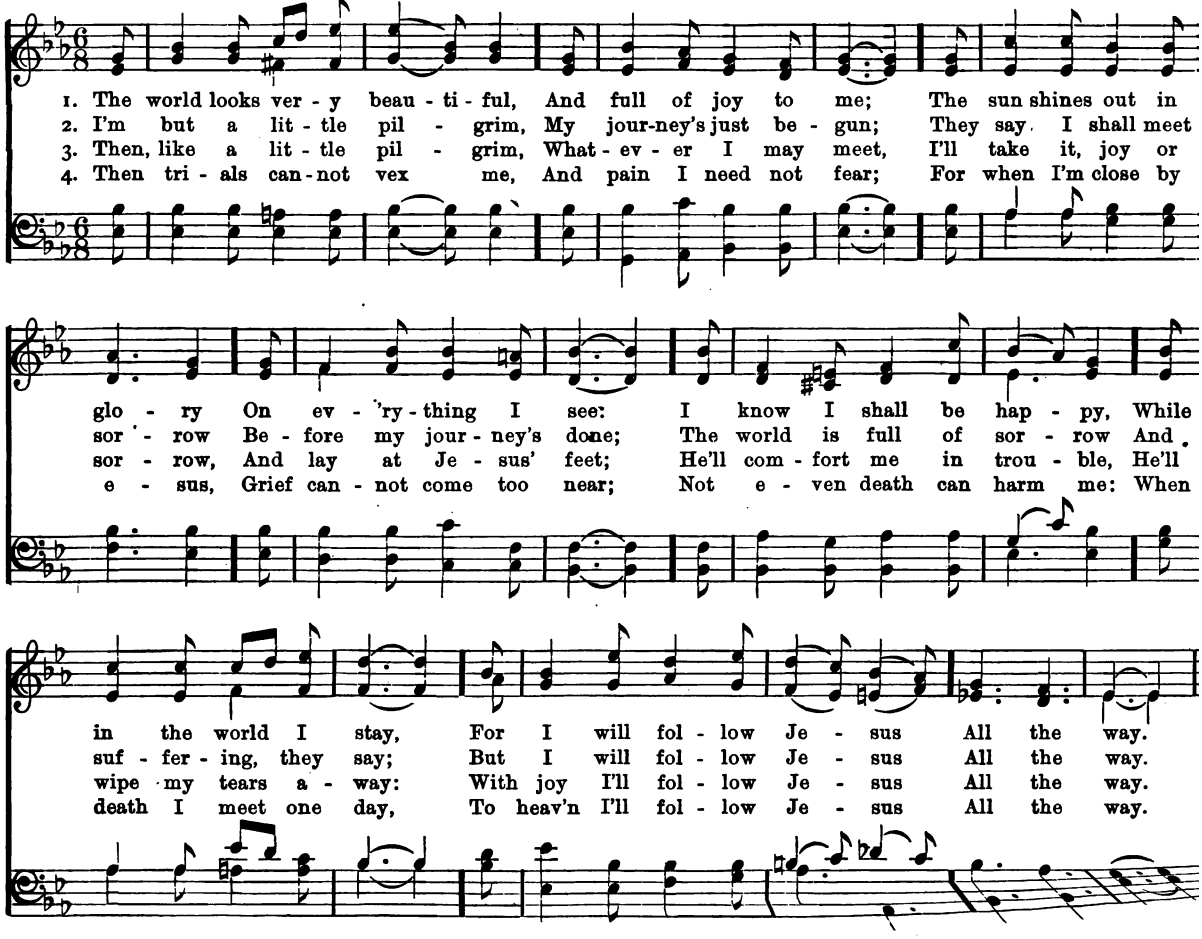

Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud - ly an - swer'd: "All of self, and none of Thee!"
give them, Fa - ther!" And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly: "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
ah! so pa - tient, Brought me low - er, while I whis - per'd: "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
last has con-quer'd; Grant me now my sup - pli - ca - tion: "None of self, and all of Thee!"

# 152 O Jesus, I have Promised.

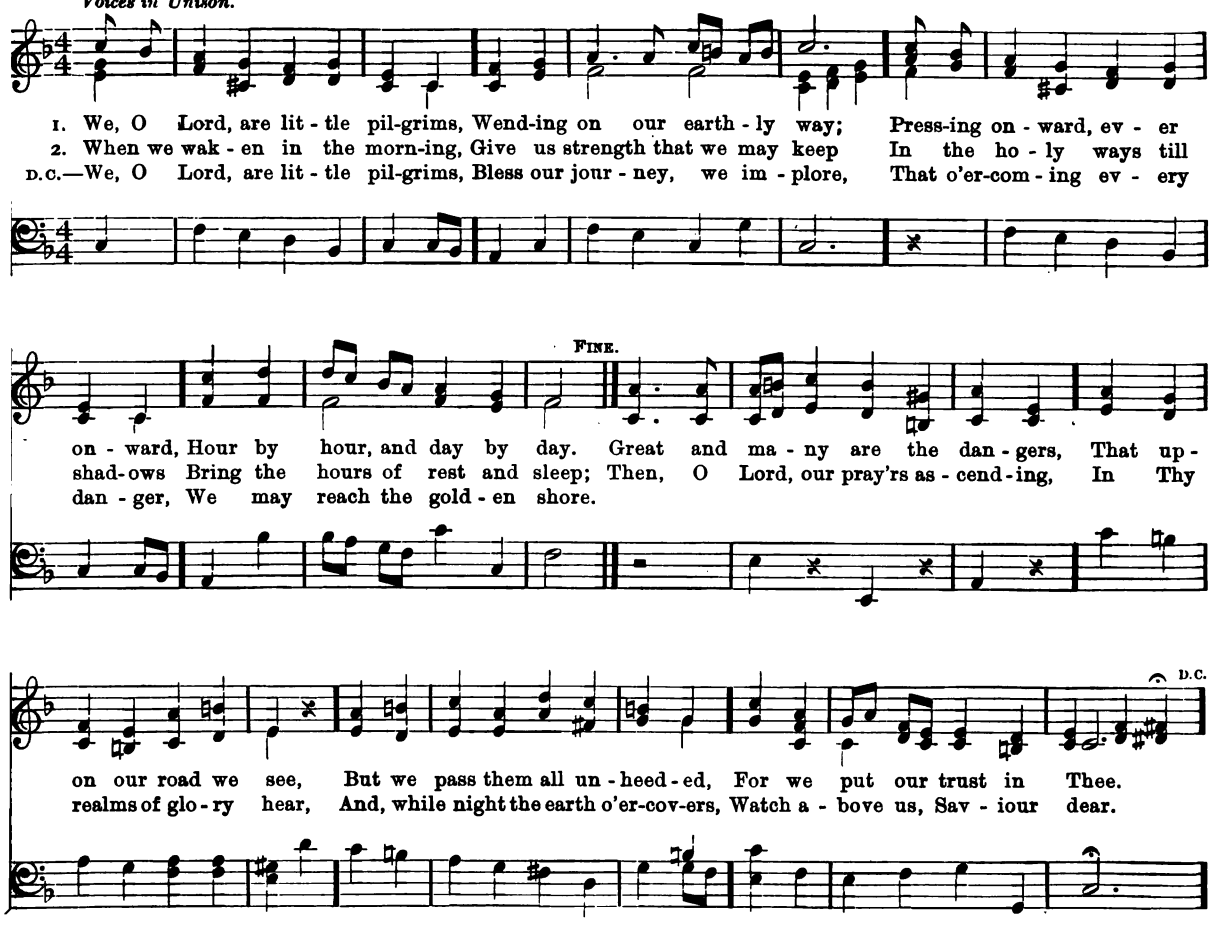
Rev. John Ernest Bode (1816—1874), 1869 "RICHARDS." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1883.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me— The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom-ised To all who fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in
4. O let me see Thy foot-marks, And in them plant mine own, My hope to fol - low
near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle, If
daz - zle, The tempt-ing sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A -
glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be; And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To
du - ly Is in Thy strength a - lone. O guide me, call me, draw me, Up -
Thou art by my side; Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
round me and with - in; But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
serve Thee to the end; O, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.
hold me to the end; And then in Heav'n re - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend.

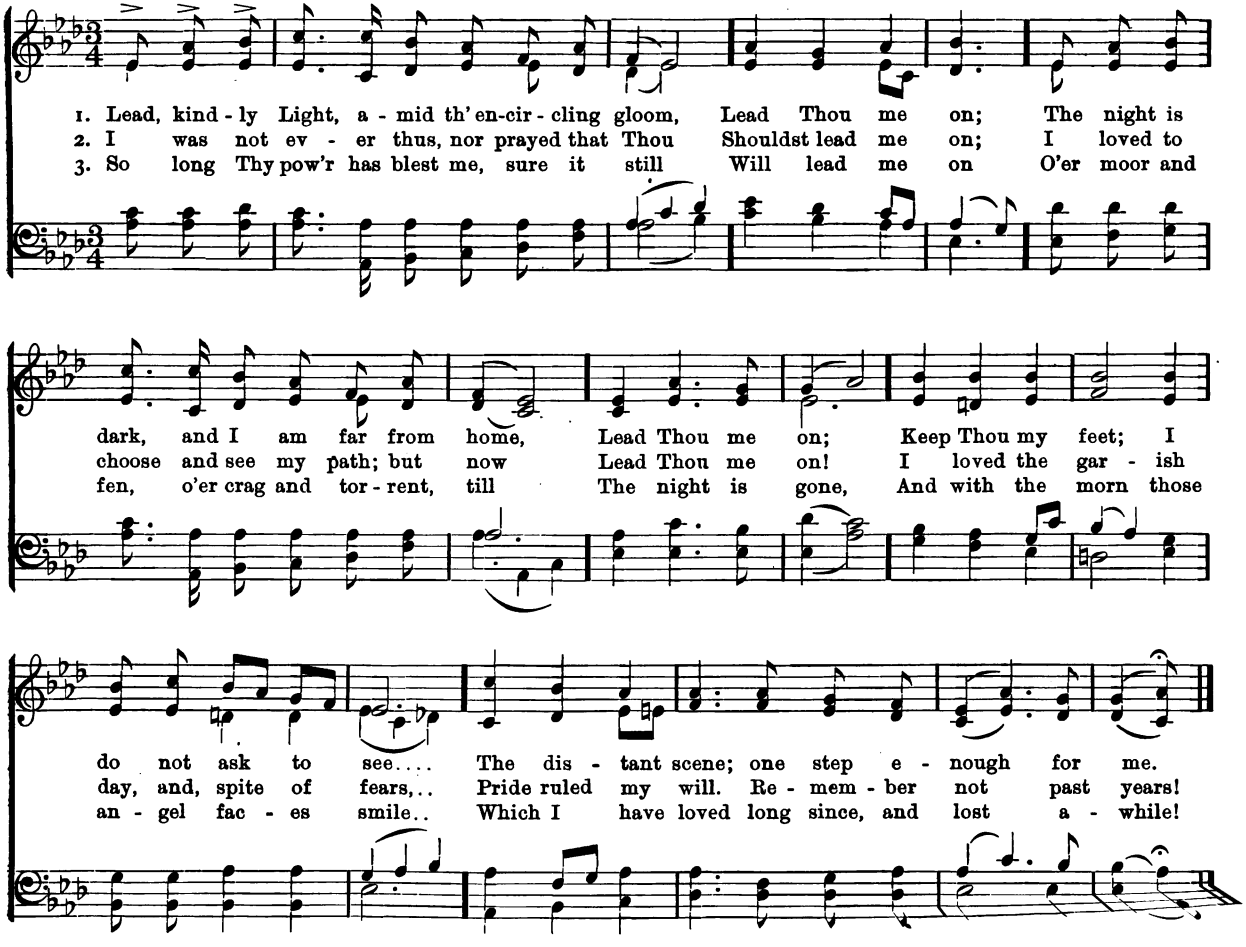
# 153 The World looks very Beautiful.

Miss Anna Warner (1822— ), 1869. "CLIFTONVILLE." F. C. Maker (1844— ).

1. The world looks ver - y beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me; The sun shines out in
2. I'm but a lit - tle pil - grim, My jour-ney's just be - gun; They say I shall meet
3. Then, like a lit - tle pil - grim, What - ev - er I may meet, I'll take it, joy or
4. Then tri - als can-not vex me, And pain I need not fear; For when I'm close by
glo - ry On ev - 'ry - thing I see: I know I shall be hap - py, While
sor - row Be - fore my jour - ney's done; The world is full of sor - row And
sor - row, And lay at Je - sus' feet; He'll com - fort me in trou - ble, He'll
e - sus, Grief can - not come too near; Not e - ven death can harm me: When
in the world I stay, For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
suf - fer - ing, they say; But I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
wipe my tears a - way: With joy I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.
death I meet one day, To heav'n I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.

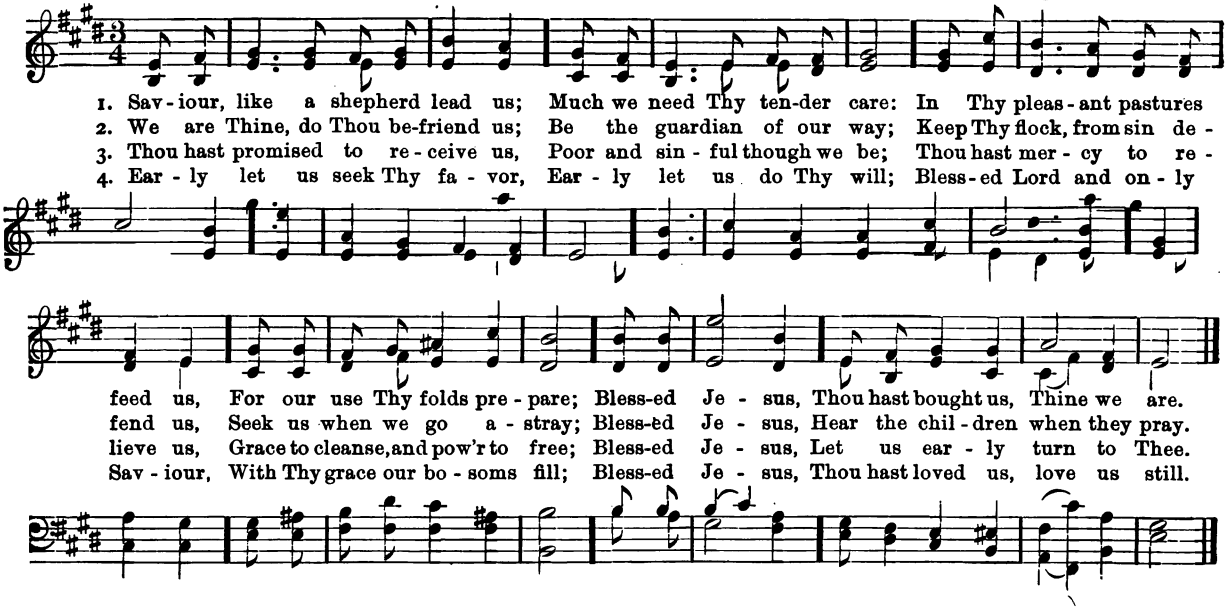
# 154 We, O Lord, are little Pilgrims.

Anon *Voices in Unison.* John Stainer (1840— ).

1. We, O Lord, are lit - tle pil-grims, Wend-ing on our earth - ly way; Press-ing on - ward, ev - er
2. When we wak - en in the morn-ing, Give us strength that we may keep In the ho - ly ways till
D.C.—We, O Lord, are lit - tle pil-grims, Bless our jour - ney, we im - plore, That o'er-com - ing ev - ery
FINE.
on - ward, Hour by hour, and day by day. Great and ma - ny are the dan - gers, That up -
shad-ows Bring the hours of rest and sleep; Then, O Lord, our pray'rs as - cend - ing, In Thy
dan - ger, We may reach the gold - en shore.
D.C.
on our road we see, But we pass them all un - heed - ed, For we put our trust in Thee.
realms of glo - ry hear, And, while night the earth o'er-cov-ers, Watch a - bove us, Sav - iour dear.

# 155 Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling Gloom.

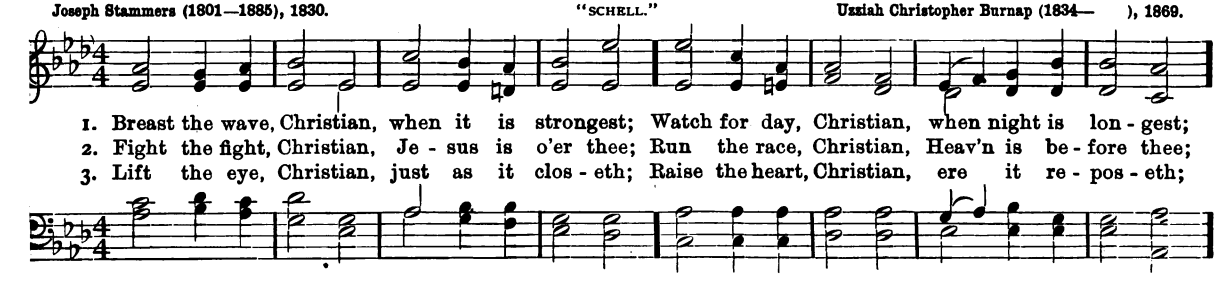
Rev. John Henry Newman (1801—1890), 1833. "LUX BENIGNA." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears,.. Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
an - gel fac - es smile.. Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

## 156 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anon "WILDERSMOUTH." Edward John Hopkins (1818— ).

1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy ten-der care: In Thy pleas - ant pastures
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us; Be the guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin de -
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be; Thou hast mer - cy to re -
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will; Bless - ed Lord and on - ly
feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare; Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil - dren when they pray.
lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free; Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Sav - iour, With Thy grace our bo - soms fill; Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

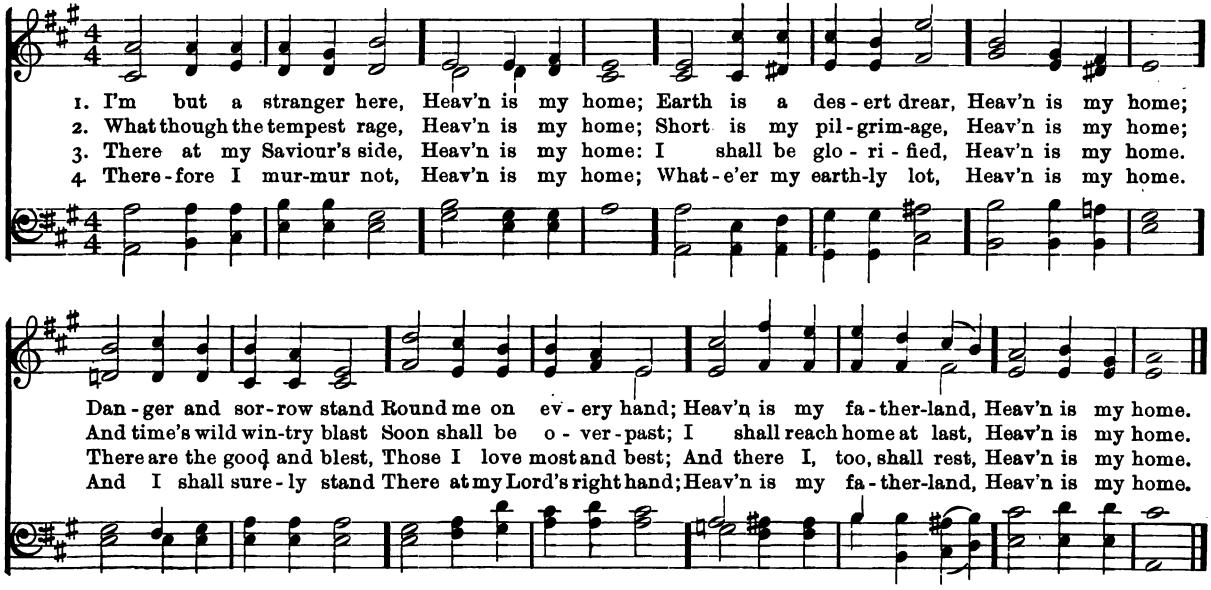
## 157 Breast the Wave, Christian, When it is Strongest.

Joseph Stammers (1801—1885), 1830. "SCHELL." Uzziah Christopher Burnap (1834— ), 1869.

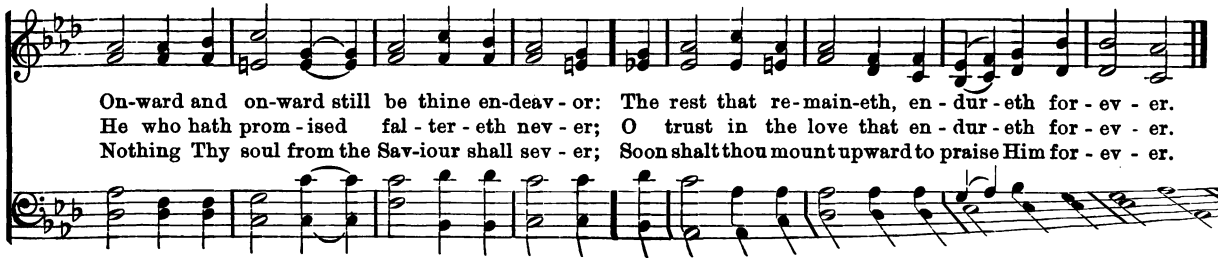

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is lon - gest;
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, Heav'n is be - fore thee;
3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it clos - eth; Raise the heart, Christian, ere it re - pos - eth;

# 158 I'm but a Stranger Here.

Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor (1807—1835), 1835. "HEAVEN IS MY HOME." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ), 1872.


1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What though the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home: I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home.
4. There - fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What - e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home.
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I, too, shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure - ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

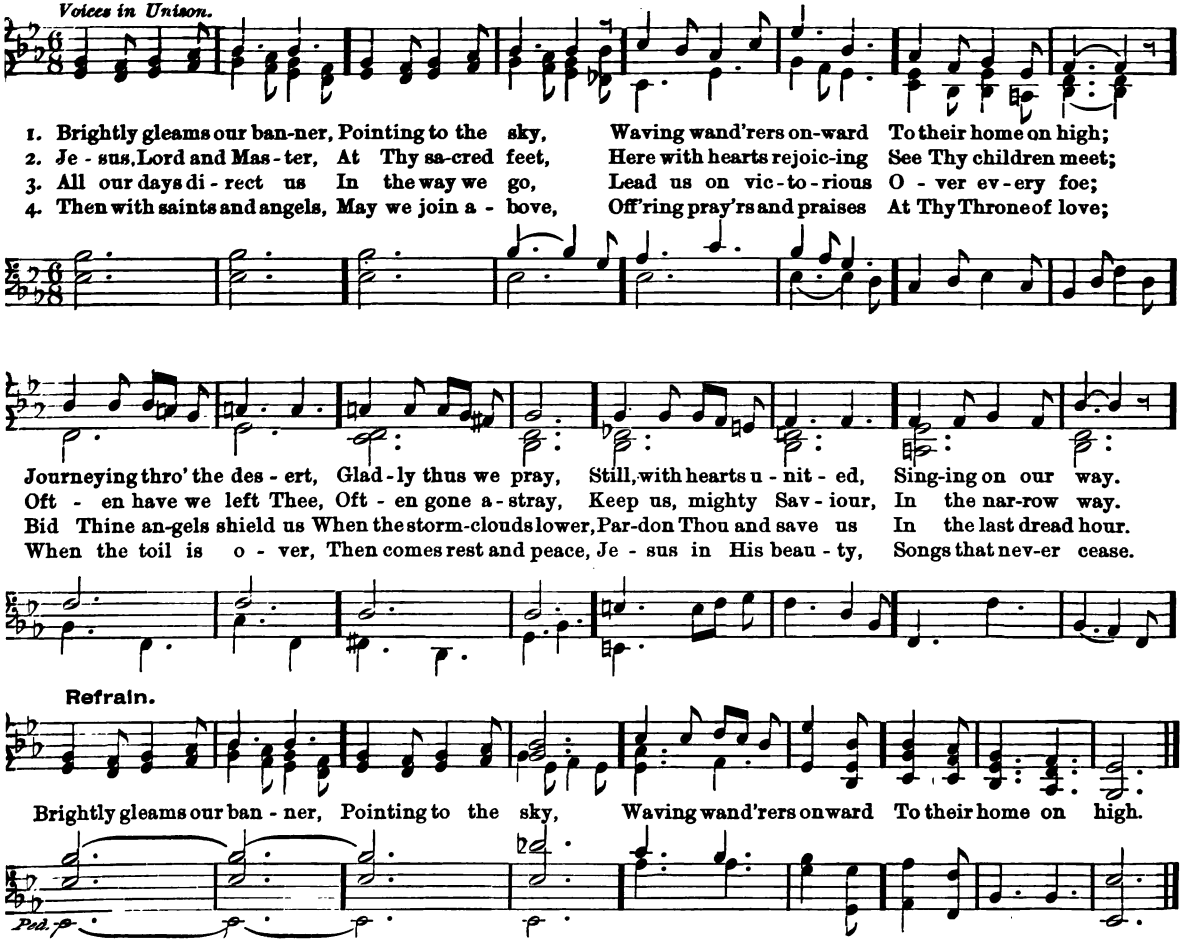
## Breast the Wave, Christian.—Concluded.


On-ward and on-ward still be thine en-deav - or: The rest that re - main-eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.
He who hath prom - ised fal - ter - eth nev - er; O trust in the love that en - dur - eth for - ev - er.
Nothing Thy soul from the Sav-iour shall sev - er; Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him for - ev - er.

# 159 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

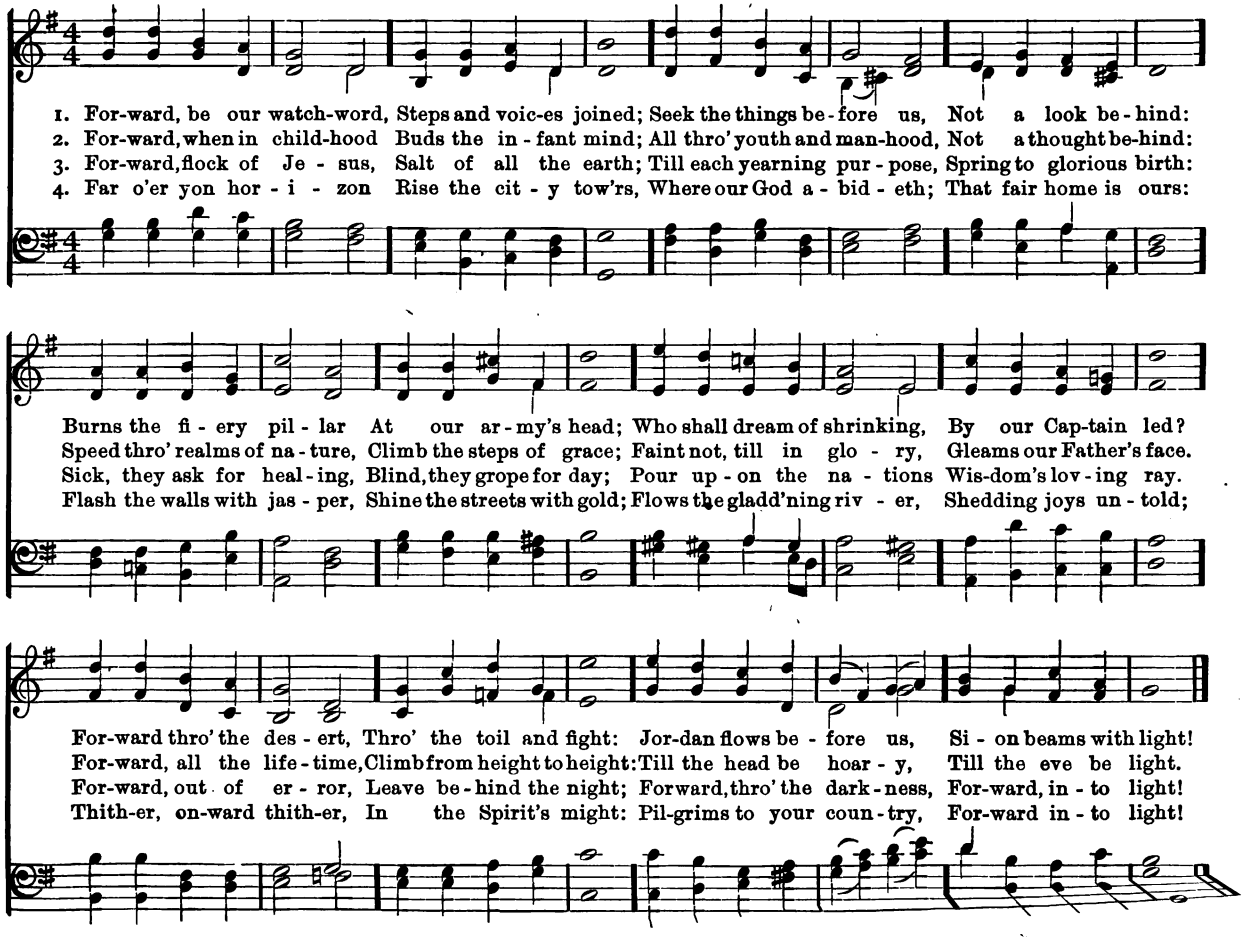
Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter (1825—1873), 1867. "ST. THERESA." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ), 1872.

*Voices in Unison.*

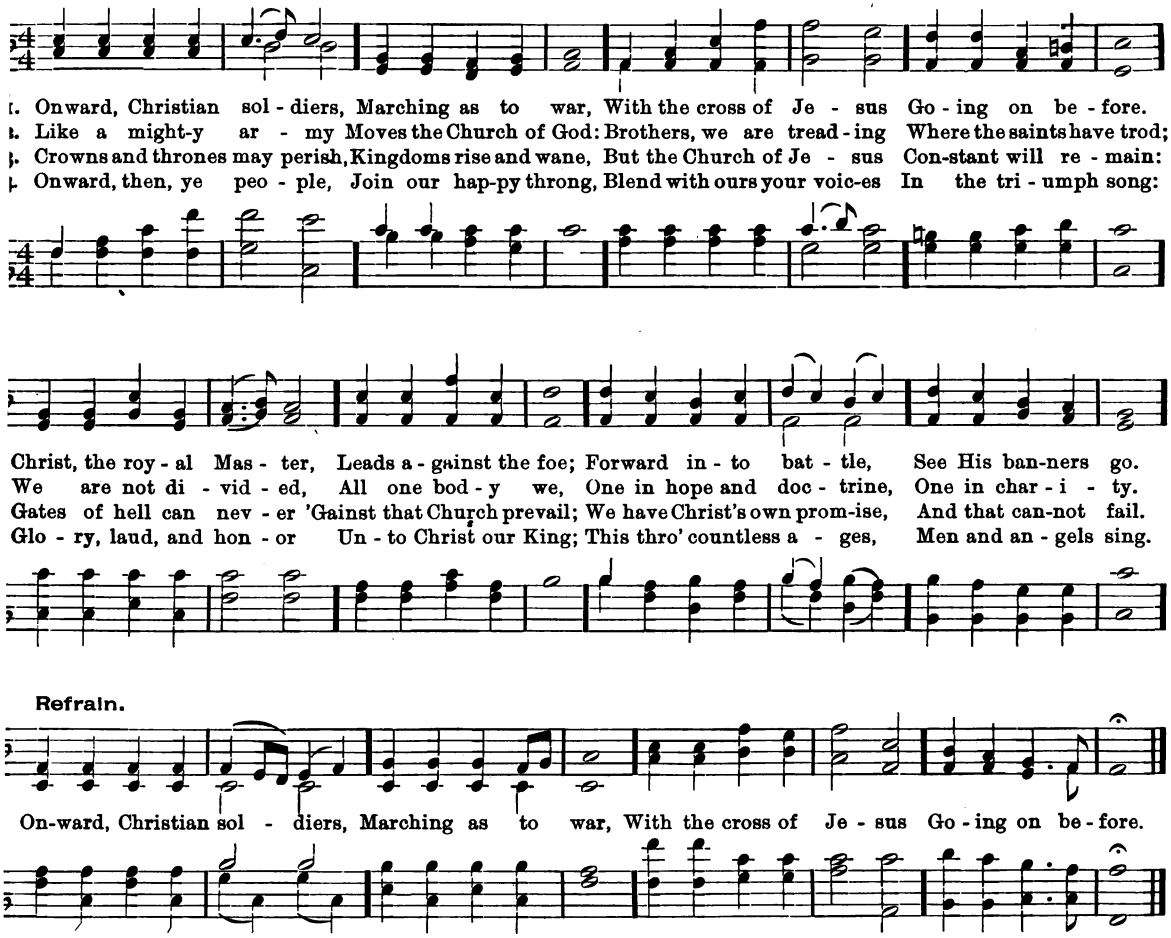

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward To their home on high;
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious O - ver ev-ery foe;
4. Then with saints and angels, May we join a - bove, Off'ring pray'rs and praises At Thy Throne of love;
Journeying thro' the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, Still, with hearts u - nit - ed, Sing-ing on our way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar-row way.
Bid Thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, Je - sus in His beau - ty, Songs that nev-er cease.
Refrain.
Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
Ped.

# 160 Forward, be Our Watchword.

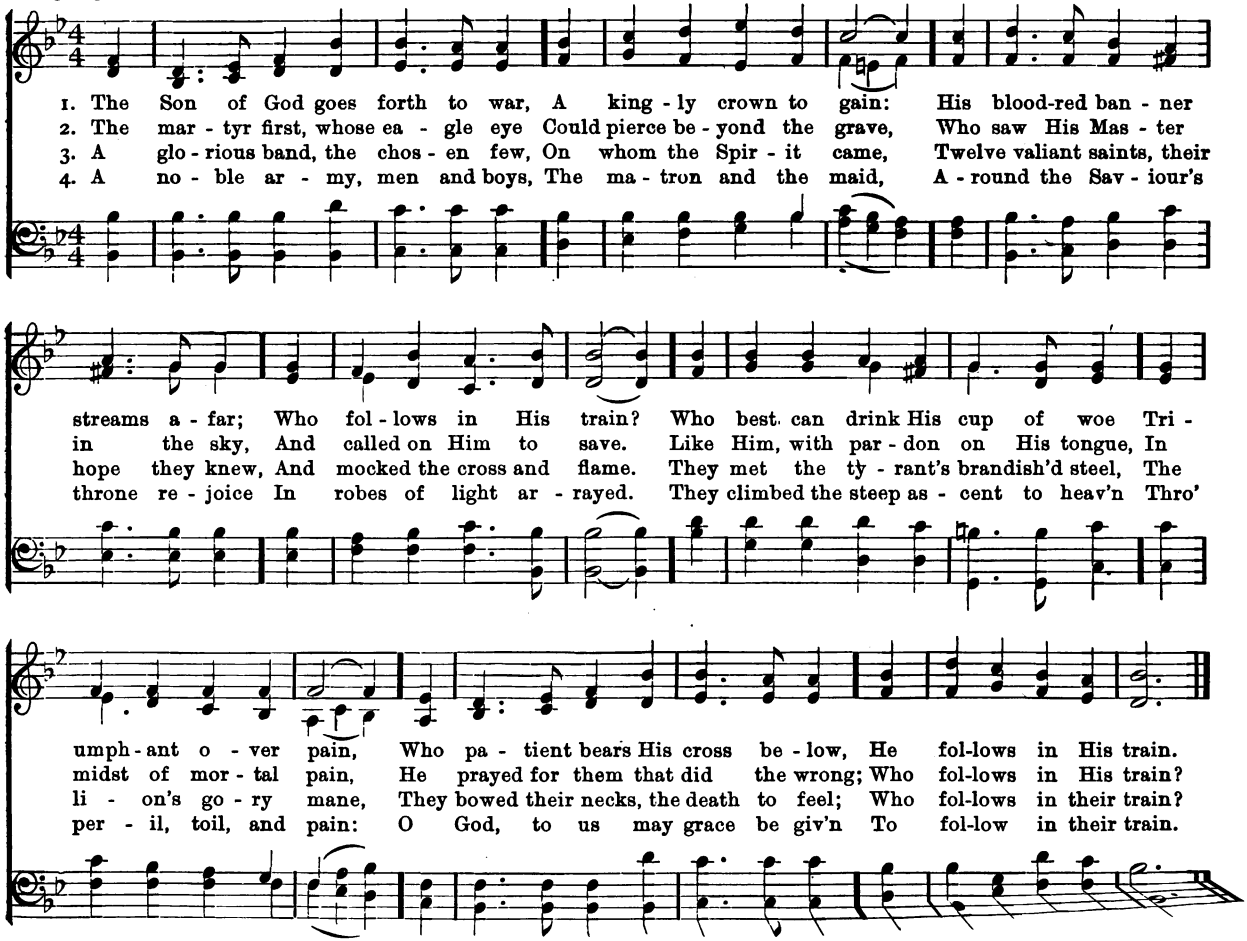
Rev. Henry Alford (1810—1871), 1871. "ST. BONIFACE." Henry Smart (1812—1879), 1872.


1. For-ward, be our watch-word, Steps and voic-es joined; Seek the things be-fore us, Not a look be-hind:
2. For-ward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All thro' youth and man-hood, Not a thought be-hind:
3. For-ward, flock of Je-sus, Salt of all the earth; Till each yearning pur-pose, Spring to glorious birth:
4. Far o'er yon hor-i-zon Rise the cit-y tow'rs, Where our God a-bid-eth; That fair home is ours:
Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led?
Speed thro' realms of na-ture, Climb the steps of grace; Faint not, till in glo-ry, Gleams our Father's face.
Sick, they ask for heal-ing, Blind, they grope for day; Pour up-on the na-tions Wis-dom's lov-ing ray.
Flash the walls with jas-per, Shine the streets with gold; Flows the gladd'ning riv-er, Shedding joys un-told;
For-ward thro' the des-ert, Thro' the toil and fight: Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Si-on beams with light!
For-ward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoar-y, Till the eve be light.
For-ward, out of er-ror, Leave be-hind the night; Forward, thro' the dark-ness, For-ward, in-to light!
Thith-er, on-ward thith-er, In the Spirit's might: Pil-grims to your coun-try, For-ward in-to light!

# 61 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

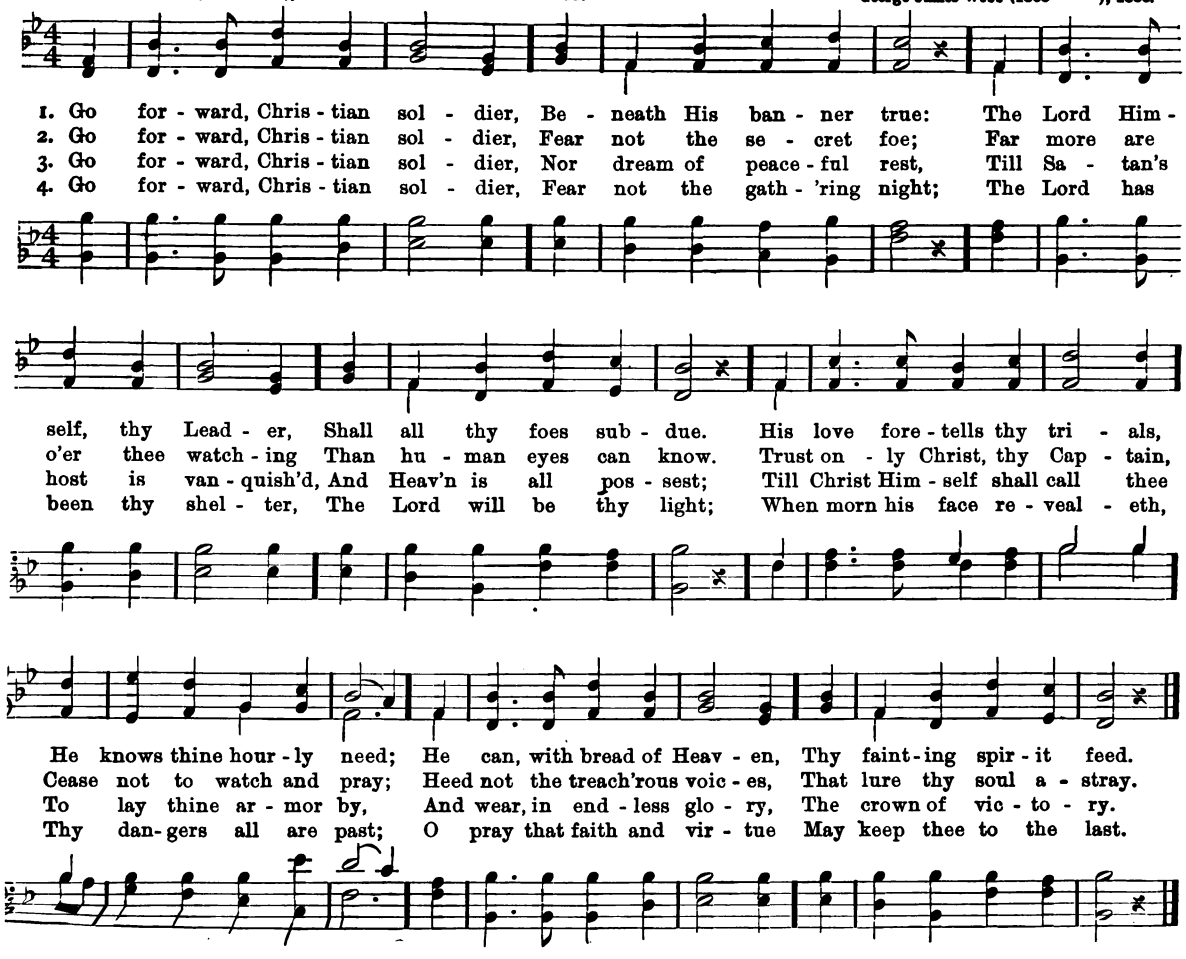
Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834— ), 1865. "GERTRUDE." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ),1872.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main:
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic-es In the tri - umph song:
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ our King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
Refrain.
On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

# 162 The Son of God goes forth to War.

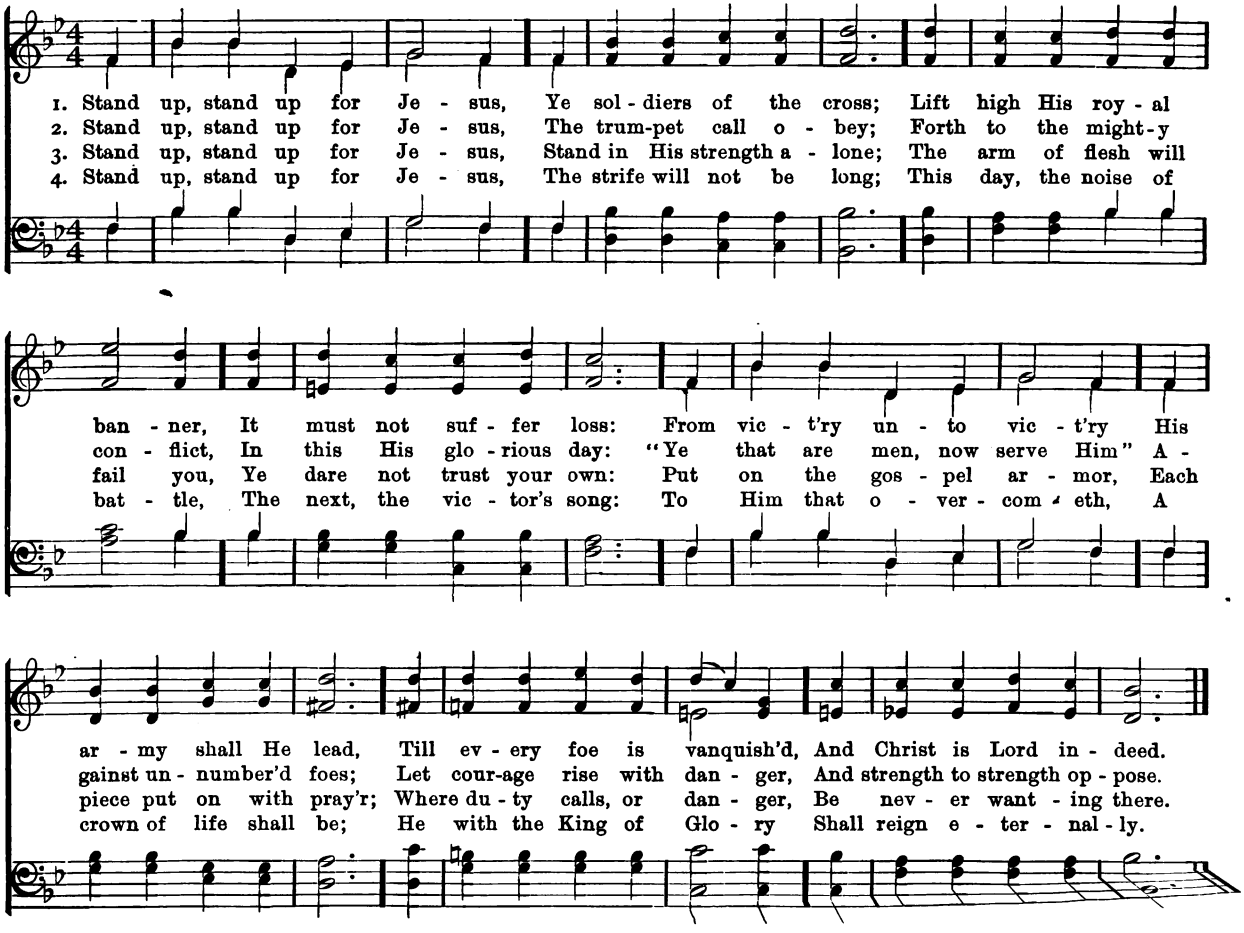
Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827. "CUTLER." By per. Henry Stephens Cutler (1824— ).

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: His blood-red ban - ner
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave, Who saw His Mas - ter
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came, Twelve valiant saints, their
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid, A - round the Sav - iour's
streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe Tri -
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They met the ty - rant's brandish'd steel, The
throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed. They climbed the steep as - cent to heav'n Thro'
umph - ant o - ver pain, Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol-lows in His train.
midst of mor - tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in His train?
li - on's go - ry mane, They bowed their necks, the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?
per - il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

# 63 Go forward, Christian Soldier.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett (1825— ), 1861. "WEBB." George James Webb (1803— ), 1830.

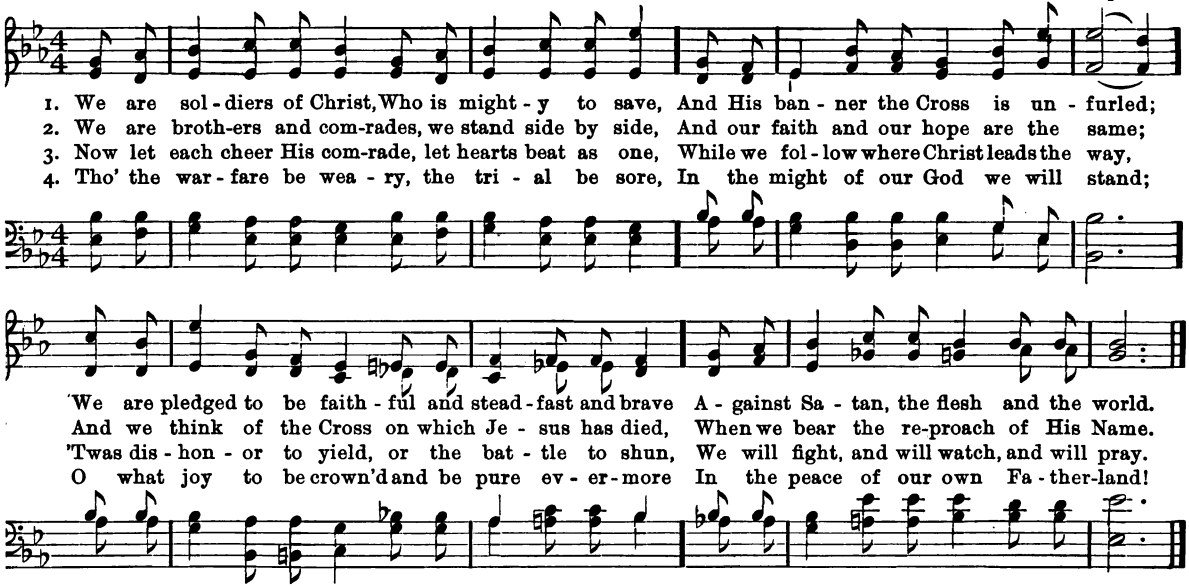

1. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true: The Lord Him -
2. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe; Far more are
3. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace - ful rest, Till Sa - tan's
4. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath - 'ring night; The Lord has
self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore - tells thy tri - als,
o'er thee watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know. Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain,
host is van - quish'd, And Heav'n is all pos - sest; Till Christ Him - self shall call thee
been thy shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light; When morn his face re - veal - eth,
He knows thine hour - ly need; He can, with bread of Heav - en, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
Cease not to watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voic - es, That lure thy soul a - stray.
To lay thine ar - mor by, And wear, in end - less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
Thy dan - gers all are past; O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

# 164 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

Rev. George Duffield (1818—1868), 1858. "UNSELD." By per. Benjamin Carl Unseld (1843— ), 1883.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un - number'd foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

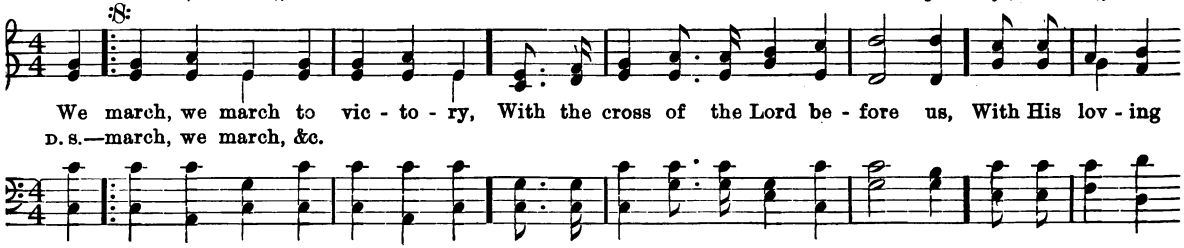
## 165 We are Soldiers of Christ, Who is Mighty to Save.

Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock (1836— ), 1889. "MONT DOL." E. C. A. Chepmell.

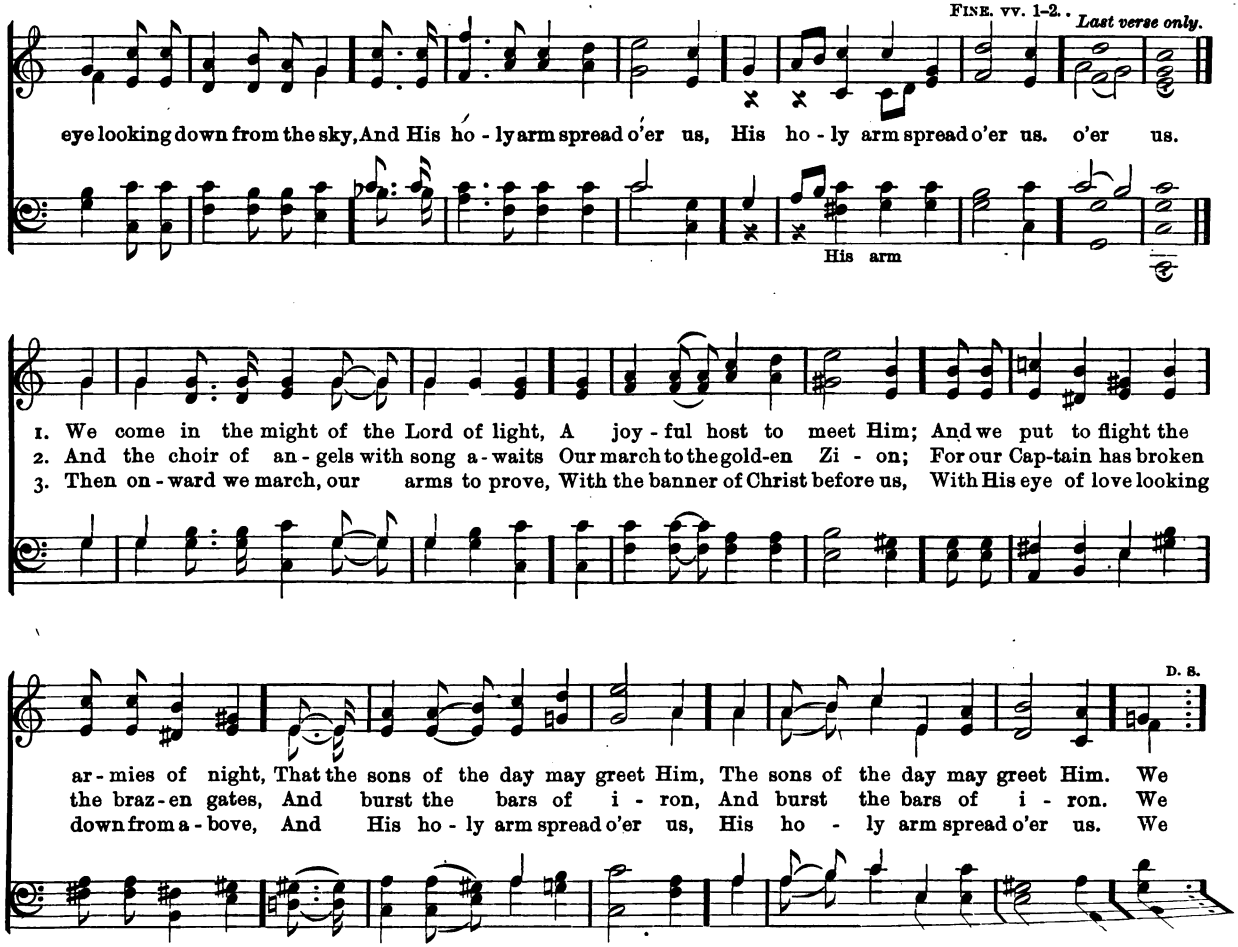

1. We are sol-diers of Christ, Who is might-y to save, And His ban-ner the Cross is un-furled;
2. We are broth-ers and com-rades, we stand side by side, And our faith and our hope are the same;
3. Now let each cheer His com-rade, let hearts beat as one, While we fol-low where Christ leads the way,
4. Tho' the war-fare be wea-ry, the tri-al be sore, In the might of our God we will stand;
We are pledged to be faith-ful and stead-fast and brave A-gainst Sa-tan, the flesh and the world.
And we think of the Cross on which Je-sus has died, When we bear the re-proach of His Name.
'Twas dis-hon-or to yield, or the bat-tle to shun, We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.
O what joy to be crown'd and be pure ev-er-more In the peace of our own Fa-ther-land!

## 166 We March, We March to Victory.

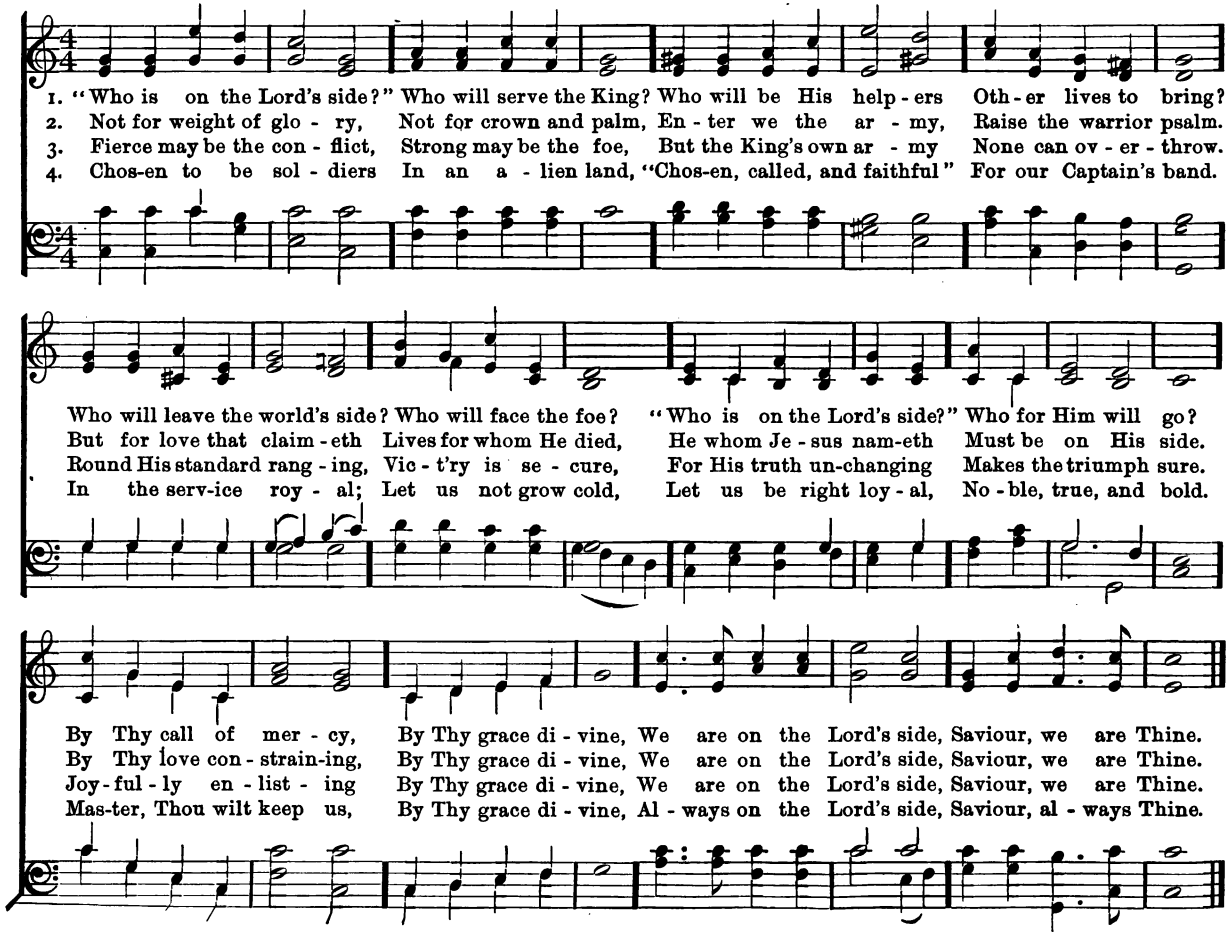
Rev. Gerard Moultrie (1839—1885), 1867. "GREATHEART." Joseph Barnby (1838— ), 1869.



# We March, We March to Victory.—Concluded.

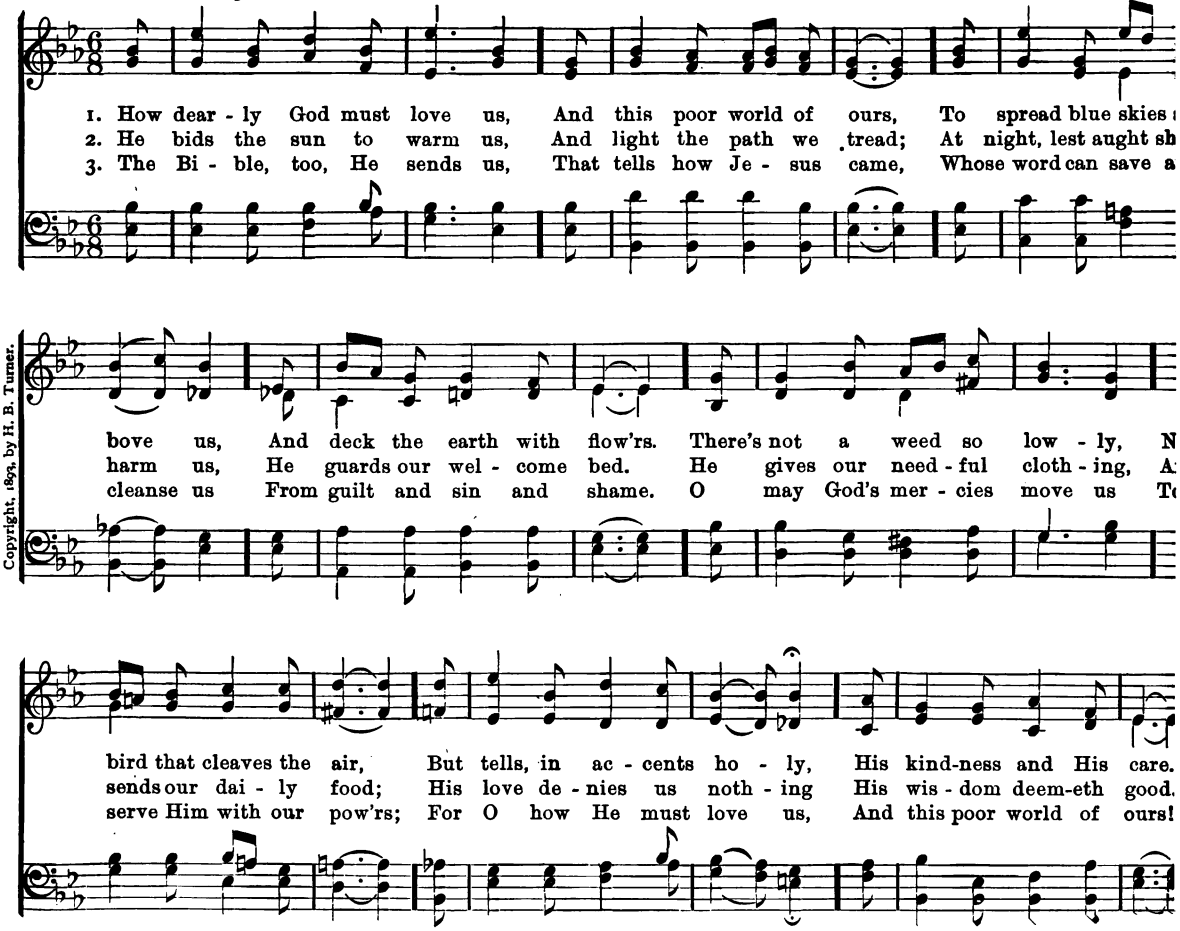

FINE. vv. 1-2.
Last verse only.
eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.
His arm
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A joy - ful host to meet Him; And we put to flight the
2. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold-en Zi - on; For our Cap-tain has broken
3. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love looking
D. S.
ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We
the braz - en gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We
down from a - bove, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We

# 167 Who is on the Lord's Side?

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1877. "ARMAGEDDON." Adap. by Sir John Goss (1800- 1881).

1. "Who is on the Lord's side?" Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the warrior psalm.
3. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my None can ov - er - throw.
4. Chos-en to be sol - diers In an a - lien land, "Chos-en, called, and faithful" For our Captain's band.
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? "Who is on the Lord's side?" Who for Him will go?
But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side.
Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth un-changing Makes the triumph sure.
In the serv-ice roy - al; Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold.
By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
By Thy love con - strain-ing, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
Mas-ter, Thou wilt keep us, By Thy grace di - vine, Al - ways on the Lord's side, Saviour, al - ways Thine.

# 168 How Dearly God must Love Us.

Samuel William Partridge (1810— ), 1840. "LEAVITT." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 189


1. How dear - ly God must love us, And this poor world of ours, To spread blue skies
2. He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread; At night, lest aught sh
3. The Bi - ble, too, He sends us, That tells how Je - sus came, Whose word can save a
bove us, And deck the earth with flow'rs. There's not a weed so low - ly,
harm us, He guards our wel - come bed. He gives our need - ful cloth - ing,
cleanse us From guilt and sin and shame. O may God's mer - cies move us
bird that cleaves the air, But tells, in ac - cents ho - ly, His kind-ness and His care.
sends our dai - ly food; His love de - nies us noth - ing His wis - dom deem-eth good.
serve Him with our pow'rs; For O how He must love us, And this poor world of ours!

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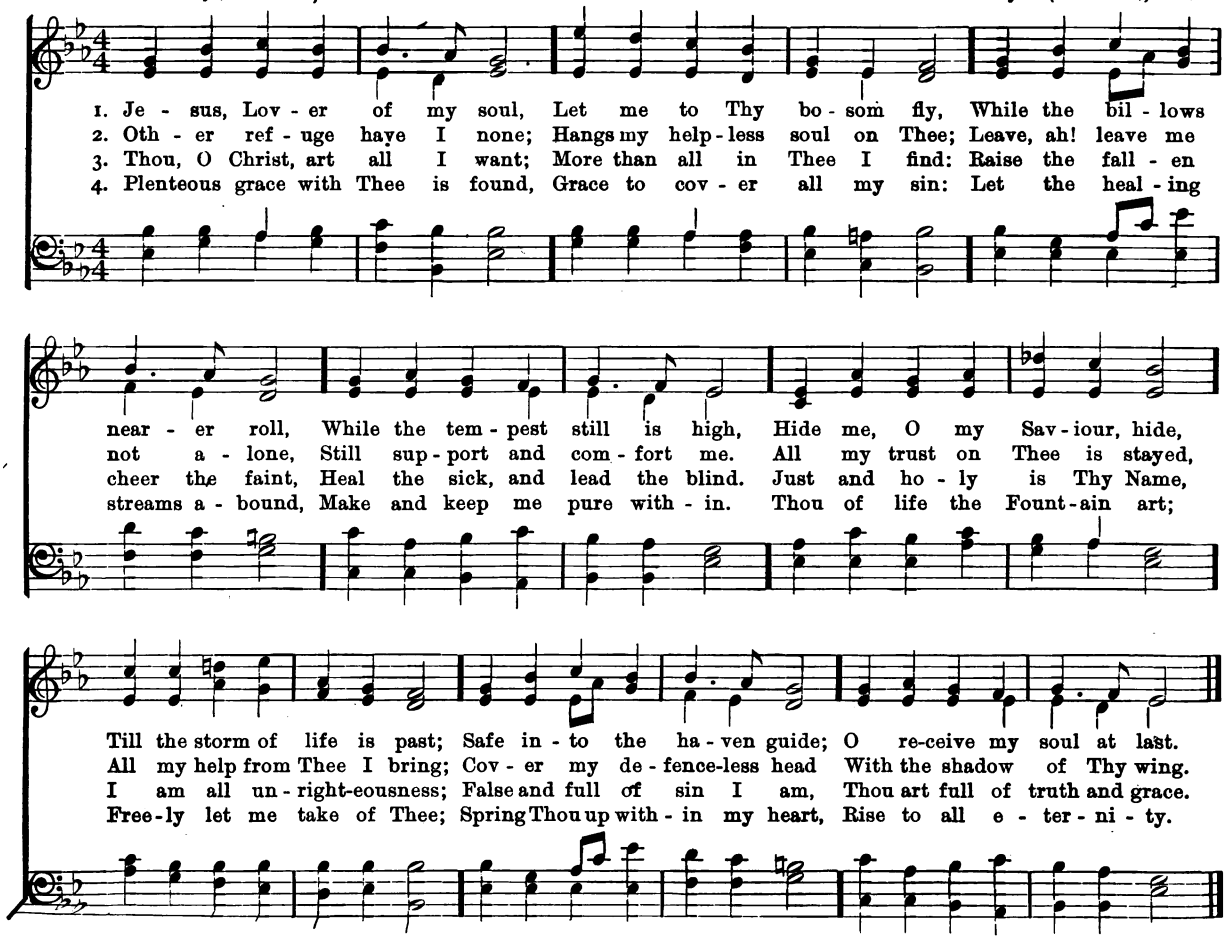
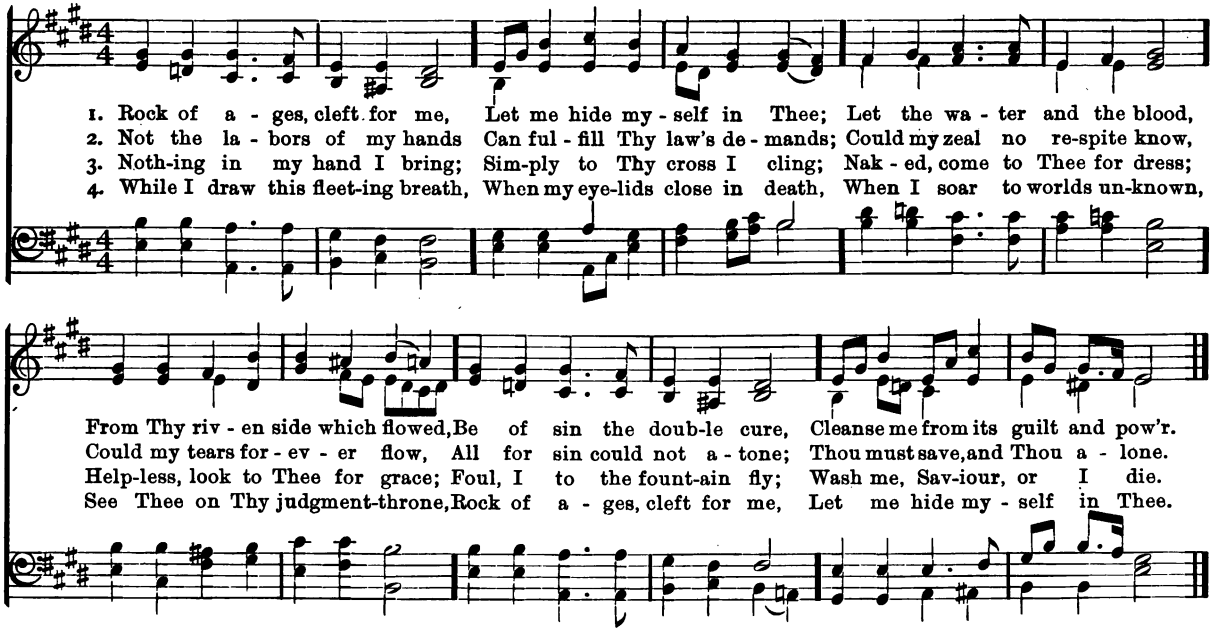
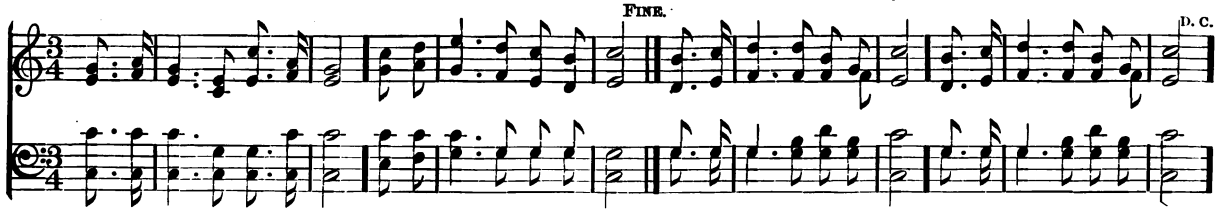
# 169 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

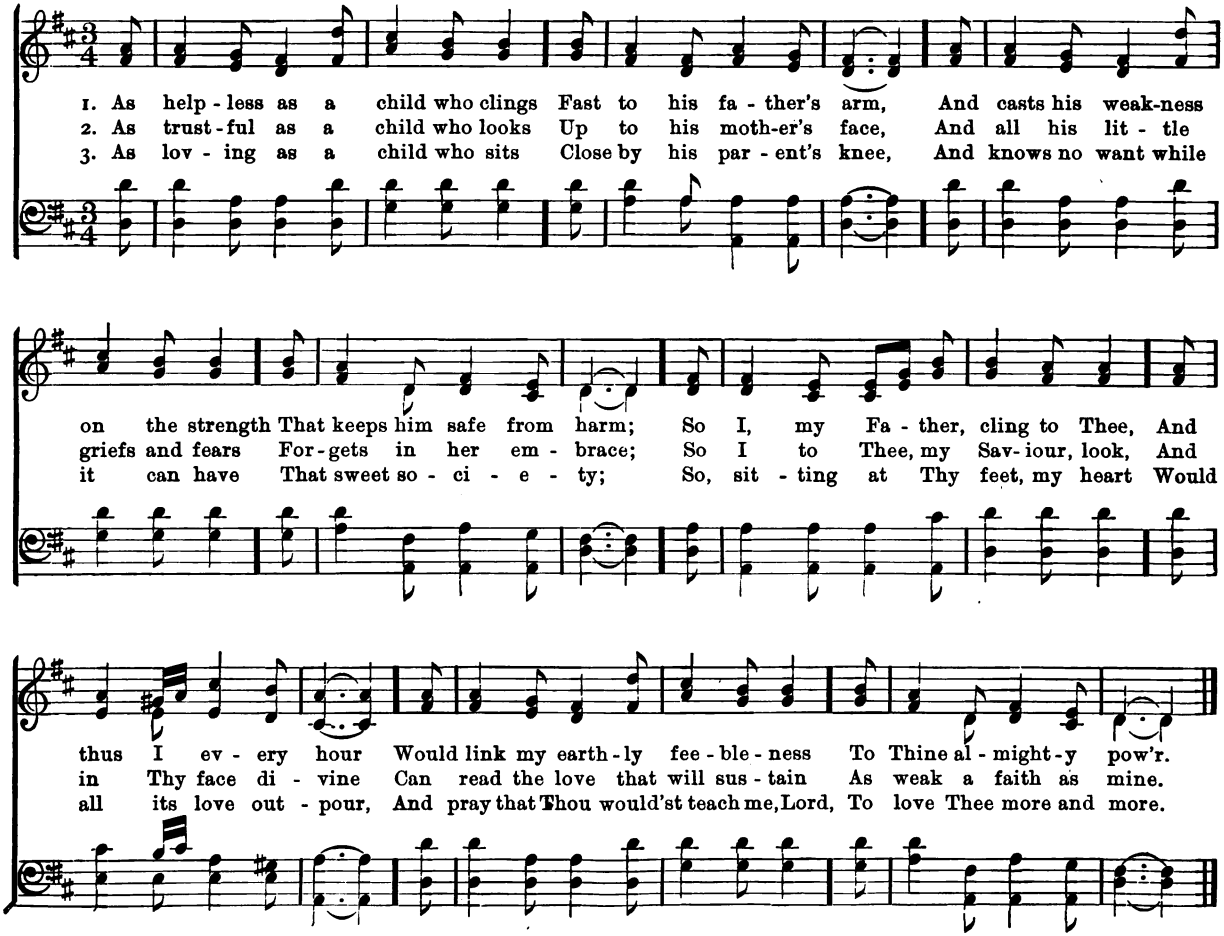
Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1740. "HOLLINGSIDE." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin: Let the heal - ing
near - er roll, While the tem - pest still is high, Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed,
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy Name,
streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the Fount - ain art;
Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last.
All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
I am all un - right-eousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# 170 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

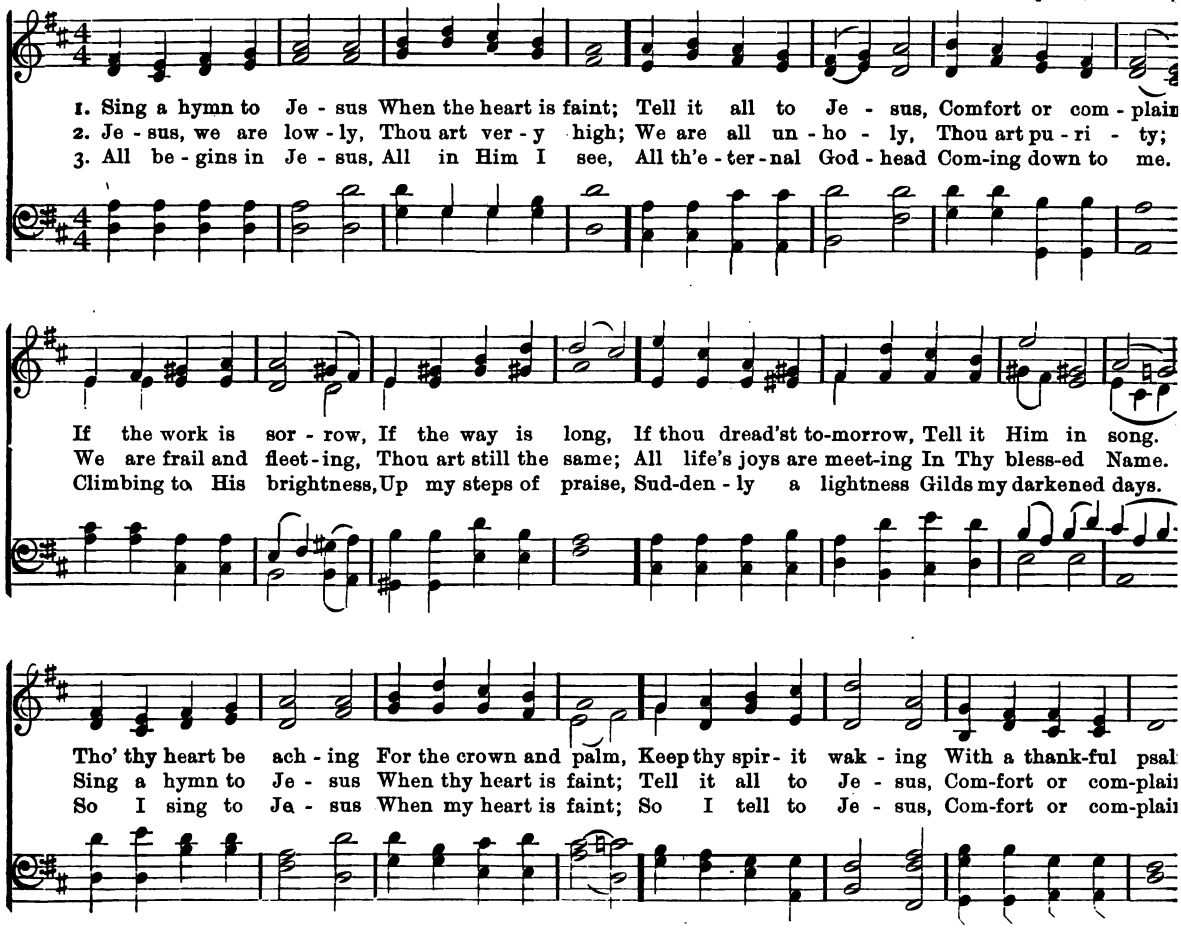
Rev Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1776. "ROCK OF AGES." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no re-spite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling; Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un-known,
From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the doub-le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Help-less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fount-ain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne, Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

[SECOND TUNE.]

"TOPLADY." Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1830.

# 171 As Helpless as a Child who Clings.

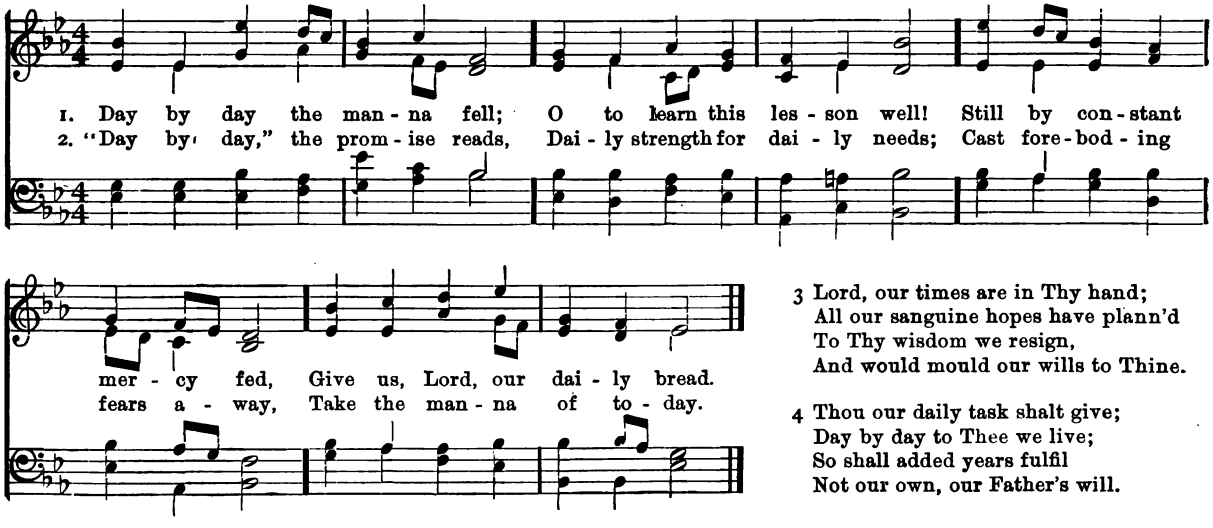
Rev. James Drummond Burns (1823—1864), 1856. "HERZOG." Anon.

1. As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arm, And casts his weak-ness
2. As trust - ful as a child who looks Up to his moth-er's face, And all his lit - tle
3. As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee, And knows no want while
on the strength That keeps him safe from harm; So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And
griefs and fears For-gets in her em - brace; So I to Thee, my Sav-iour, look, And
it can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty; So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would
thus I ev - ery hour Would link my earth - ly fee - ble - ness To Thine al - might - y pow'r.
in Thy face di - vine Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
all its love out - pour, And pray that Thou would'st teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more.

# 172 Sing a Hymn to Jesus.

Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood (1820—1885), 1870. "DEVA." Edward John Hopkins (1818— )

1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus When the heart is faint; Tell it all to Je - sus, Comfort or com - plain
2. Je - sus, we are low - ly, Thou art ver - y high; We are all un - ho - ly, Thou art pu - ri - ty;
3. All be - gins in Je - sus, All in Him I see, All th'e - ter - nal God - head Com-ing down to me.
If the work is sor - row, If the way is long, If thou dread'st to-morrow, Tell it Him in song.
We are frail and fleet - ing, Thou art still the same; All life's joys are meet-ing In Thy bless-ed Name.
Climbing to His brightness, Up my steps of praise, Sud-den - ly a lightness Gilds my darkened days.
Tho' thy heart be ach - ing For the crown and palm, Keep thy spir - it wak - ing With a thank-ful psal
Sing a hymn to Je - sus When thy heart is faint; Tell it all to Je - sus, Com-fort or com-plai
So I sing to Je - sus When my heart is faint; So I tell to Je - sus, Com-fort or com-plai

## 173 Day by Day the Manna Fell.

Rev. Josiah Conder (1789—1855), 1837. "THEODORA." Arr. fr. George Frederick Handel (1685—1759).

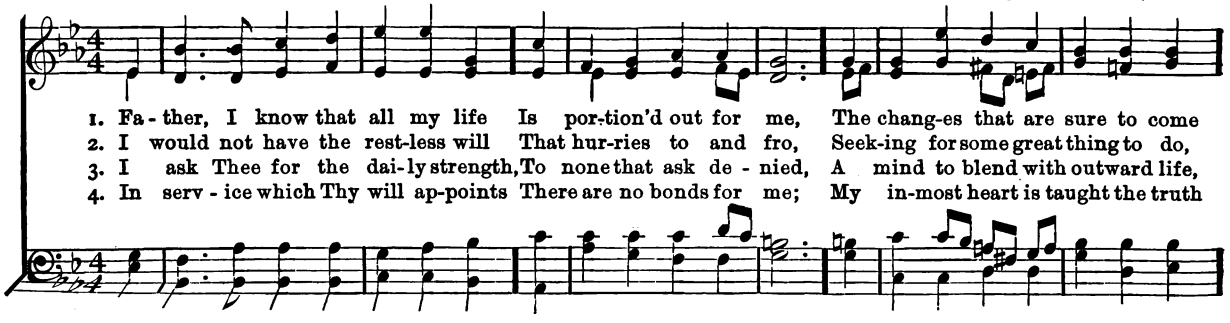

1. Day by day the man - na fell; O to learn this les - son well! Still by con - stant
2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs; Cast fore - bod - ing
mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

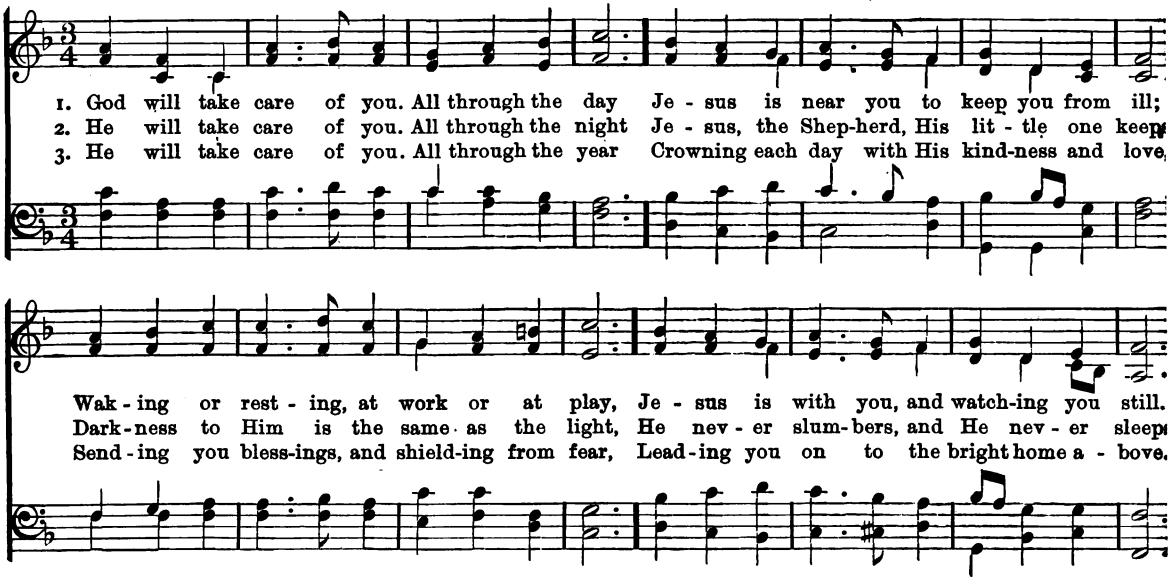
## 174 Father, I Know that all My Life.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring (1820— ), 1850. "ST. BEDE." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1866.

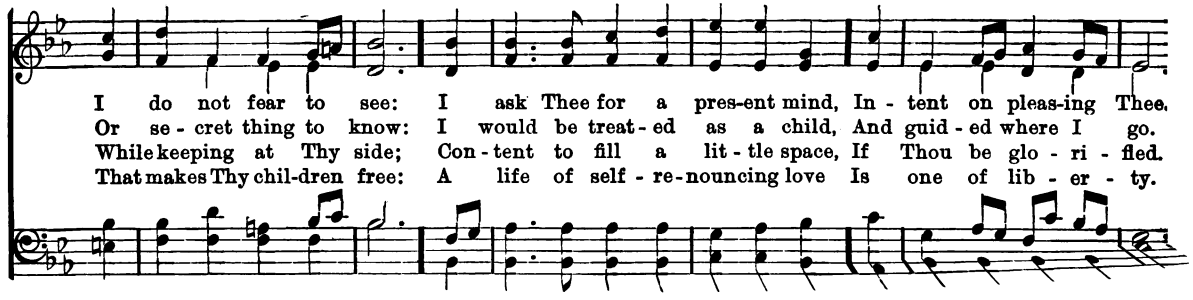

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tion'd out for me, The chang-es that are sure to come
2. I would not have the rest-less will That hur-ries to and fro, Seek-ing for some great thing to do,
3. I ask Thee for the dai-ly strength, To none that ask de - nied, A mind to blend with outward life,
4. In serv - ice which Thy will ap-points There are no bonds for me; My in-most heart is taught the truth

# 175 God will take Care of You.

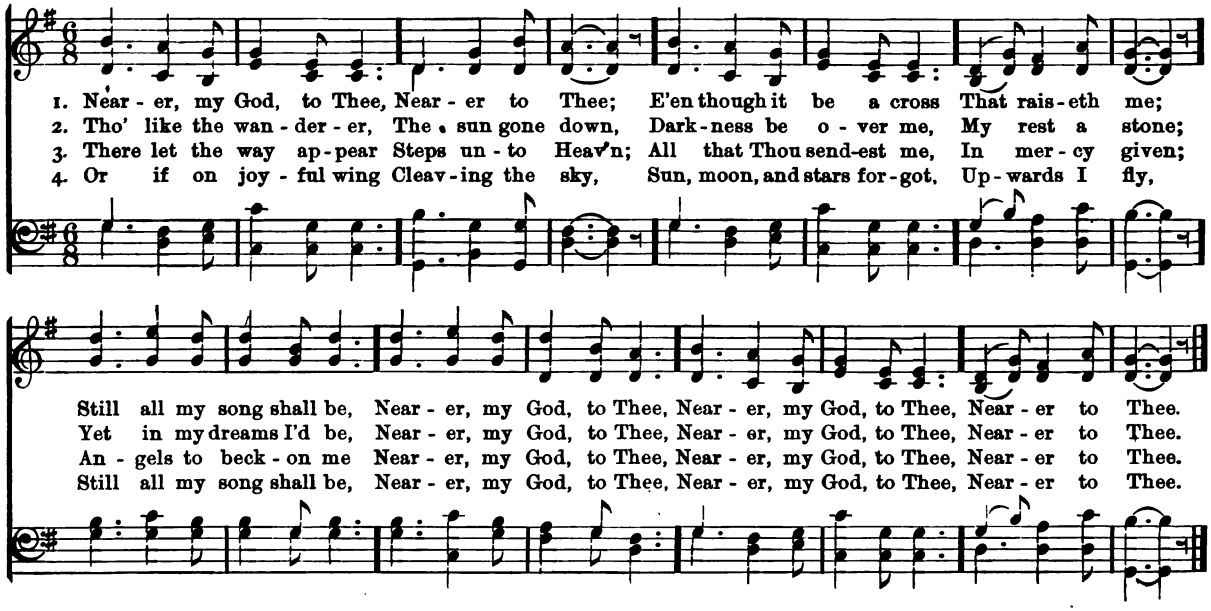
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1881. "CHURCH SONGS." Anon


1. God will take care of you. All through the day Je - sus is near you to keep you from ill;
2. He will take care of you. All through the night Je - sus, the Shep-herd, His lit - tle one keeps
3. He will take care of you. All through the year Crowning each day with His kind-ness and love,
Wak - ing or rest - ing, at work or at play, Je - sus is with you, and watch-ing you still.
Dark-ness to Him is the same as the light, He nev - er slum-bers, and He nev - er sleeps
Send - ing you bless-ings, and shield-ing from fear, Lead - ing you on to the bright home a - bove.

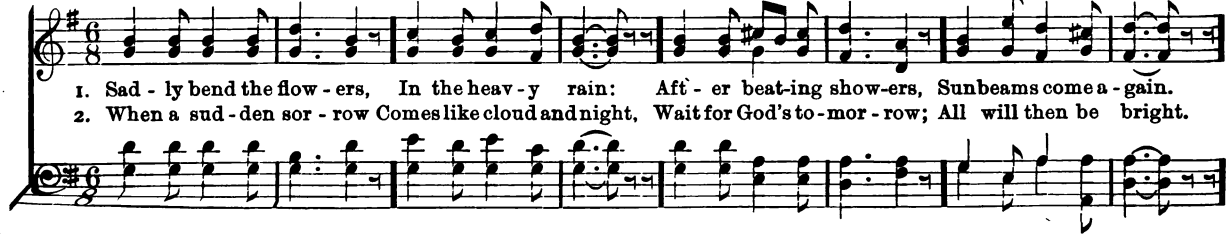
## Father, I Know that all My Life.—Concluded.


I do not fear to see: I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In - tent on pleas-ing Thee.
Or se - cret thing to know: I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
While keeping at Thy side; Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If Thou be glo - ri - fied.
That makes Thy chil-dren free: A life of self - re-nouncing love Is one of lib - er - ty.

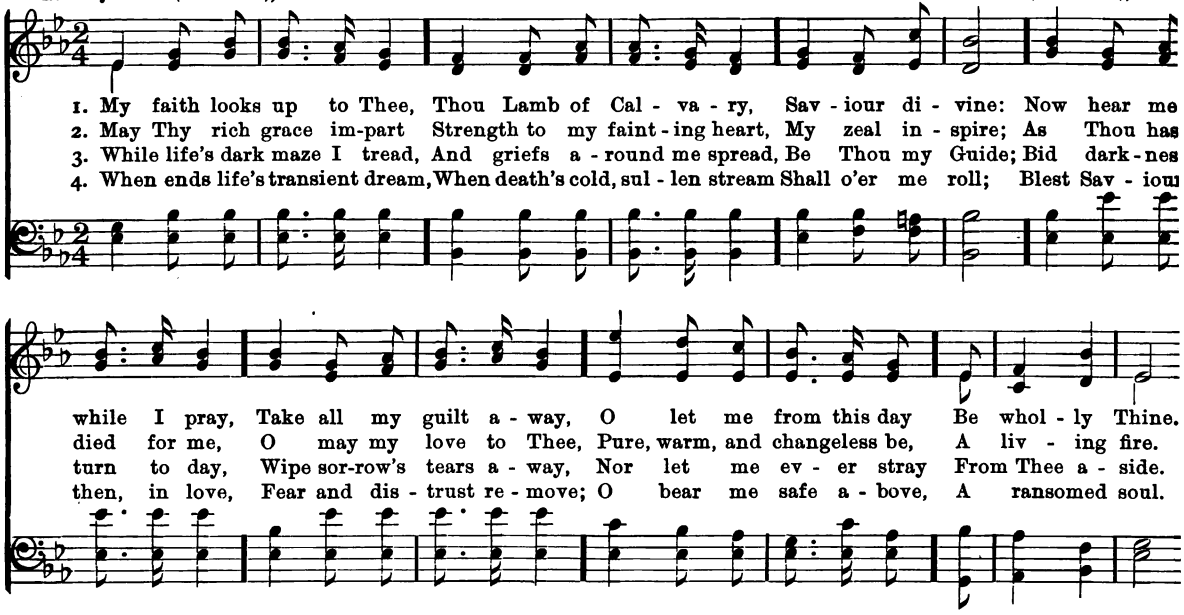
## 176 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams (1805—1848), 1840. "BETHANY." Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1859.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to Heav'n; All that Thou send-est me, In mer - cy given;
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - wards I fly,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

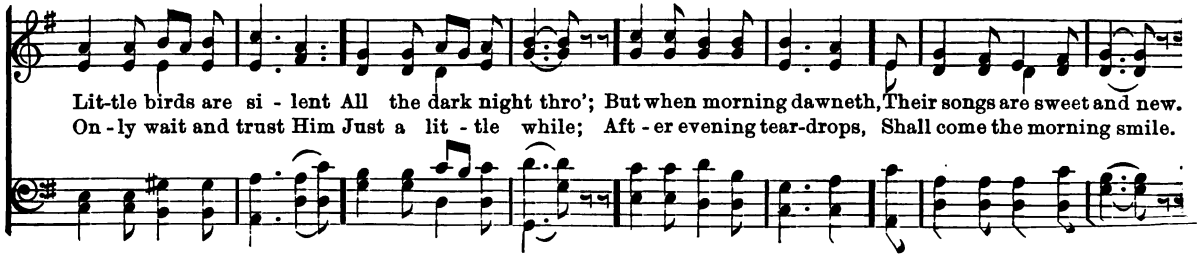
## 177 Sadly Bend the Flowers.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879). Adap. fr. Alberto Randegger (1832— ).

1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers, In the heav - y rain: Aft - er beat-ing show-ers, Sunbeams come a - gain.
2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to - mor - row; All will then be bright.

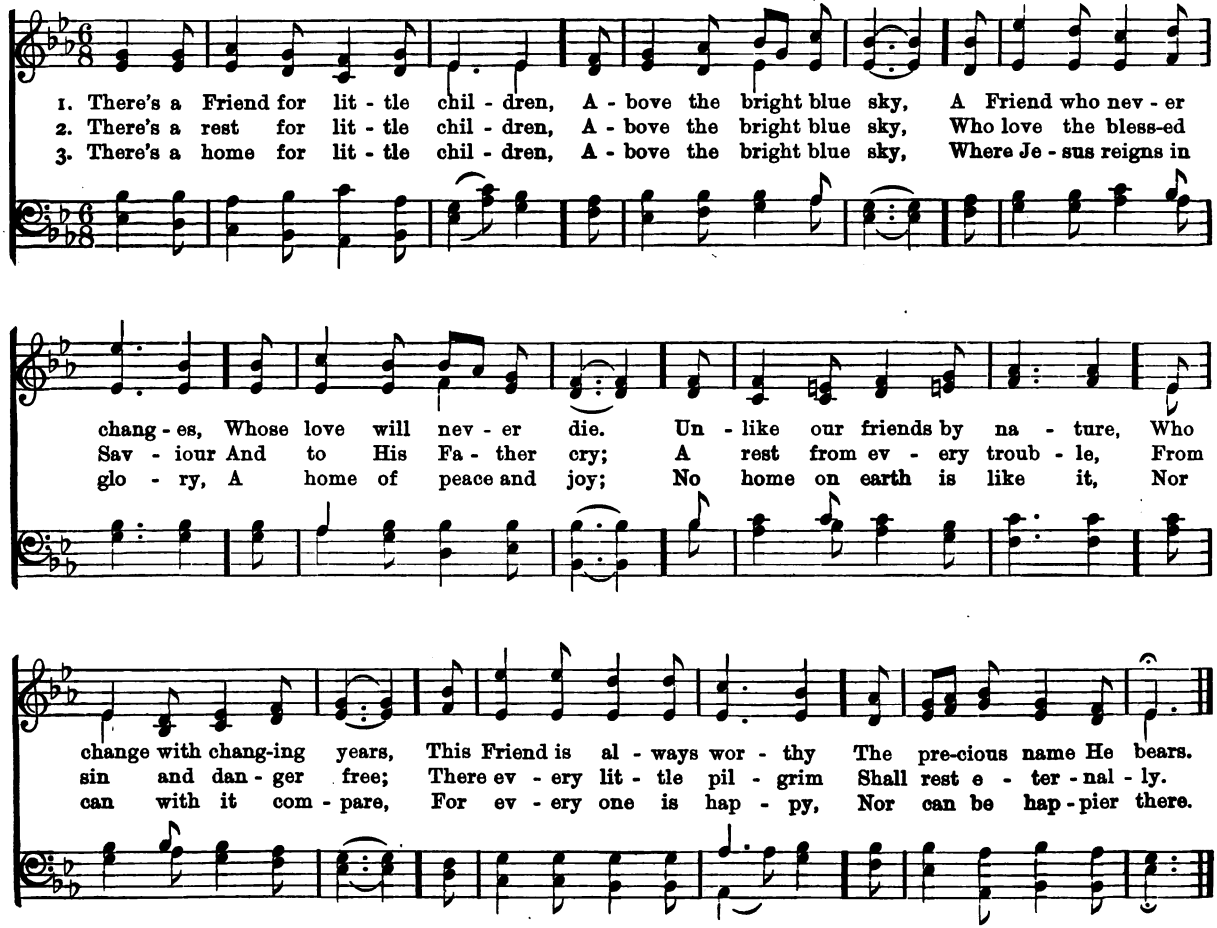
# 178 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1830. "OLIVET." Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1830.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou has
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - nes
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iou
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul.

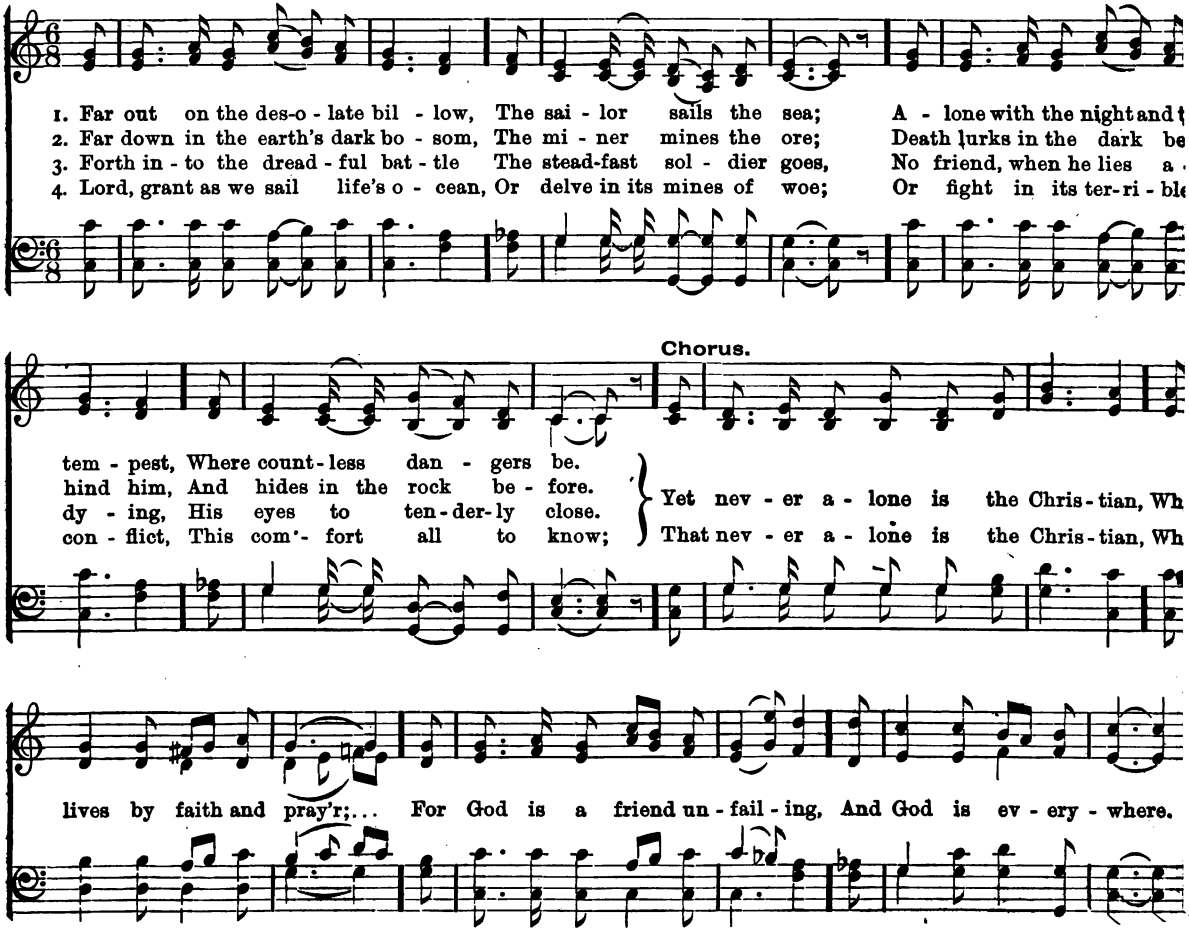
## Sadly Bend the Flowers.—Concluded.


Lit-tle birds are si - lent All the dark night thro'; But when morning dawneth, Their songs are sweet and new.
On - ly wait and trust Him Just a lit - tle while; Aft - er evening tear-drops, Shall come the morning smile.

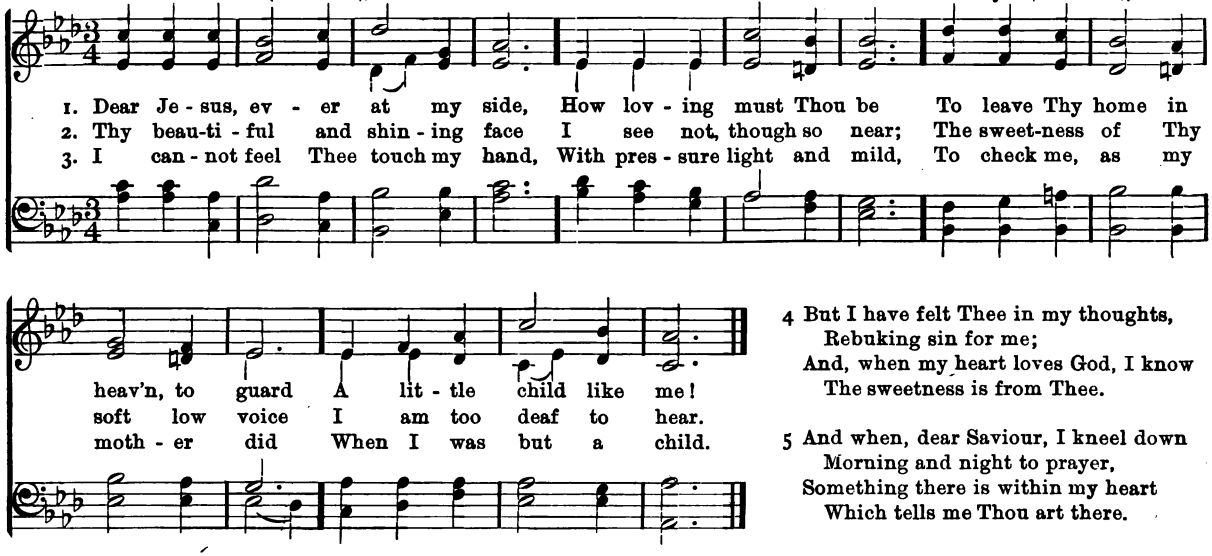
# 179 There's a Friend for Little Children.

Albert Midlane (1825— ), 1859. "IN MEMORIAM." John Stainer (1840— ), 1875.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre-cious name He bears.
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless-ed Sav - iour And to His Fa - ther cry; A rest from ev - ery troub - le, From sin and dan - ger free; There ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare, For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.

# 180 Far Out on the Desolate Billow.

Rossiter W. Raymond (1840— ). "NEVER ALONE." Ferd. Silcher.

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low, The sai-lor sails the sea; A-lone with the night and t
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo-som, The mi-ner mines the ore; Death lurks in the dark be
3. Forth in-to the dread-ful bat-tle The stead-fast sol-dier goes, No friend, when he lies a
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o-cean, Or delve in its mines of woe; Or fight in its ter-ri-ble
Chorus.
tem-pest, Where count-less dan-gers be.
hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore.
dy-ing, His eyes to ten-der-ly close.
con-flict, This com-fort all to know;
Yet nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, Wh
That nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, Wh
lives by faith and pray'r;... For God is a friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-ery-where.

## 181 Dear Jesus, ever at My Side.

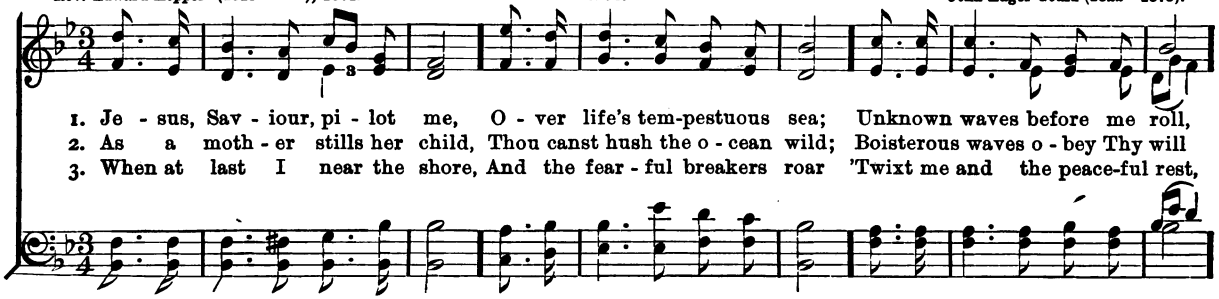
Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. "ST. AGNES." Rev John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1858.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be To leave Thy home in
2. Thy beau-ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near; The sweet-ness of Thy
3. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild, To check me, as my
heav'n, to guard A lit - tle child like me!
soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.
moth - er did When I was but a child.

4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

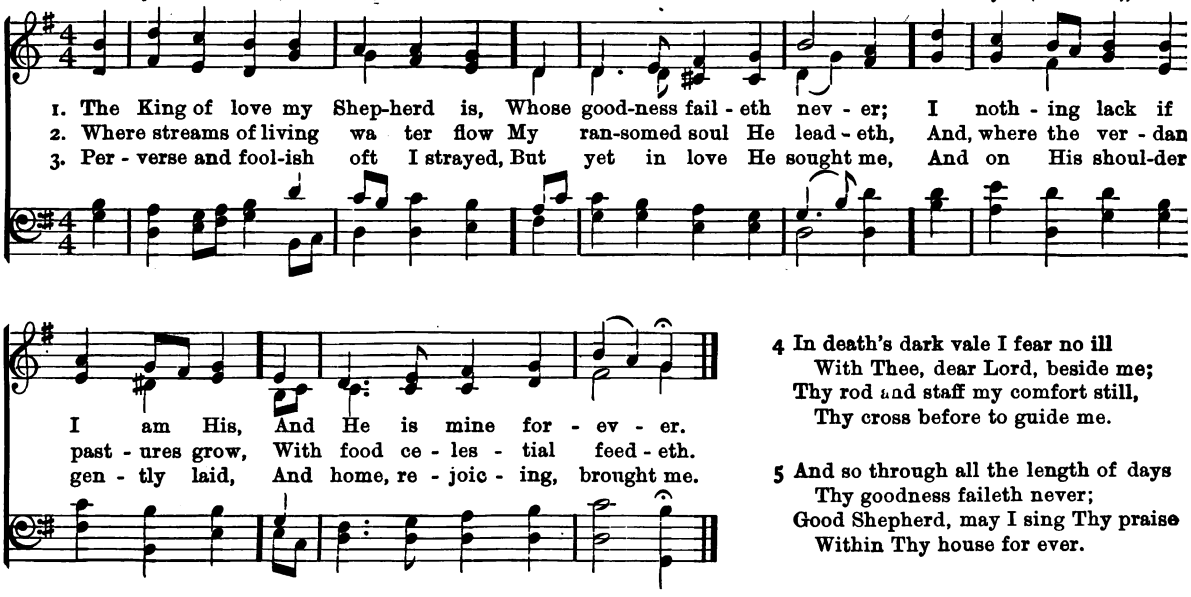
## 182 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper (1818— ), 1871. "PILOT." John Edger Gould (1822—1875).


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild; Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest,

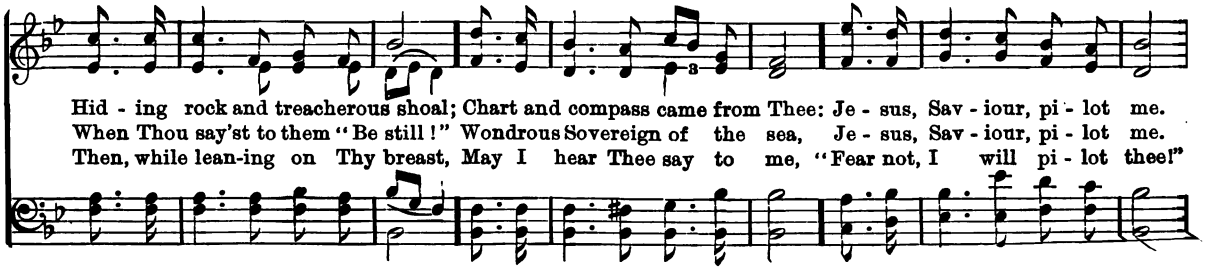
# 183 The King of Love My Shepherd is.

Rev Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1868. "DOMINUS REGIT ME." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1868.


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
2. Where streams of living wa ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth, And, where the ver - dan past - ures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.

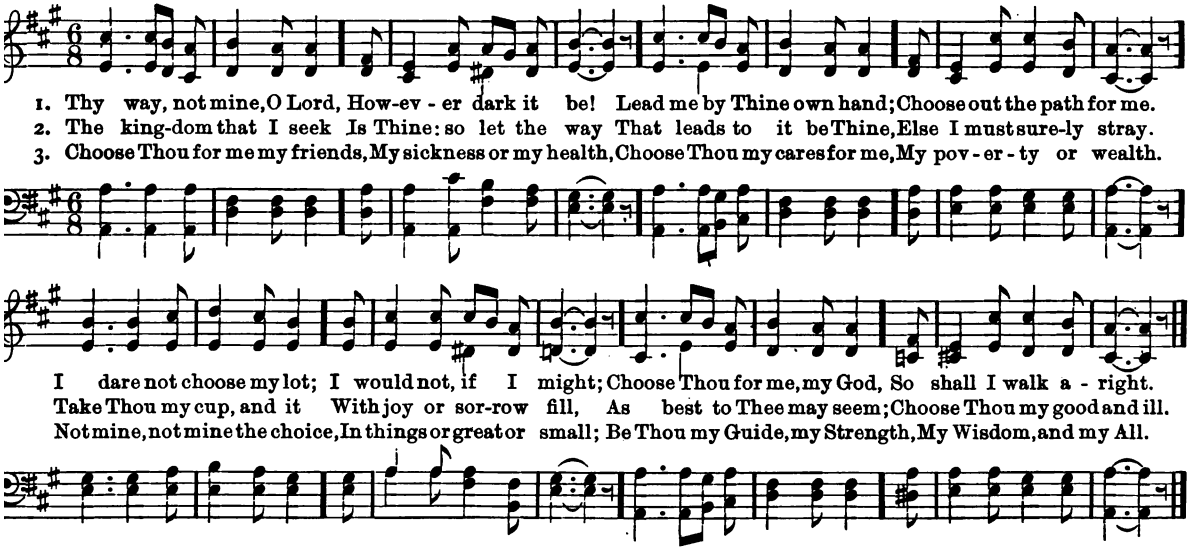
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

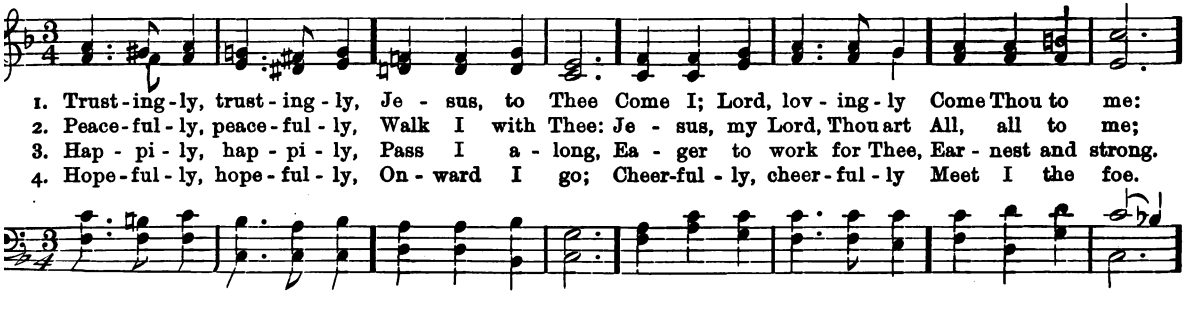
## 184 Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. "LEE." By per. Henry Seymour Mygatt (1846— ), 1893.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
2. The king-dom that I seek Is Thine: so let the way That leads to it be Thine, Else I must sure-ly stray.
3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health, Choose Thou my cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth.
I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sor-row fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.

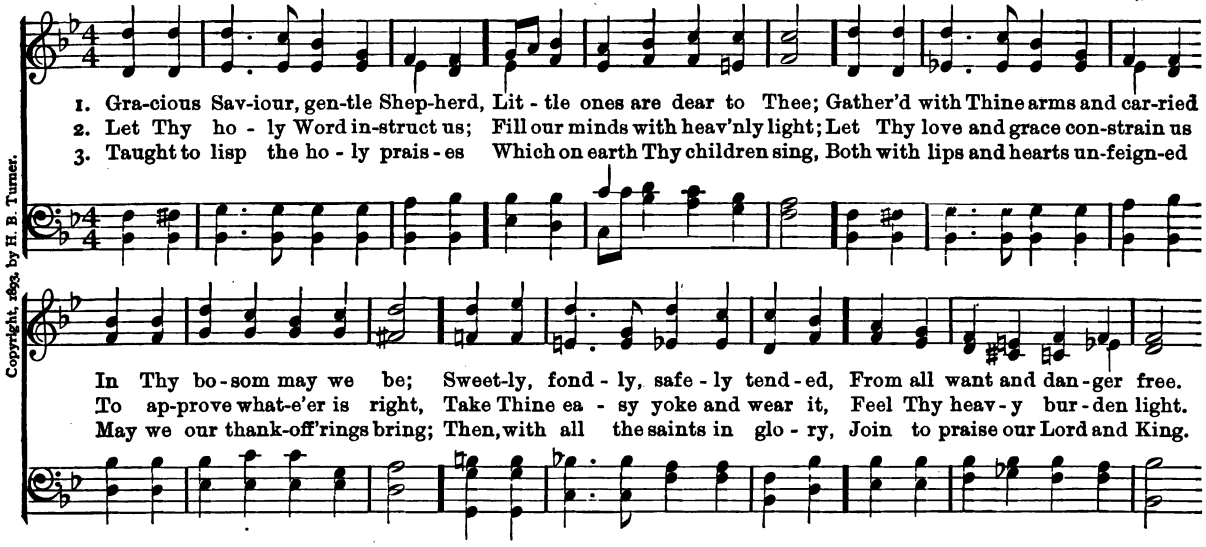
## 185 Trustingly, Trustingly, Jesus to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1866. "CAMBORNE." F. C. Maker (1844— ).


1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to Thee Come I; Lord, lov - ing - ly Come Thou to me:
2. Peace-ful - ly, peace-ful - ly, Walk I with Thee: Je - sus, my Lord, Thou art All, all to me;
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to work for Thee, Ear - nest and strong.
4. Hope-ful - ly, hope-ful - ly, On - ward I go; Cheer-ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly Meet I the foe.

# 186 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

Rev. Jonathan Whittemore (1802—1860). "CLOSTER." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1888.


1. Gra-cious Sav-iour, gen-tle Shep-herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee; Gather'd with Thine arms and car-ried
2. Let Thy ho - ly Word in-struct us; Fill our minds with heav'nly light; Let Thy love and grace con-strain us
3. Taught to lisp the ho - ly prais - es Which on earth Thy children sing, Both with lips and hearts un-feign-ed
In Thy bo-som may we be; Sweet-ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.
To ap-prove what-e'er is right, Take Thine ea - sy yoke and wear it, Feel Thy heav - y bur - den light.
May we our thank-off'rings bring; Then, with all the saints in glo - ry, Join to praise our Lord and King.

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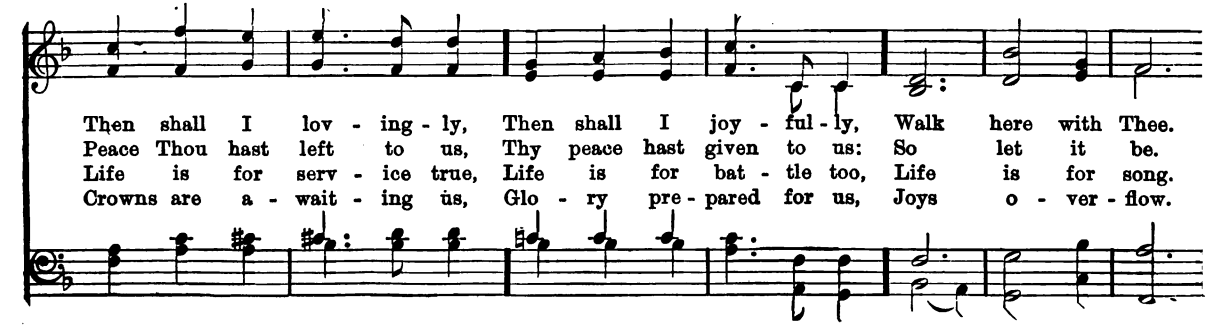
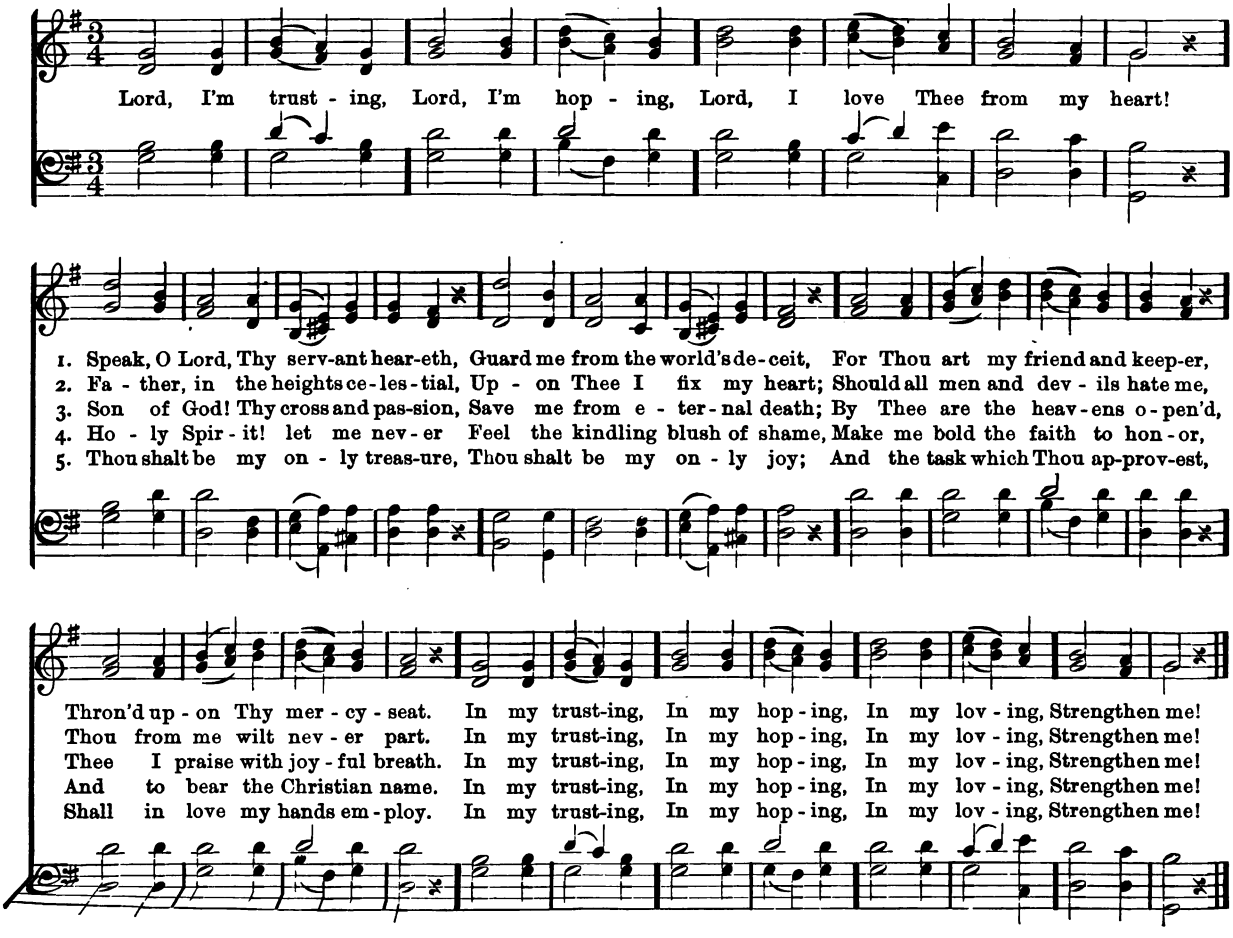
## Trustingly, Trustingly, Jesus to Thee.—Concluded.

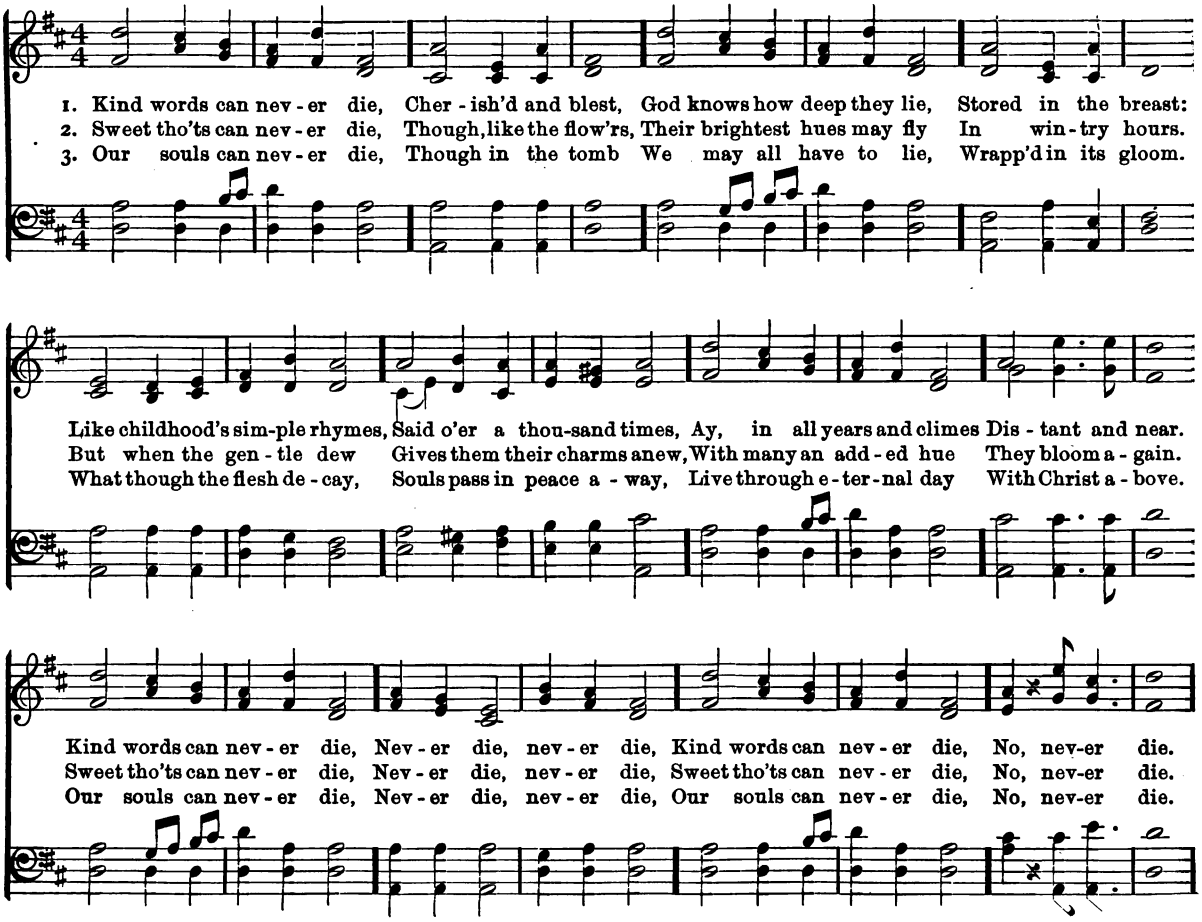

Then shall I lov - ing - ly, Then shall I joy - ful - ly, Walk here with Thee.
Peace Thou hast left to us, Thy peace hast given to us: So let it be.
Life is for serv - ice true, Life is for bat - tle too, Life is for song.
Crowns are a - wait - ing us, Glo - ry pre - pared for us, Joys o - ver - flow.

# 187 Lord, I'm Trusting, Lord, I'm Hoping.

Tr. by Rev. A. J. F. Behrends (1839— ), 1869. By per. "TRUSTING." Arr. by Lewis H. Moore.

Lord, I'm trust - ing, Lord, I'm hop - ing, Lord, I love Thee from my heart!
1. Speak, O Lord, Thy serv-ant hear-eth, Guard me from the world's de-ceit, For Thou art my friend and keep-er,
2. Fa - ther, in the heights ce-les-tial, Up - on Thee I fix my heart; Should all men and dev - ils hate me,
3. Son of God! Thy cross and pas-sion, Save me from e - ter-nal death; By Thee are the heav-ens o-pen'd,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! let me nev-er Feel the kindling blush of shame, Make me bold the faith to hon-or,
5. Thou shalt be my on - ly treas-ure, Thou shalt be my on - ly joy; And the task which Thou ap-prov-est,
Thron'd up - on Thy mer - cy - seat. In my trust-ing, In my hop - ing, In my lov - ing, Strengthen me!
Thou from me wilt nev - er part. In my trust-ing, In my hop - ing, In my lov - ing, Strengthen me!
Thee I praise with joy - ful breath. In my trust-ing, In my hop - ing, In my lov - ing, Strengthen me!
And to bear the Christian name. In my trust-ing, In my hop - ing, In my lov - ing, Strengthen me!
Shall in love my hands em - ploy. In my trust-ing, In my hop - ing, In my lov - ing, Strengthen me!

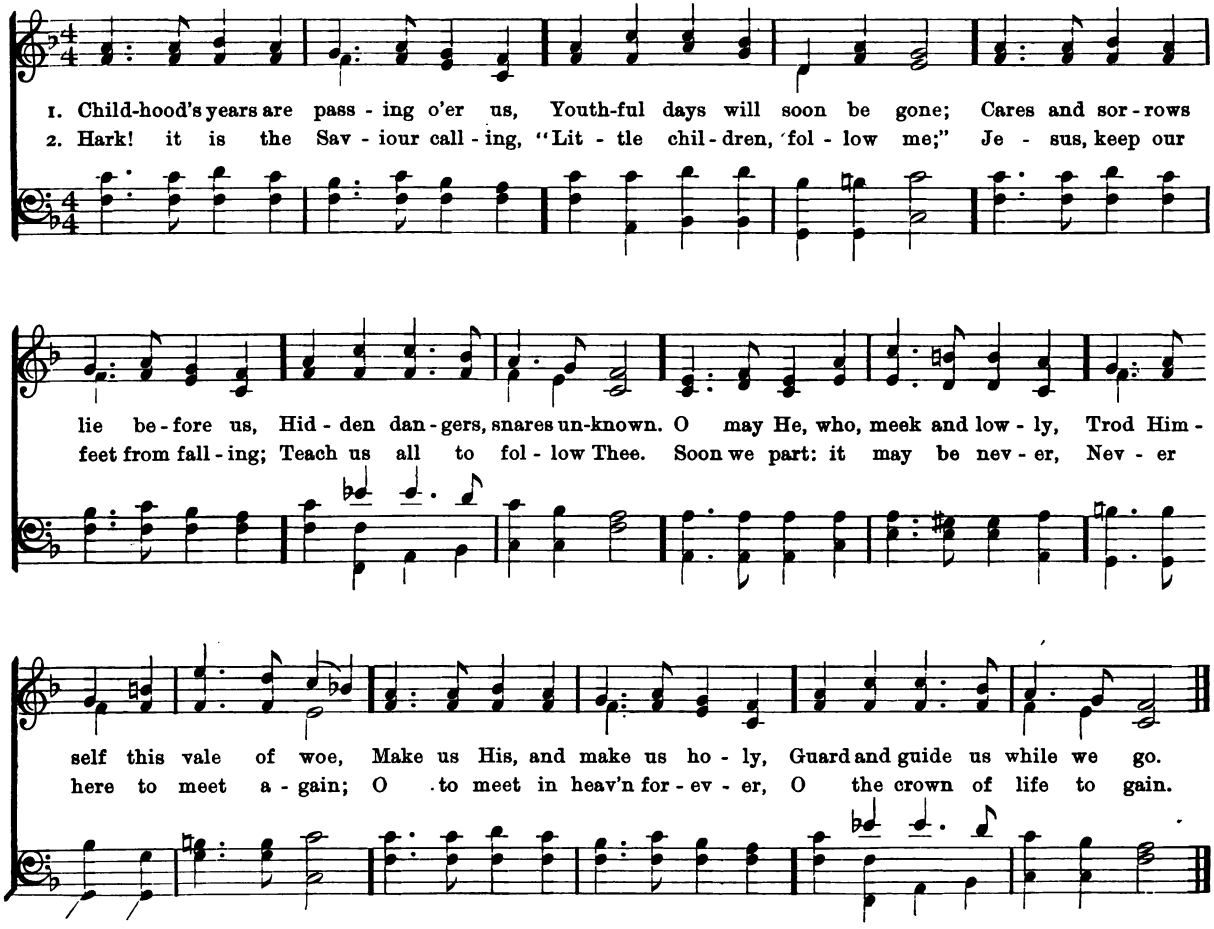
# 188 Kind Words can Never Die.

Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton (1829—1892). Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton.


1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ish'd and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast:
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Though, like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly In win-try hours.
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapp'd in its gloom.
Like childhood's sim-ple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times, Ay, in all years and climes Dis-tant and near.
But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an add-ed hue They bloom a-gain.
What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way, Live through e-ter-nal day With Christ a-bove.
Kind words can nev-er die, Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Our souls can nev-er die, Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.

# 189 Childhood's Years are Passing o'er Us.

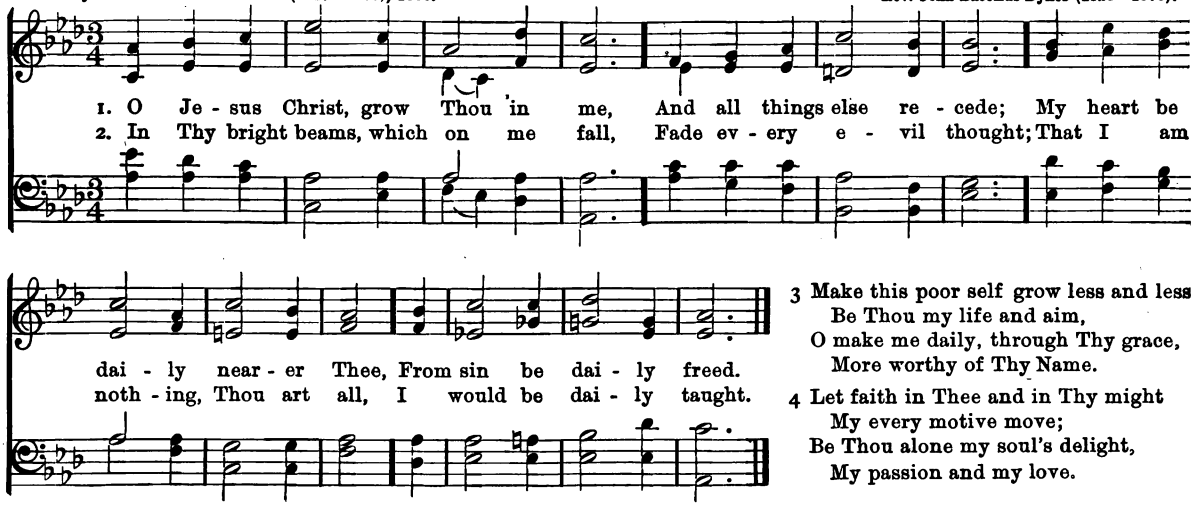
William Dickson (1817— ), 1841. "WESTON." J. B. Roe ( —1871).


1. Child-hood's years are pass - ing o'er us, Youth-ful days will soon be gone; Cares and sor - rows
2. Hark! it is the Sav - iour call - ing, "Lit - tle chil - dren, fol - low me;" Je - sus, keep our
lie be - fore us, Hid - den dan - gers, snares un-known. O may He, who, meek and low - ly, Trod Him -
feet from fall - ing; Teach us all to fol - low Thee. Soon we part: it may be nev - er, Nev - er
self this vale of woe, Make us His, and make us ho - ly, Guard and guide us while we go.
here to meet a - gain; O to meet in heav'n for - ev - er, O the crown of life to gain.

## 190 O Jesus Christ, Grow Thou in Me.

Rev Johann Caspar Lavater (1741—1801), 1780.
Tr. by Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Smith (1817—1877), 1860.

"BEATITUDE."

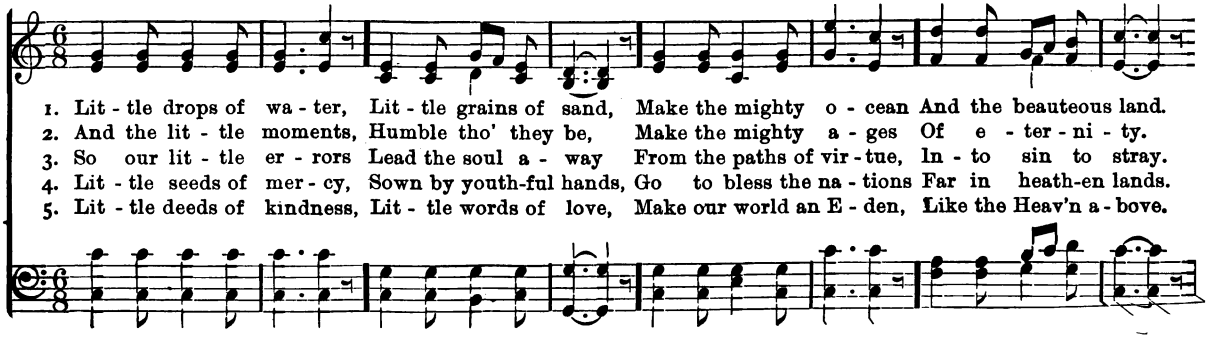
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).

1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede; My heart be
2. In Thy bright beams, which on me fall, Fade ev - ery e - vil thought; That I am
dai - ly near - er Thee, From sin be dai - ly freed.
noth - ing, Thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.

3 Make this poor self grow less and less
Be Thou my life and aim,
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

4 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

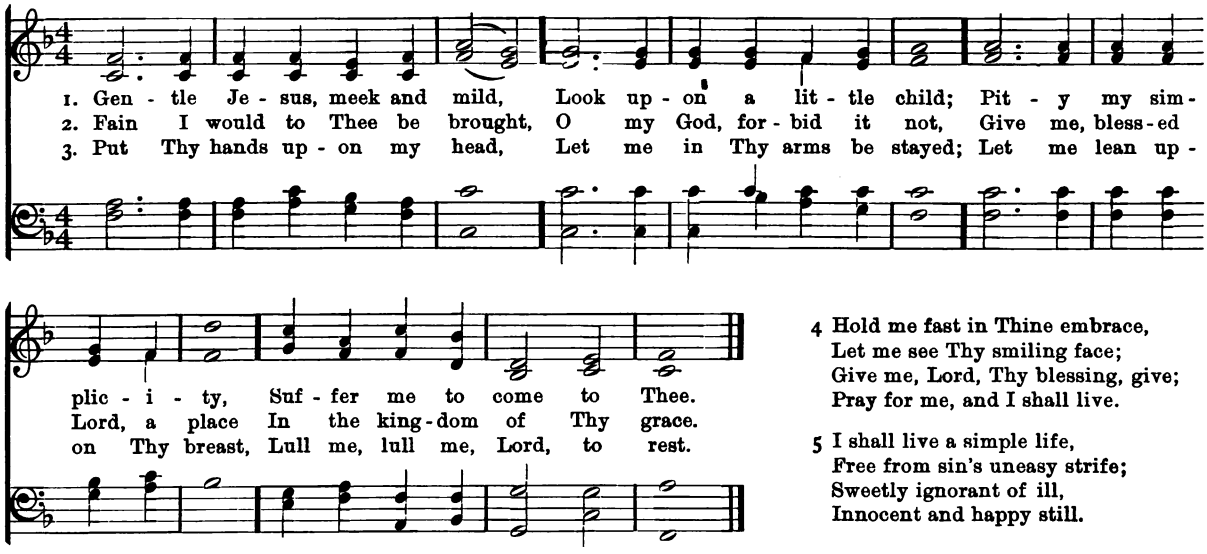
## 191 Little Drops of Water.

Dr. Brener.

Arr. by A. Rhodes.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean And the beauteous land.
2. And the lit - tle moments, Humble tho' they be, Make the mighty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the paths of vir - tue, In - to sin to stray.
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth-ful hands, Go to bless the na - tions Far in heath-en lands.
5. Lit - tle deeds of kindness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our world an E - den, Like the Heav'n a - bove.

## 192 Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

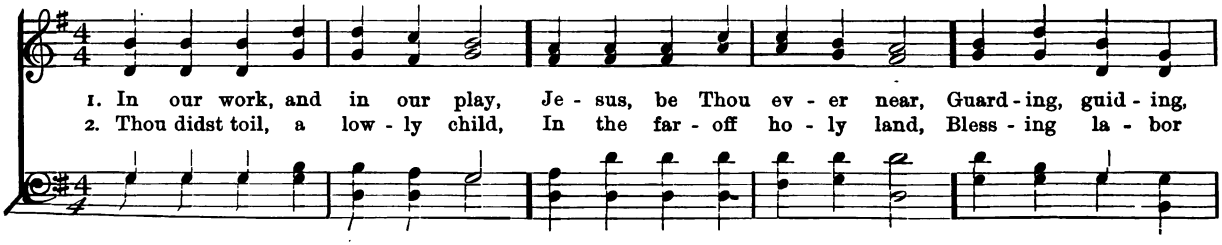
Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1742. "DIJON." German.


1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim -
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought, O my God, for - bid it not, Give me, bless - ed
3. Put Thy hands up - on my head, Let me in Thy arms be stayed; Let me lean up -
plic - i - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Lord, a place In the king - dom of Thy grace.
on Thy breast, Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

4 Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing, give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

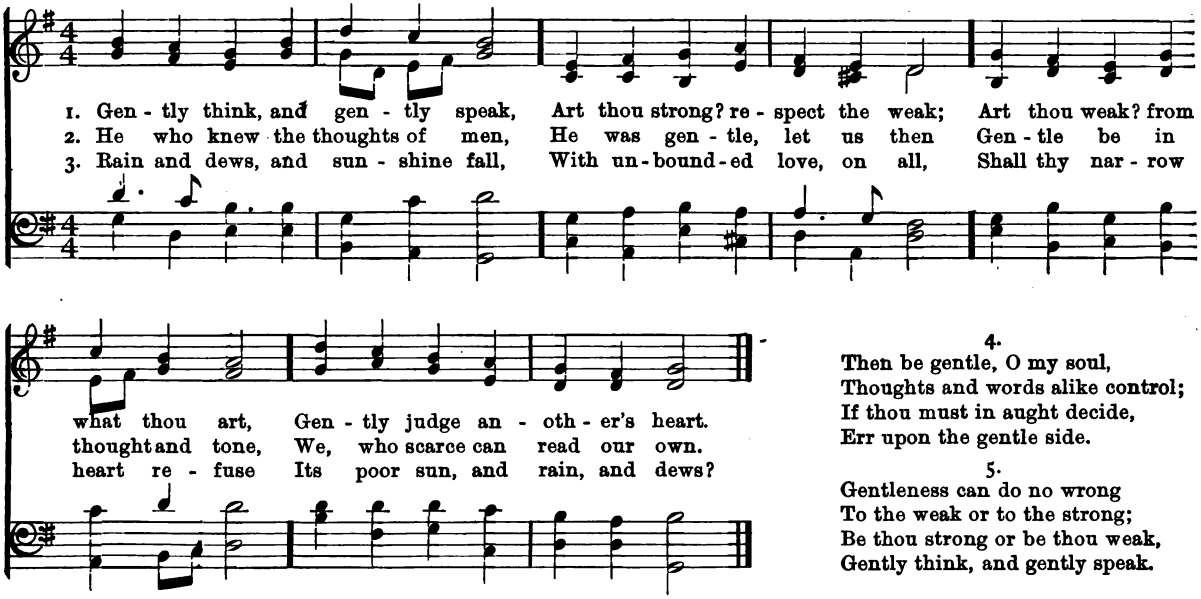
5 I shall live a simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife;
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

## 193 In Our Work, and in Our Play.

William Chatterton Dix (1837— ), 1869. "SAINT SALVADOR."

1. In our work, and in our play, Je - sus, be Thou ev - er near, Guard - ing, guid - ing,
2. Thou didst toil, a low - ly child, In the far - off ho - ly land, Bless - ing la - bor

## 194 Gently Think, and Gently Speak.

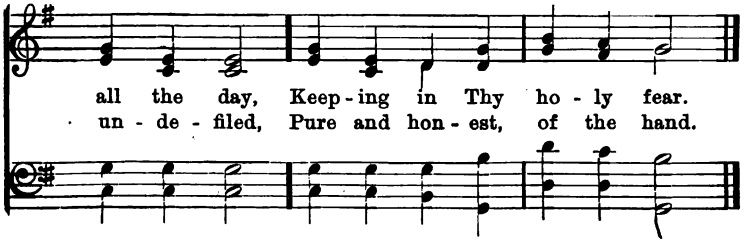
Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1857. "JUSTIN." Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752—1817).


1. Gen - tly think, and gen - tly speak, Art thou strong? re - spect the weak; Art thou weak? from
2. He who knew the thoughts of men, He was gen - tle, let us then Gen - tle be in
3. Rain and dews, and sun - shine fall, With un - bound - ed love, on all, Shall thy nar - row
what thou art, Gen - tly judge an - oth - er's heart.
thought and tone, We, who scarce can read our own.
heart re - fuse Its poor sun, and rain, and dews?

4.
Then be gentle, O my soul,
Thoughts and words alike control;
If thou must in aught decide,
Err upon the gentle side.

5.
Gentleness can do no wrong
To the weak or to the strong;
Be thou strong or be thou weak,
Gently think, and gently speak.

## In Our Work, and in Our Play.—Concluded.

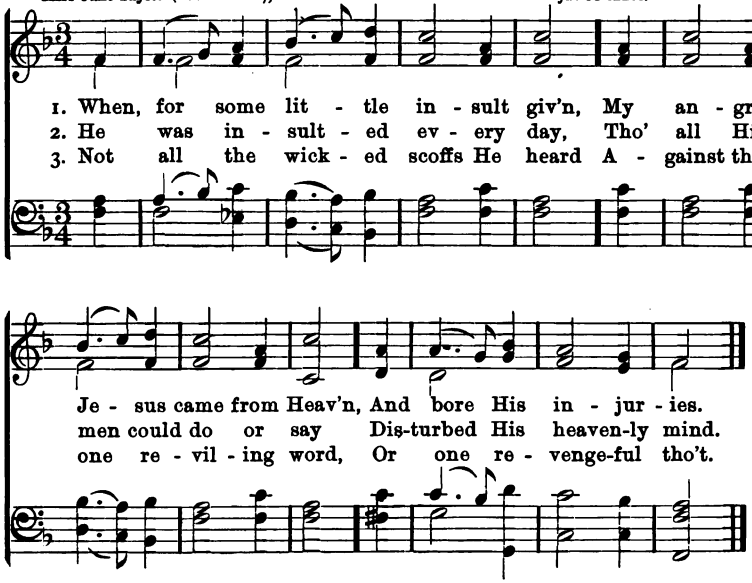



3 Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
If we ask Thy succor strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 O how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows no night.

## 195 When, for Some Little Insult Given.

Miss Jane Taylor (1783—1824), 1809. "JERUSALEM." C. F. Roper.

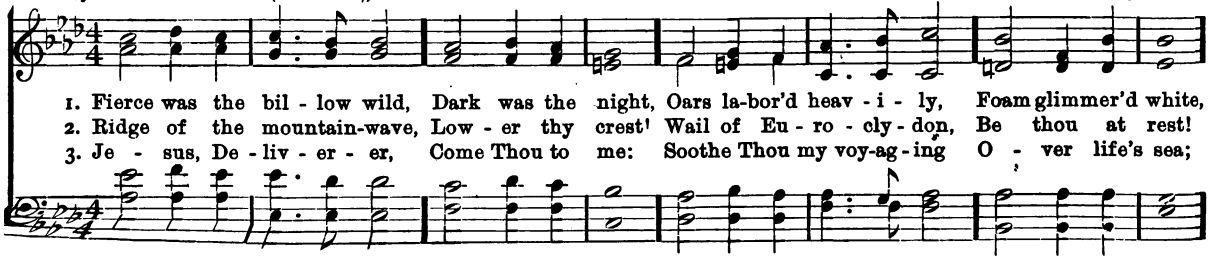

1. When, for some lit - tle in - sult giv'n, My an - gry pas - sions rise, I'll think how
2. He was in - sult - ed ev - ery day, Tho' all His words were kind: But noth - ing
3. Not all the wick - ed scoffs He heard A - gainst the truths He taught, Ex - cit - ed
Je - sus came from Heav'n, And bore His in - jur - ies.
men could do or say Dis-turbed His heaven-ly mind.
one re - vil - ing word, Or one re - venge-ful tho't.

4 And when upon the Cross He bled,
With all His foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

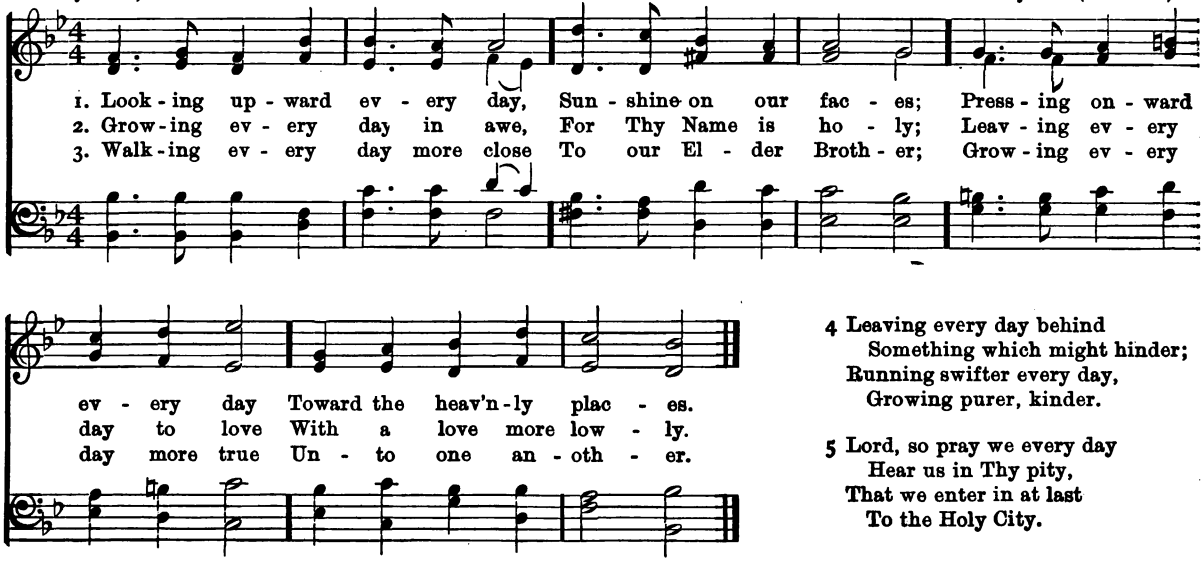
5 Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
And speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

## 196 Fierce was the Billow Wild.

Anatolius of Constantinople ( —458).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. "ROSSINI." James Flint (1822— ), 1873.


1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night, Oars la-bor'd heav - i - ly, Foam glimmer'd white,
2. Ridge of the mountain-wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of Eu - ro - cly - don, Be thou at rest!
3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me: Soothe Thou my voy-ag - ing O - ver life's sea;

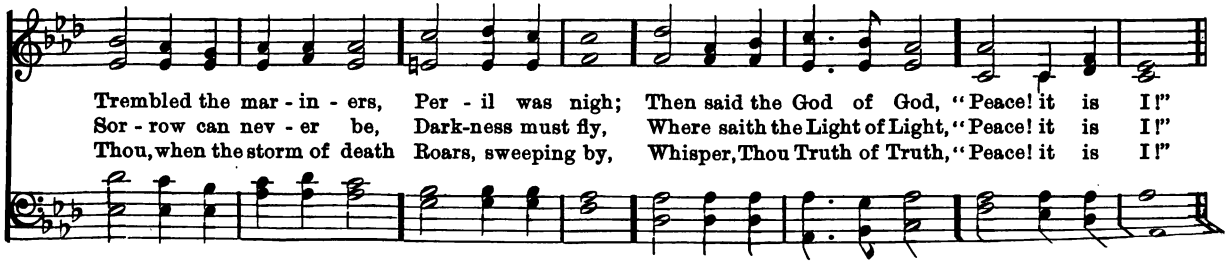
# 197 Looking Upward every Day.

Mary Butler, 1881. "WIMBLETON." Henry Lahee (1826— ).

1. Look - ing up - ward ev - ery day, Sun - shine on our fac - es; Press - ing on - ward
2. Grow - ing ev - ery day in awe, For Thy Name is ho - ly; Leav - ing ev - ery
3. Walk - ing ev - ery day more close To our El - der Broth - er; Grow - ing ev - ery
ev - ery day Toward the heav'n - ly plac - es.
day to love With a love more low - ly.
day more true Un - to one an - oth - er.

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

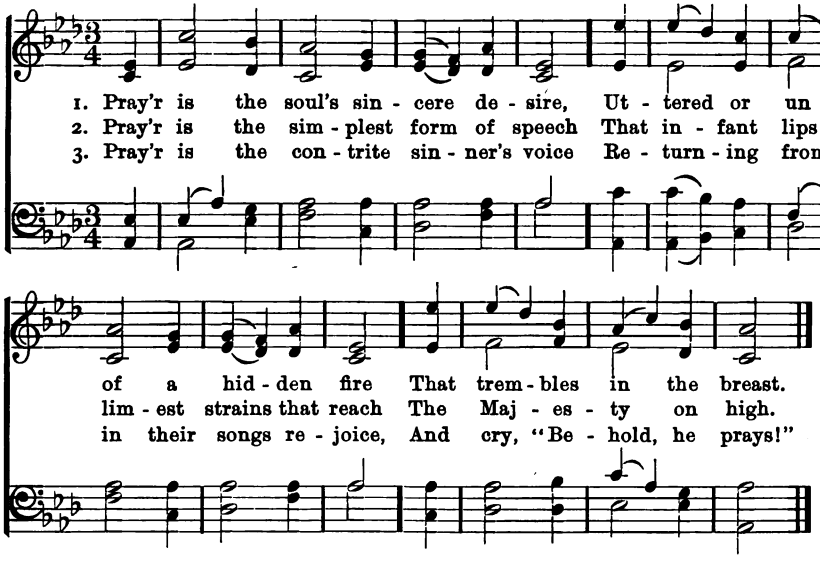
5 Lord, so pray we every day
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

# Fierce was the Billow Wild.—Concluded.


Trembled the mar - in - ers, Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I!"
Sor - row can nev - er be, Dark-ness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! it is I!"
Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth, "Peace! it is I!"

## 198 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

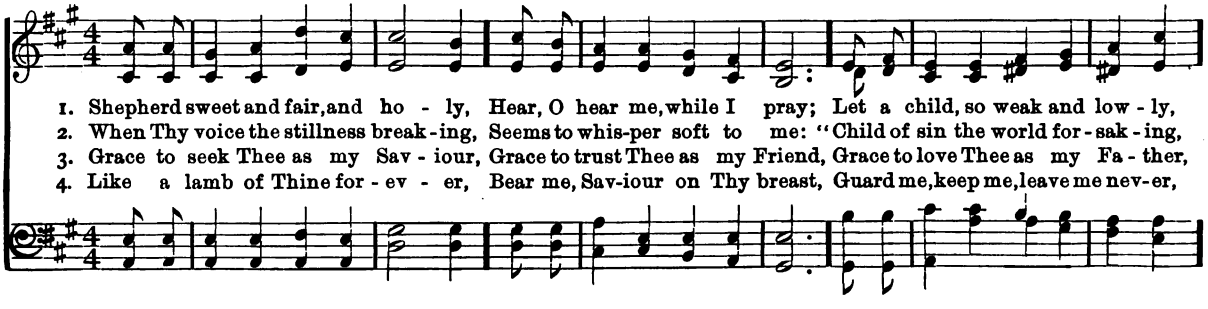
James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853. "BELMONT." Samuel Webbe (1740—1816).


1. Pray'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed, The mo - tion
2. Pray'r is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;.... Pray'r the sub -
3. Pray'r is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re - turn - ing from his ways,.. While an - gels
of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.
lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
in their songs re - joice, And cry, "Be - hold, he prays!"

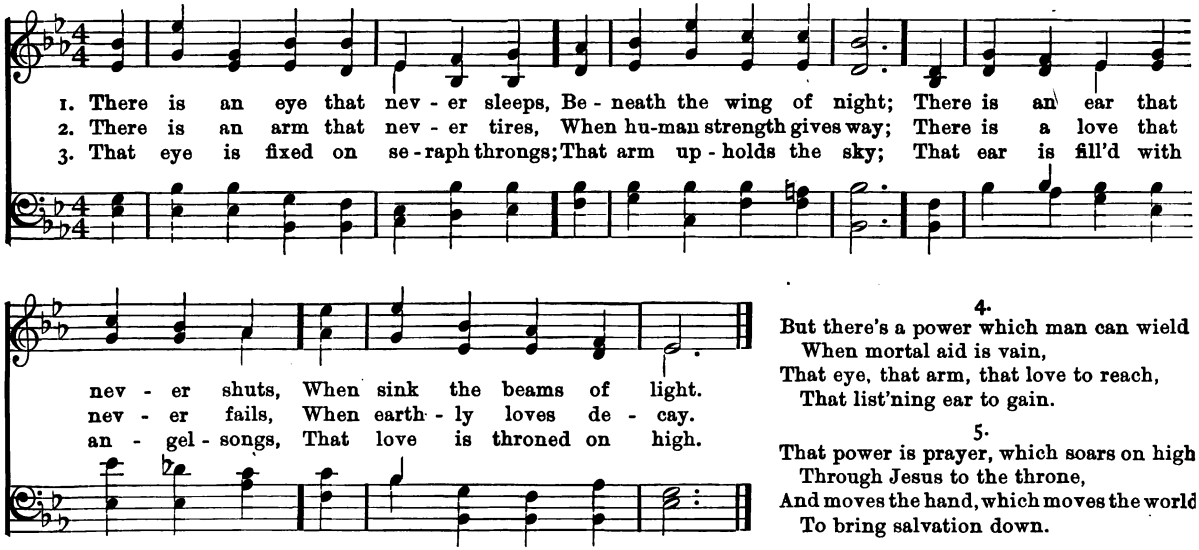
4.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

5.
O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## 199 Shepherd Sweet and Fair, and Holy.

George Thomas Congreave (1821— ), 1869. "ALLELUIA." Edward John Hopkins (1818— ).

1. Shepherd sweet and fair, and ho - ly, Hear, O hear me, while I pray; Let a child, so weak and low - ly,
2. When Thy voice the stillness break - ing, Seems to whis-per soft to me: "Child of sin the world for - sak - ing,
3. Grace to seek Thee as my Sav - iour, Grace to trust Thee as my Friend, Grace to love Thee as my Fa - ther,
4. Like a lamb of Thine for - ev - er, Bear me, Sav-iour on Thy breast, Guard me, keep me, leave me nev-er,

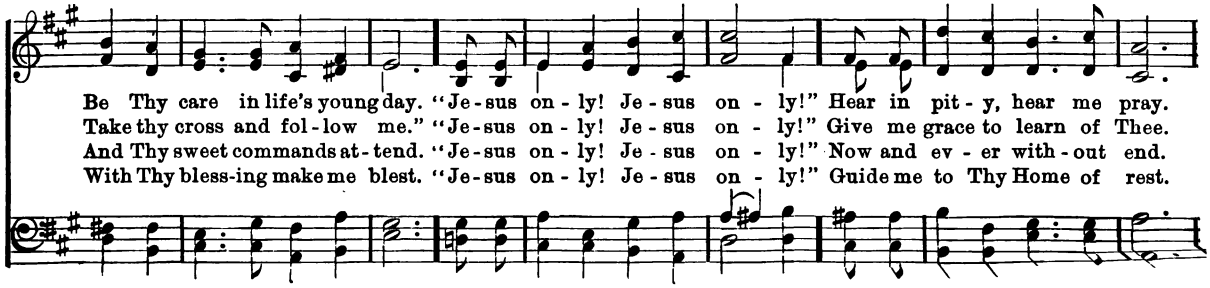
# 200 There is an Eye that Never Sleeps.

Rev. James Cowden Wallace (c. 1739—1841), 1839. "BRADFIELD." John Baptiste Calkin (1827— ).

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps, Be - neath the wing of night; There is an ear that
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When hu-man strength gives way; There is a love that
3. That eye is fixed on se - raph throngs; That arm up - holds the sky; That ear is fill'd with
nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.
nev - er fails, When earth - ly loves de - cay.
an - gel - songs, That love is throned on high.

4.
But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

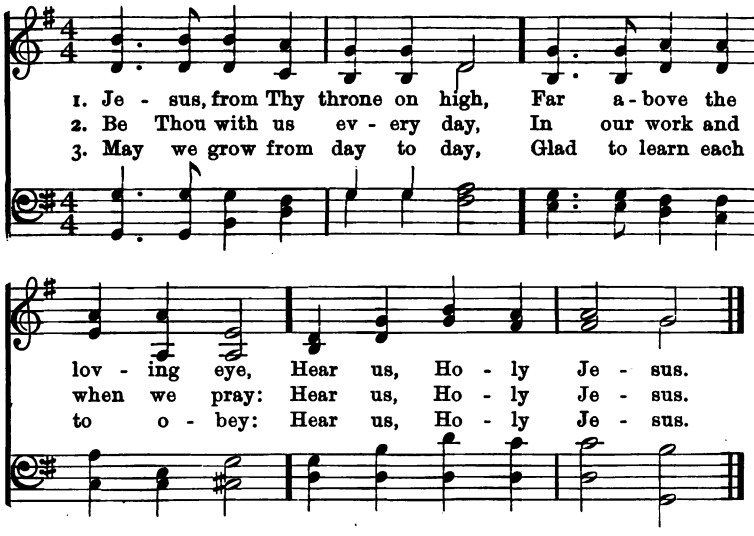
5.
That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand, which moves the world
To bring salvation down.

## Shepherd Sweet and Fair, and Holy.—Concluded.


Be Thy care in life's young day. "Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" Hear in pit - y, hear me pray.
Take thy cross and fol - low me." "Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" Give me grace to learn of Thee.
And Thy sweet commands at - tend. "Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" Now and ev - er with - out end.
With Thy bless - ing make me blest. "Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" Guide me to Thy Home of rest.

## 201 Jesus, from Thy Throne on High.

Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock (1836— ), 1870. "CHILDREN'S LITANY." W. S. Hoyte, 1875.

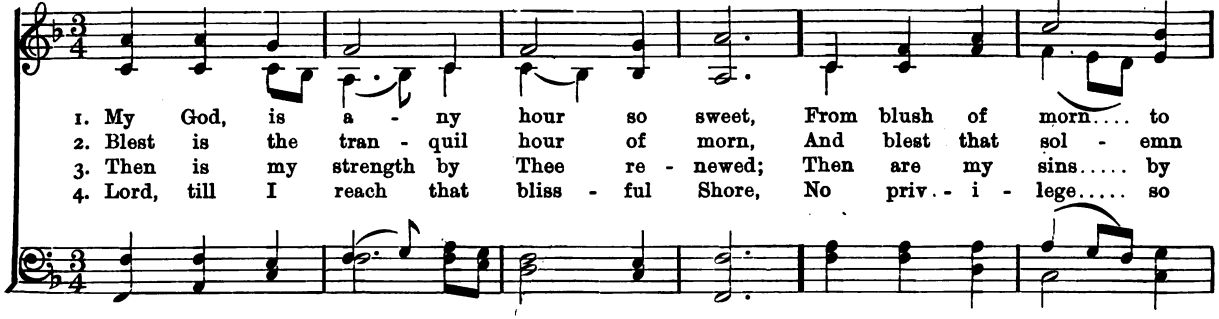

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with
2. Be Thou with us ev - ery day, In our work and in our play, When we learn and
3. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho - ly way, Ev - er read - y
lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
when we pray: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
to o - bey: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

4 May we ever try to be,
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

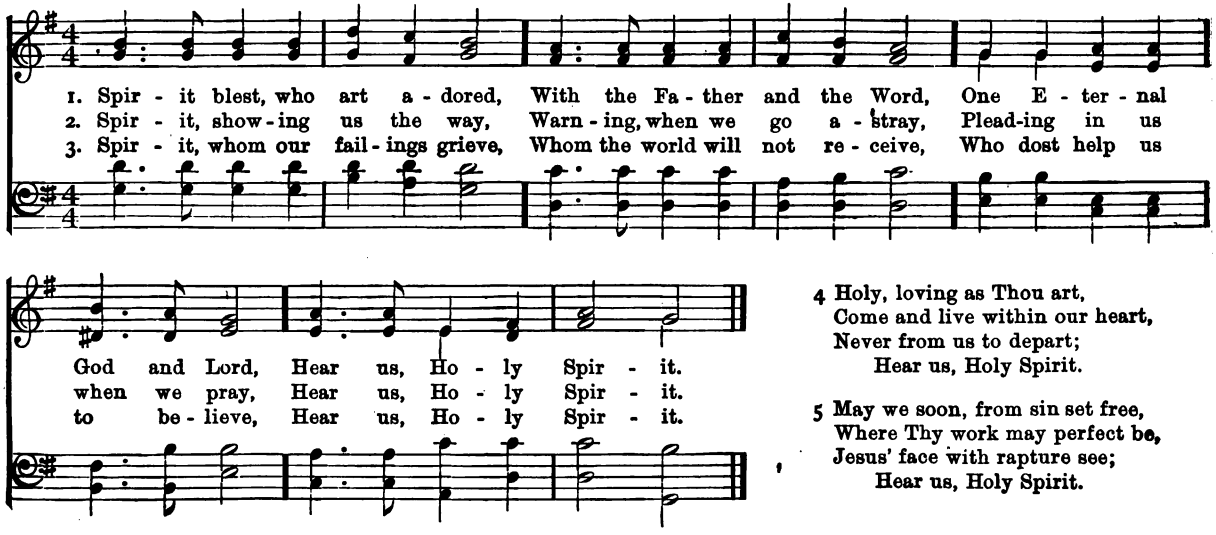
## 202 My God, is any Hour so Sweet.

Miss Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1834. "ALMSGIVING." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).


1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn.... to
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn
3. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins..... by
4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful Shore, No priv.- i - lege..... so

## 203 Spirit Blest, Who art Adored.

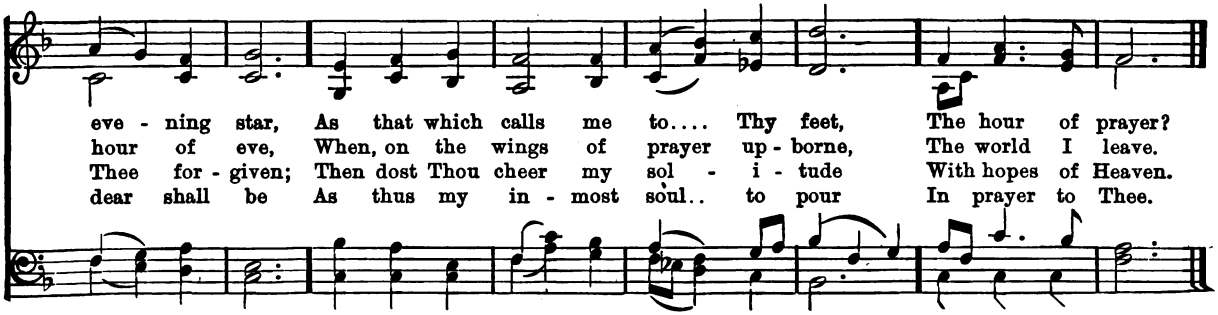
Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock (1836— ), 1870. "EVELYN." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).


1. Spir - it blest, who art a - dored, With the Fa - ther and the Word, One E - ter - nal
2. Spir - it, show - ing us the way, Warn - ing, when we go a - stray, Plead-ing in us
3. Spir - it, whom our fail - ings grieve, Whom the world will not re - ceive, Who dost help us
God and Lord, Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.
when we pray, Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.
to be - lieve, Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.

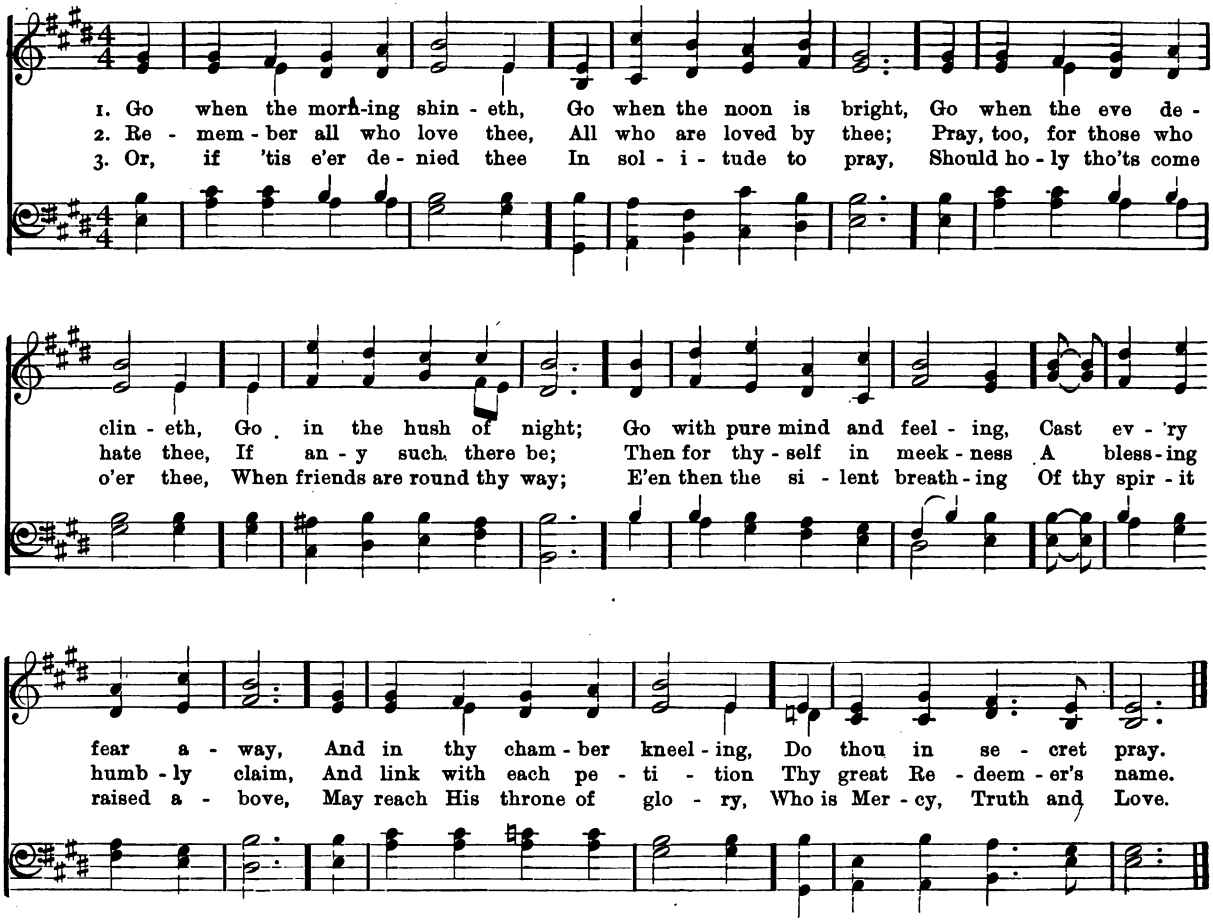
4 Holy, loving as Thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 May we soon, from sin set free,
Where Thy work may perfect be,
Jesus' face with rapture see;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

## My God, is any Hour so Sweet.—Concluded.

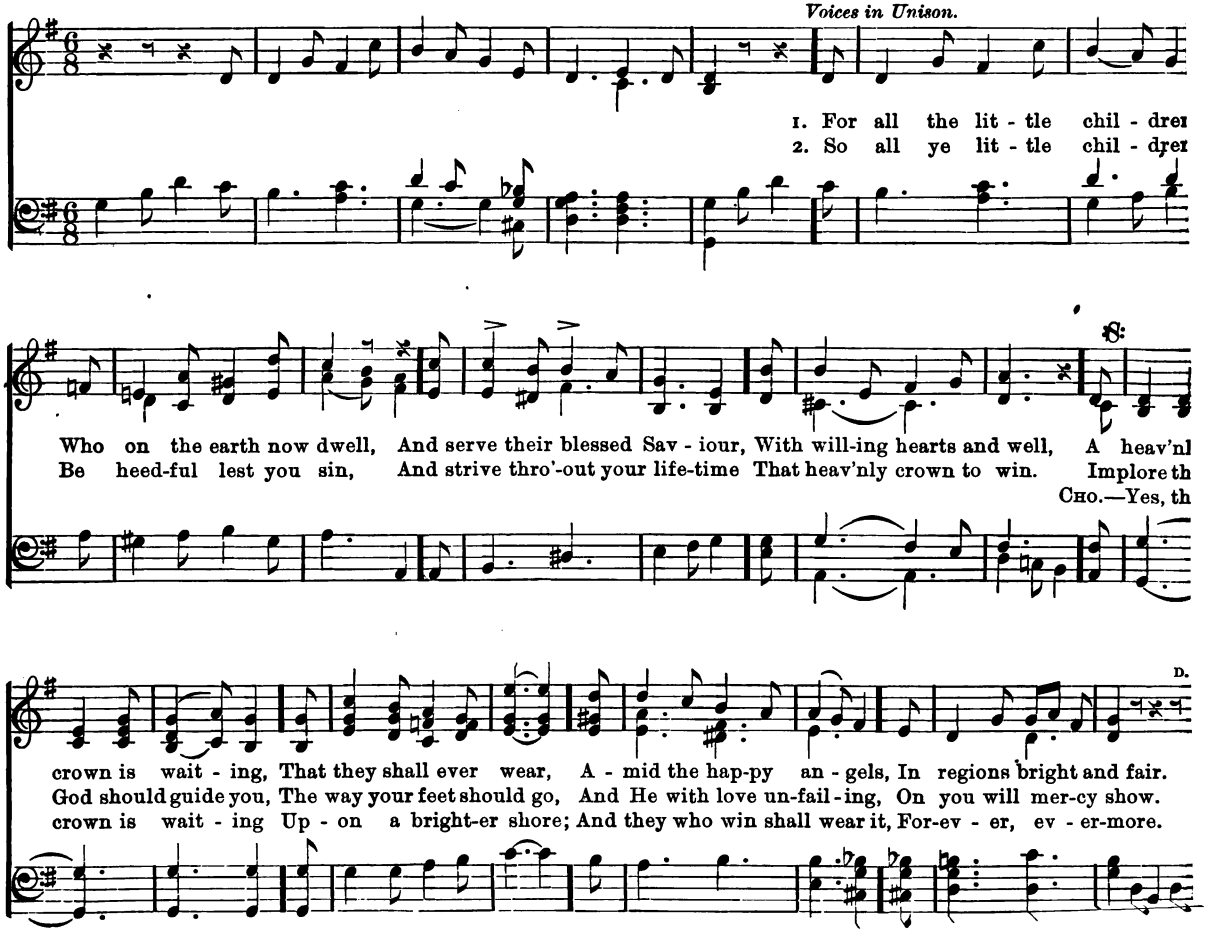

eve - ning star, As that which calls me to.... Thy feet, The hour of prayer?
hour of eve, When, on the wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.
Thee for - given; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of Heaven.
dear shall be As thus my in - most soul.. to pour In prayer to Thee.

# 204 Go when the Morning Shineth.

Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson (1811— ), 1831. "GENESIS." George Mursell Garrett (1834— ), 1889.

1. Go when the morn-ing shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night; Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Cast ev - 'ry fear a - way, And in thy cham - ber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee; Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be; Then for thy - self in meek - ness A bless - ing humb - ly claim, And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's name.
3. Or, if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray, Should ho - ly tho'ts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way; E'en then the si - lent breath - ing Of thy spir - it raised a - bove, May reach His throne of glo - ry, Who is Mer - cy, Truth and Love.

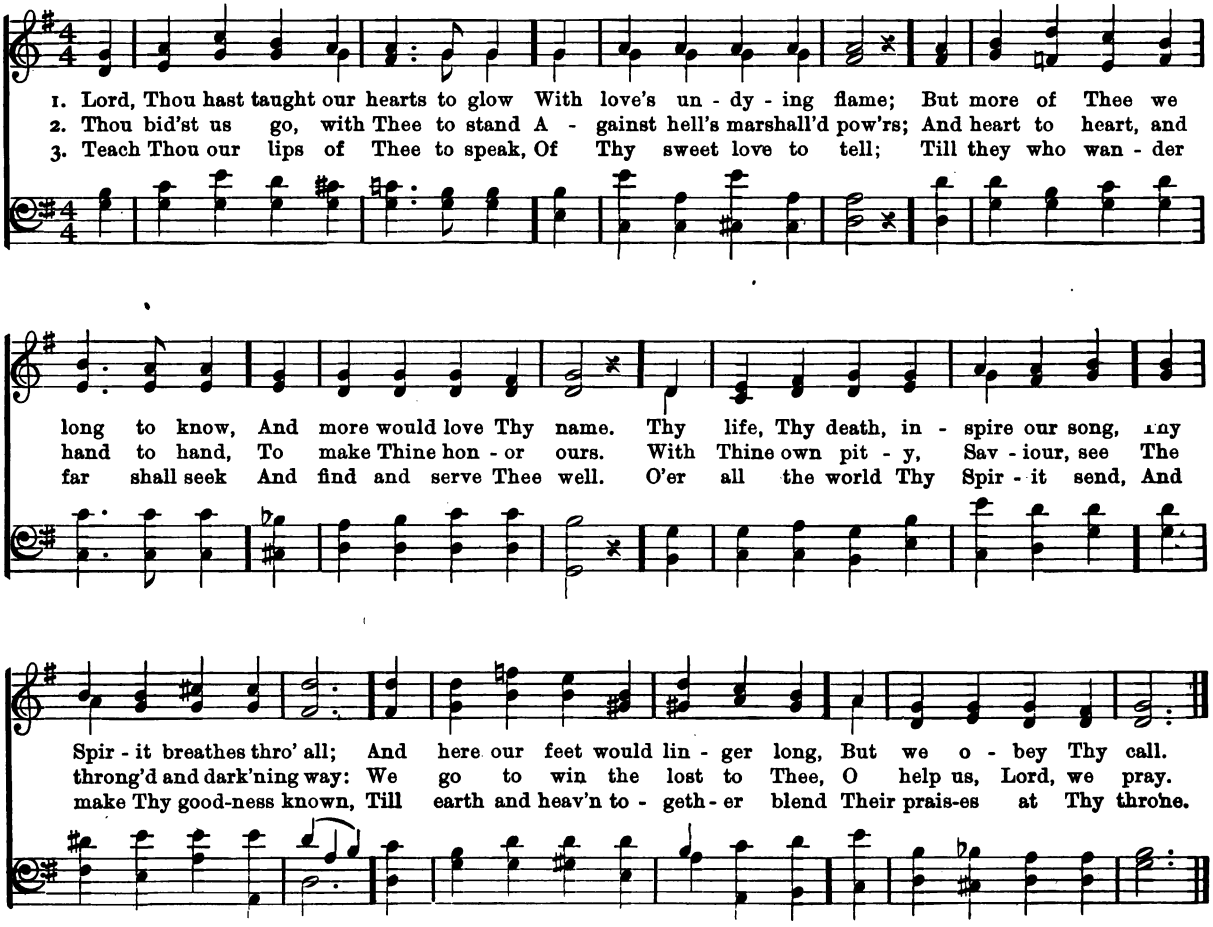
# 205 For All the Little Children.

Anon. "CHILDREN'S CROWN." Sir John Stainer, (1840— ).

*Voices in Unison.*

1. For all the lit - tle chil - dren
2. So all ye lit - tle chil - dren
Who on the earth now dwell, And serve their blessed Sav - iour, With will-ing hearts and well, A heav'nl
Be heed-ful lest you sin, And strive thro'-out your life-time That heav'nly crown to win. Implore th
Cho.—Yes, th
D.
crown is wait - ing, That they shall ever wear, A - mid the hap-py an - gels, In regions bright and fair.
God should guide you, The way your feet should go, And He with love un-fail-ing, On you will mer-cy show.
crown is wait - ing Up - on a bright-er shore; And they who win shall wear it, For-ev - er, ev - er-more.

# 206 Lord, Thou hast Taught Our Hearts to Glow.

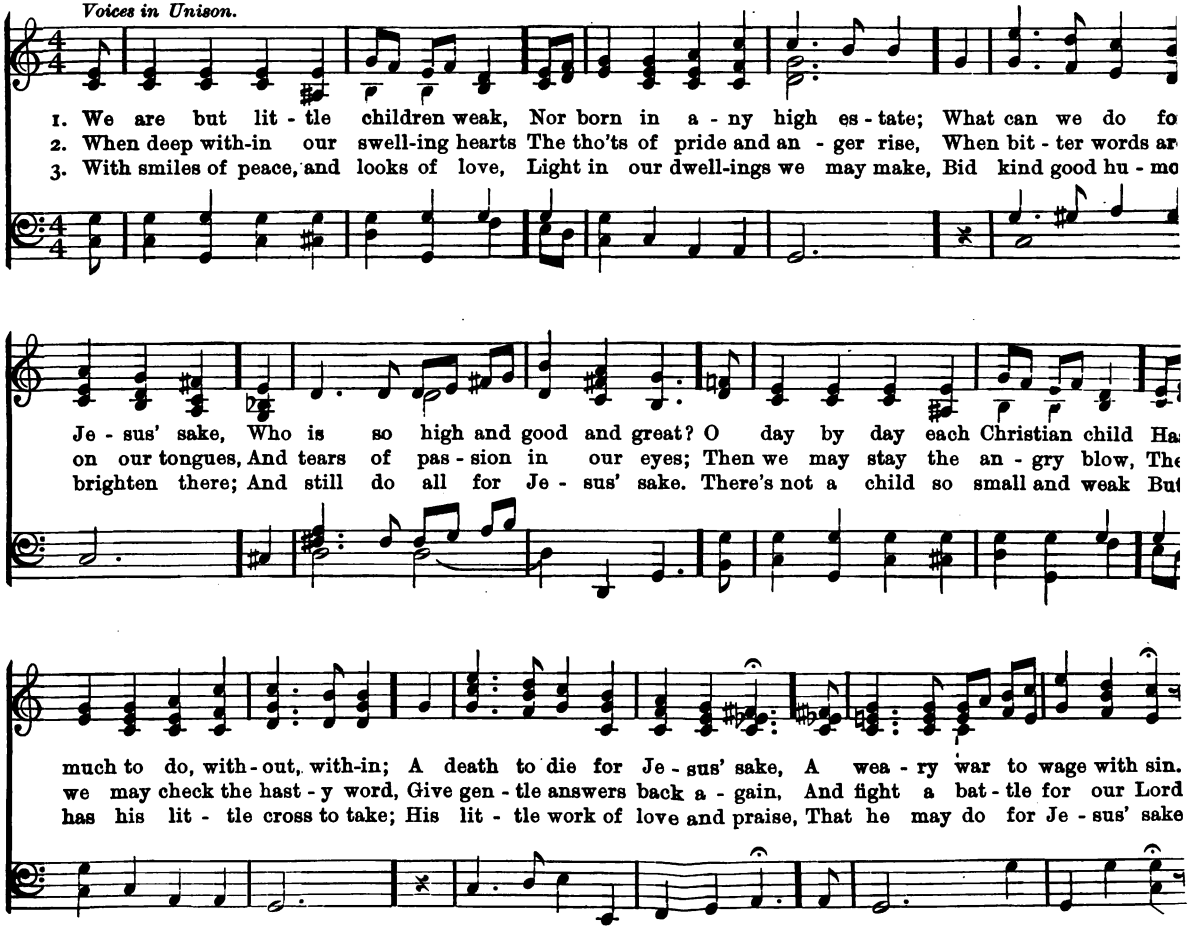
Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1865. "ST. LEONARD." Henry Hiles (1836— ), 1870.


1. Lord, Thou hast taught our hearts to glow With love's un - dy - ing flame; But more of Thee we
2. Thou bid'st us go, with Thee to stand A - gainst hell's marshall'd pow'rs; And heart to heart, and
3. Teach Thou our lips of Thee to speak, Of Thy sweet love to tell; Till they who wan - der
long to know, And more would love Thy name. Thy life, Thy death, in - spire our song, May
hand to hand, To make Thine hon - or ours. With Thine own pit - y, Sav - iour, see The
far shall seek And find and serve Thee well. O'er all the world Thy Spir - it send, And
Spir - it breathes thro' all; And here our feet would lin - ger long, But we o - bey Thy call.
throng'd and dark'ning way: We go to win the lost to Thee, O help us, Lord, we pray.
make Thy good-ness known, Till earth and heav'n to - geth - er blend Their prais-es at Thy throne.

# 207 We are but Little Children Weak.

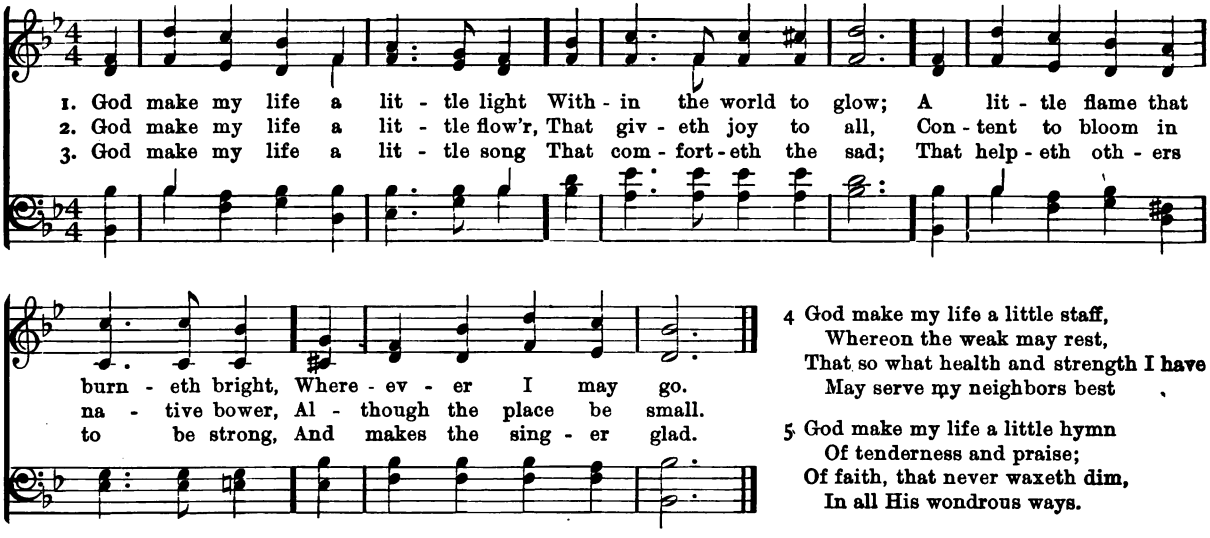
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823— ), 1850. John Farmer (1816— ).

*Voices in Unison.*


1. We are but lit - tle children weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate; What can we do fo
2. When deep with-in our swell-ing hearts The tho'ts of pride and an - ger rise, When bit - ter words ar
3. With smiles of peace, and looks of love, Light in our dwell-ings we may make, Bid kind good hu - mo
Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great? O day by day each Christian child Ha
on our tongues, And tears of pas - sion in our eyes; Then we may stay the an - gry blow, The
brighten there; And still do all for Je - sus' sake. There's not a child so small and weak But
much to do, with - out, with-in; A death to die for Je - sus' sake, A wea - ry war to wage with sin.
we may check the hast - y word, Give gen - tle answers back a - gain, And fight a bat - tle for our Lord
has his lit - tle cross to take; His lit - tle work of love and praise, That he may do for Je - sus' sake

## 208 God make My Life a Little Light.

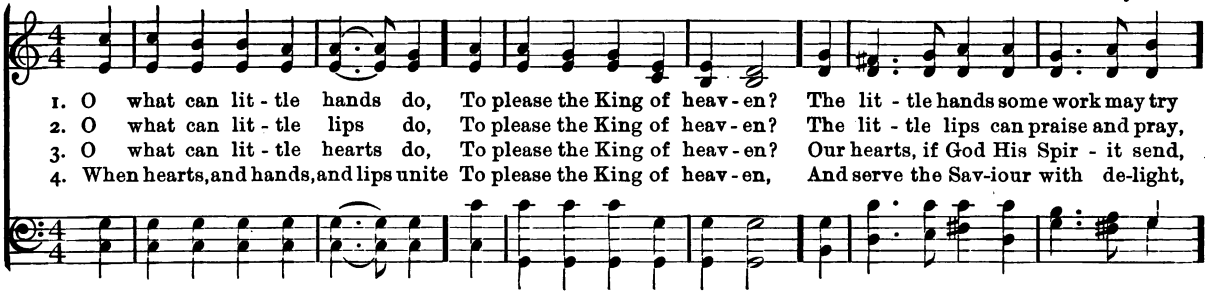
Miss Matilda Barbara Betham Edwards (1836— ), 1873. Sir John Stainer (1840— ).


1. God make my life a lit - tle light With - in the world to glow; A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Where - ev - er I may go.
2. God make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That giv - eth joy to all, Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bower, Al - though the place be small.
3. God make my life a lit - tle song That com - fort - eth the sad; That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.

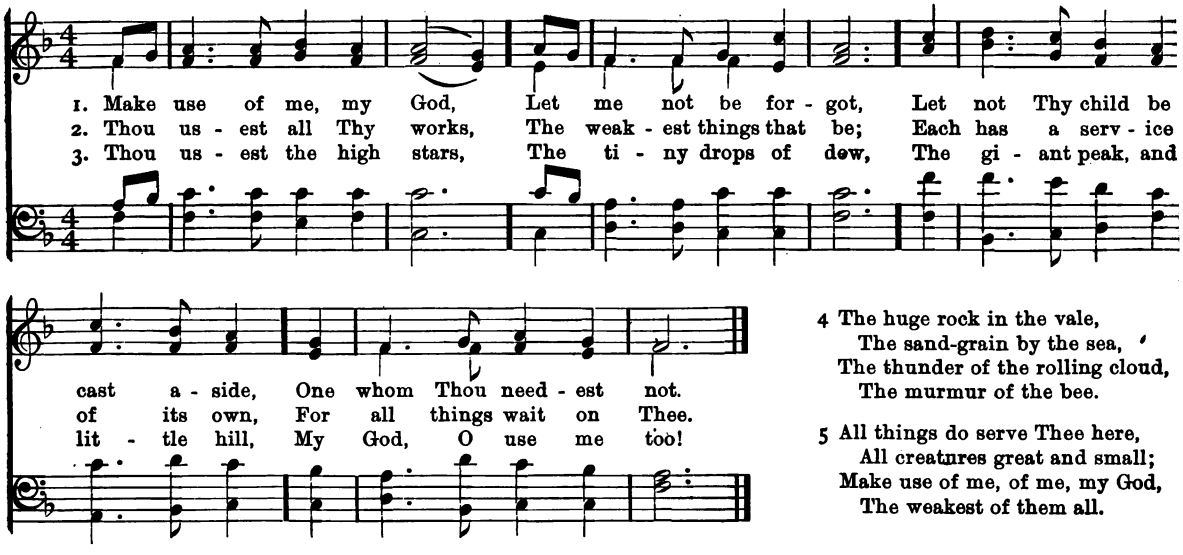
4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

## 209 O what can Little Hands Do.

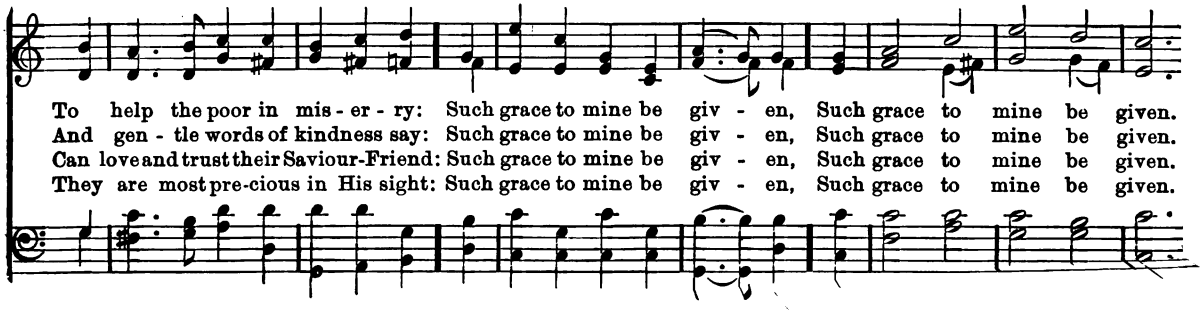
Anon. "GRACE." Arr. fr. Children's Hymnal.

1. O what can lit - tle hands do, To please the King of heav - en? The lit - tle hands some work may try
2. O what can lit - tle lips do, To please the King of heav - en? The lit - tle lips can praise and pray,
3. O what can lit - tle hearts do, To please the King of heav - en? Our hearts, if God His Spir - it send,
4. When hearts, and hands, and lips unite To please the King of heav - en, And serve the Sav-iour with de-light,

# 210 Make Use of Me, My God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889). "ZURICH." Hans Georg Nageli (1773—1836).

1. Make use of me, my God, Let me not be for - got, Let not Thy child be cast a - side, One whom Thou need - est not.
2. Thou us - est all Thy works, The weak - est things that be; Each has a serv - ice of its own, For all things wait on Thee.
3. Thou us - est the high stars, The ti - ny drops of dew, The gi - ant peak, and lit - tle hill, My God, O use me too!

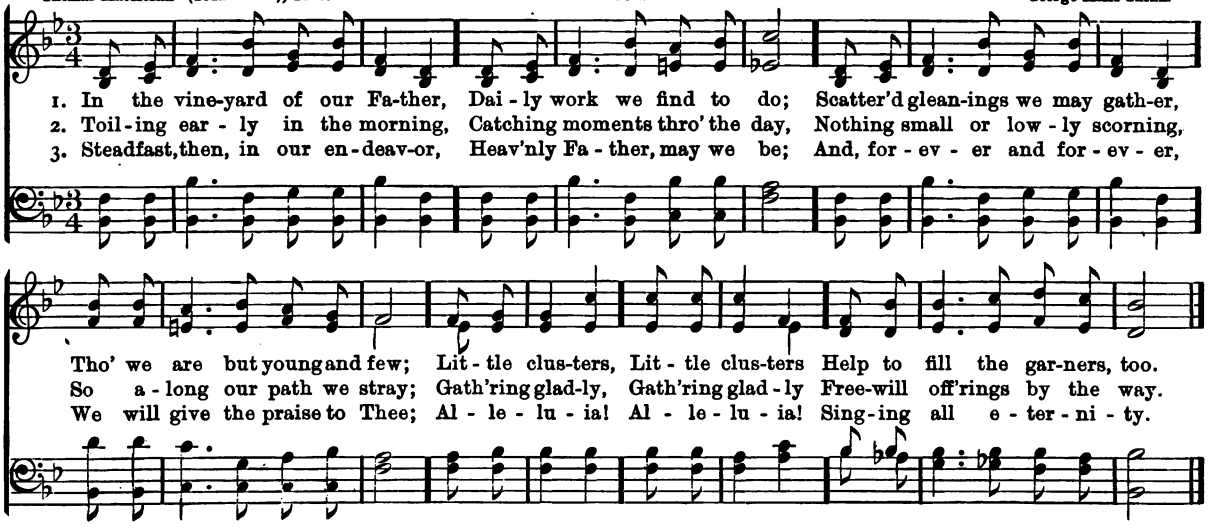
4 The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

5 All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

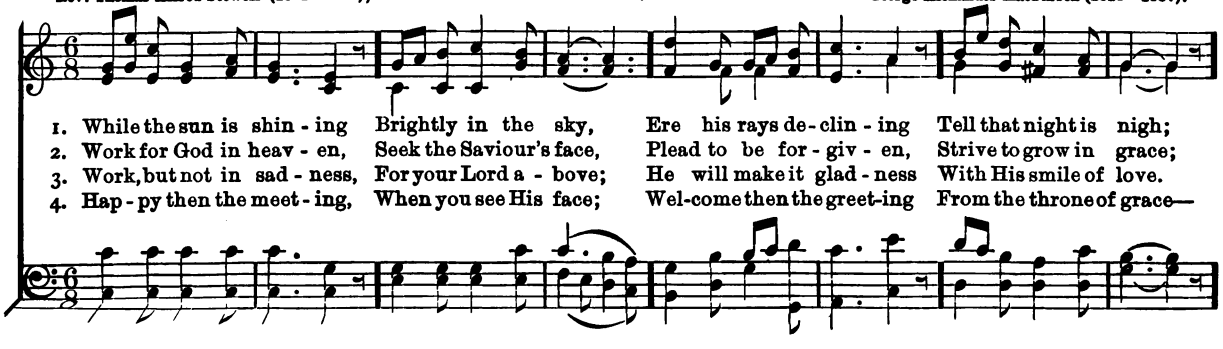
## O what can Little Hands Do.—Concluded.

To help the poor in mis - er - ry: Such grace to mine be giv - en, Such grace to mine be given.
And gen - tle words of kindness say: Such grace to mine be giv - en, Such grace to mine be given.
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend: Such grace to mine be giv - en, Such grace to mine be given.
They are most pre-cious in His sight: Such grace to mine be giv - en, Such grace to mine be given.

## 211 In the Vineyard of our Father.

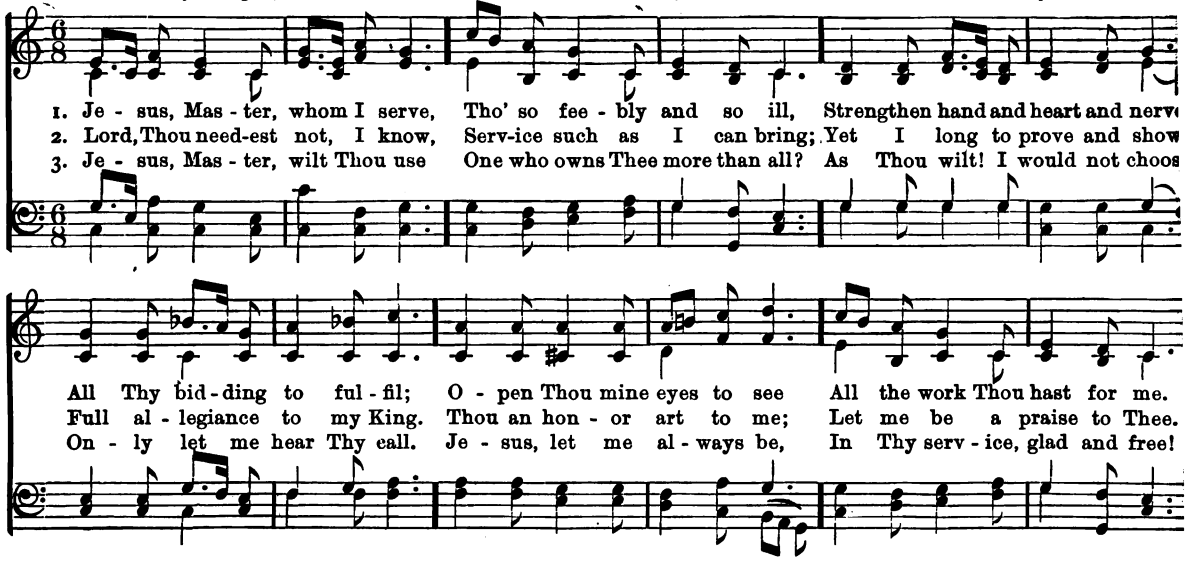
Thomas MacKellar (1812— ), 1845. "PADDOCK." George Mills Shinn.

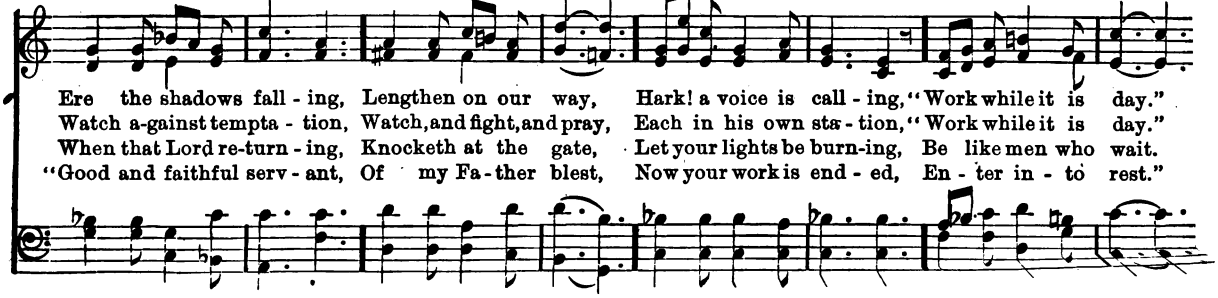

1. In the vine-yard of our Fa-ther, Dai-ly work we find to do; Scatter'd glean-ings we may gath-er,
2. Toil-ing ear-ly in the morning, Catching moments thro' the day, Nothing small or low-ly scorning,
3. Steadfast, then, in our en-deav-or, Heav'nly Fa-ther, may we be; And, for-ev-er and for-ev-er,
Tho' we are but young and few; Lit-tle clus-ters, Lit-tle clus-ters Help to fill the gar-ners, too.
So a-long our path we stray; Gath'ring glad-ly, Gath'ring glad-ly Free-will off'rings by the way.
We will give the praise to Thee; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Sing-ing all e-ter-ni-ty.

## 212 While the Sun is Shining.

Rev. Thomas Alfred Stowell (1831— ), 1869. "ELLWOOD." George Alexander MacFarren (1813—1887).

1. While the sun is shin-ing Brightly in the sky, Ere his rays de-clin-ing Tell that night is nigh;
2. Work for God in heav-en, Seek the Saviour's face, Plead to be for-giv-en, Strive to grow in grace;
3. Work, but not in sad-ness, For your Lord a-bove; He will make it glad-ness With His smile of love.
4. Hap-py then the meet-ing, When you see His face; Wel-come then the greet-ing From the throne of grace—

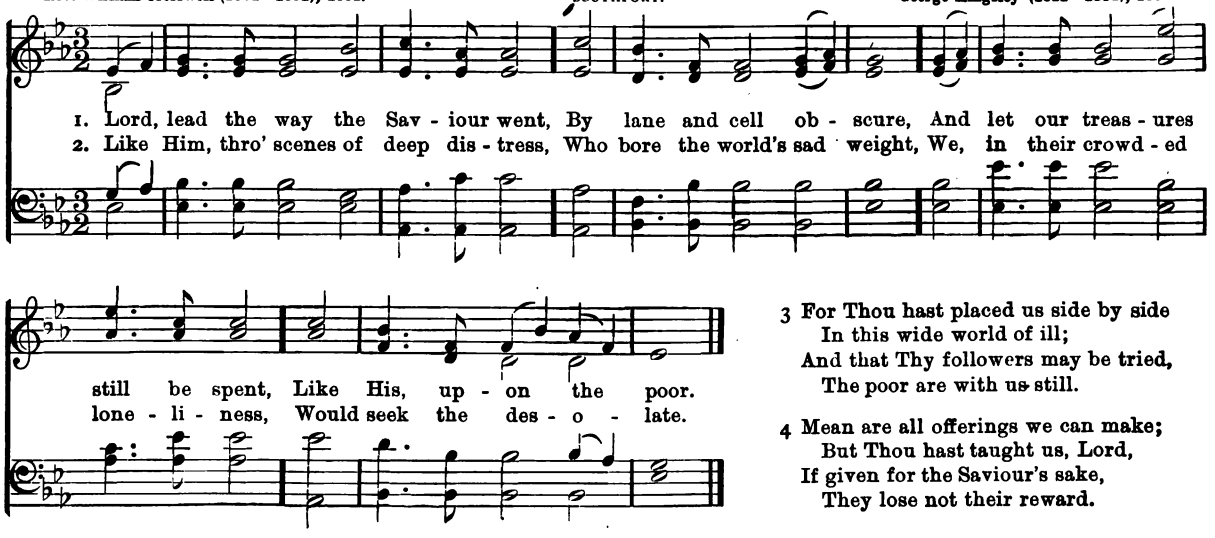
# 213 Jesus, Master, whom I Serve.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1869. "CHILD'S BOOK OF PRAISE, NO. 11." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876).

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Tho' so fee - bly and so ill, Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
2. Lord, Thou need-est not, I know, Serv-ice such as I can bring; Yet I long to prove and show
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, wilt Thou use One who owns Thee more than all? As Thou wilt! I would not choos
All Thy bid - ding to ful - fil; O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me.
Full al - legiance to my King. Thou an hon - or art to me; Let me be a praise to Thee.
On - ly let me hear Thy call. Je - sus, let me al - ways be, In Thy serv - ice, glad and free!

## While the Sun is Shining.—Concluded.

Ere the shadows fall - ing, Lengthen on our way, Hark! a voice is call - ing, "Work while it is day."
Watch a-gainst tempta - tion, Watch, and fight, and pray, Each in his own sta - tion, "Work while it is day."
When that Lord re-turn - ing, Knocketh at the gate, Let your lights be burn-ing, Be like men who wait.
"Good and faithful serv - ant, Of my Fa - ther blest, Now your work is end - ed, En - ter in - to rest."

## 214 Lord, Lead the Way the Saviour Went.

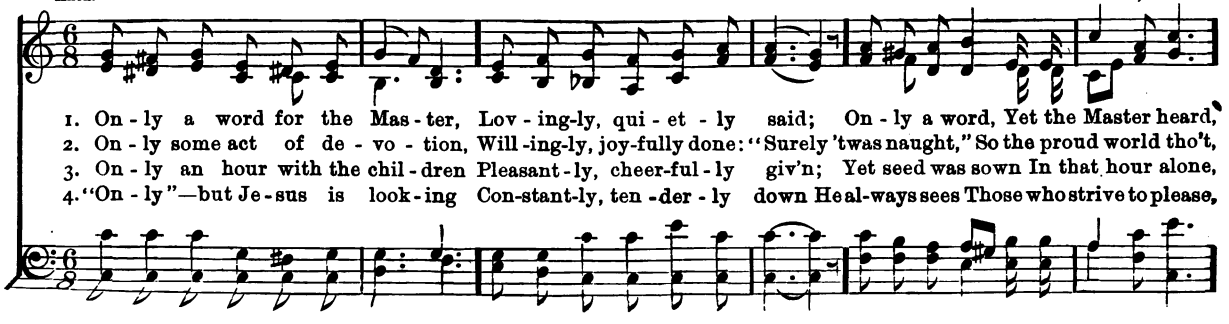
Rev. William Crosswell (1804—1851), 1831. "SOUTHPORT." George Kingsley (1811—1884), 1853.


1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure, And let our treas - ures
2. Like Him, thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight, We, in their crowd - ed
still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor.
lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.

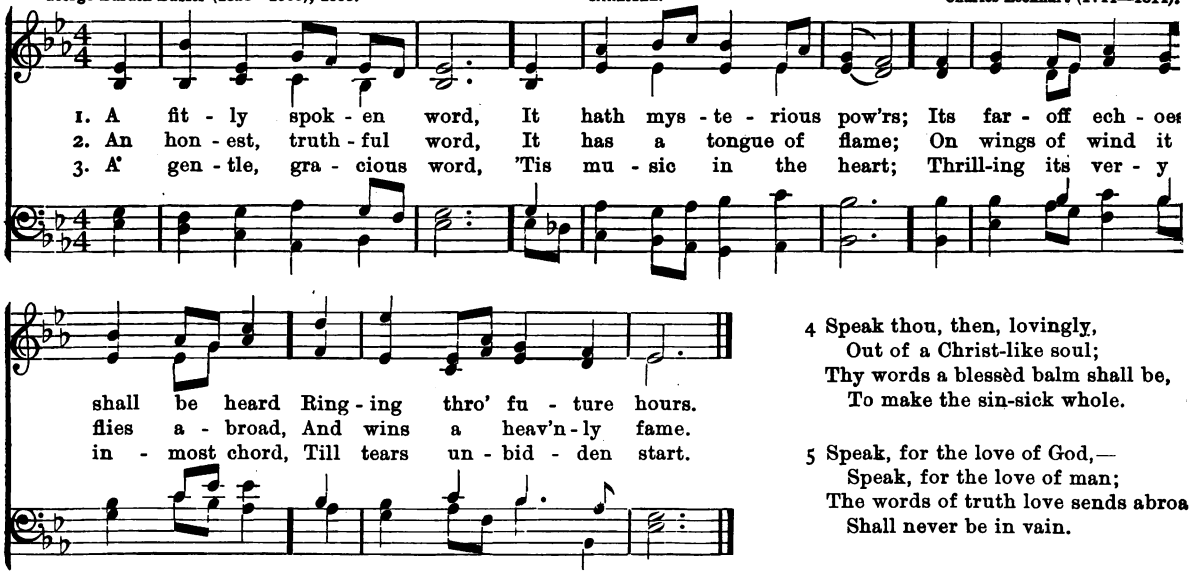
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

## 215 Only a Word for the Master.

Anon. "ERNESTA." W. F. Biddle, 1893.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing-ly, qui - et - ly said; On - ly a word, Yet the Master heard,
2. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will - ing-ly, joy-fully done: "Surely 'twas naught," So the proud world tho't,
3. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren Pleasant - ly, cheer-ful - ly giv'n; Yet seed was sown In that hour alone,
4. "On - ly"—but Je - sus is look - ing Con-stant-ly, ten - der - ly down He al-ways sees Those who strive to please,

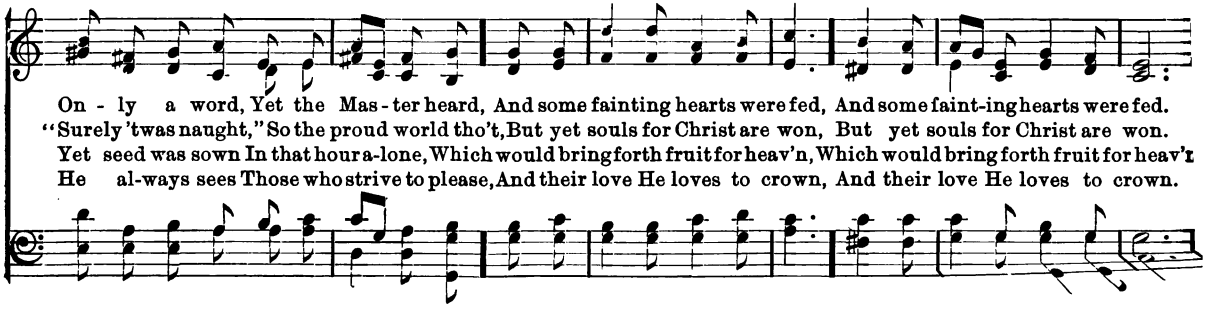
# 216 A Fitly Spoken Word.

George Burden Bubier (1823—1860), 1855. "CARLISLE." Charles Lockhart (1744—1814).

1. A fit - ly spok - en word, It hath mys - te - rious pow'rs; Its far - off ech - oes
2. An hon - est, truth - ful word, It has a tongue of flame; On wings of wind it
3. A gen - tle, gra - cious word, 'Tis mu - sic in the heart; Thrill-ing its ver - y
shall be heard Ring - ing thro' fu - ture hours.
flies a - broad, And wins a heav'n - ly fame.
in - most chord, Till tears un - bid - den start.

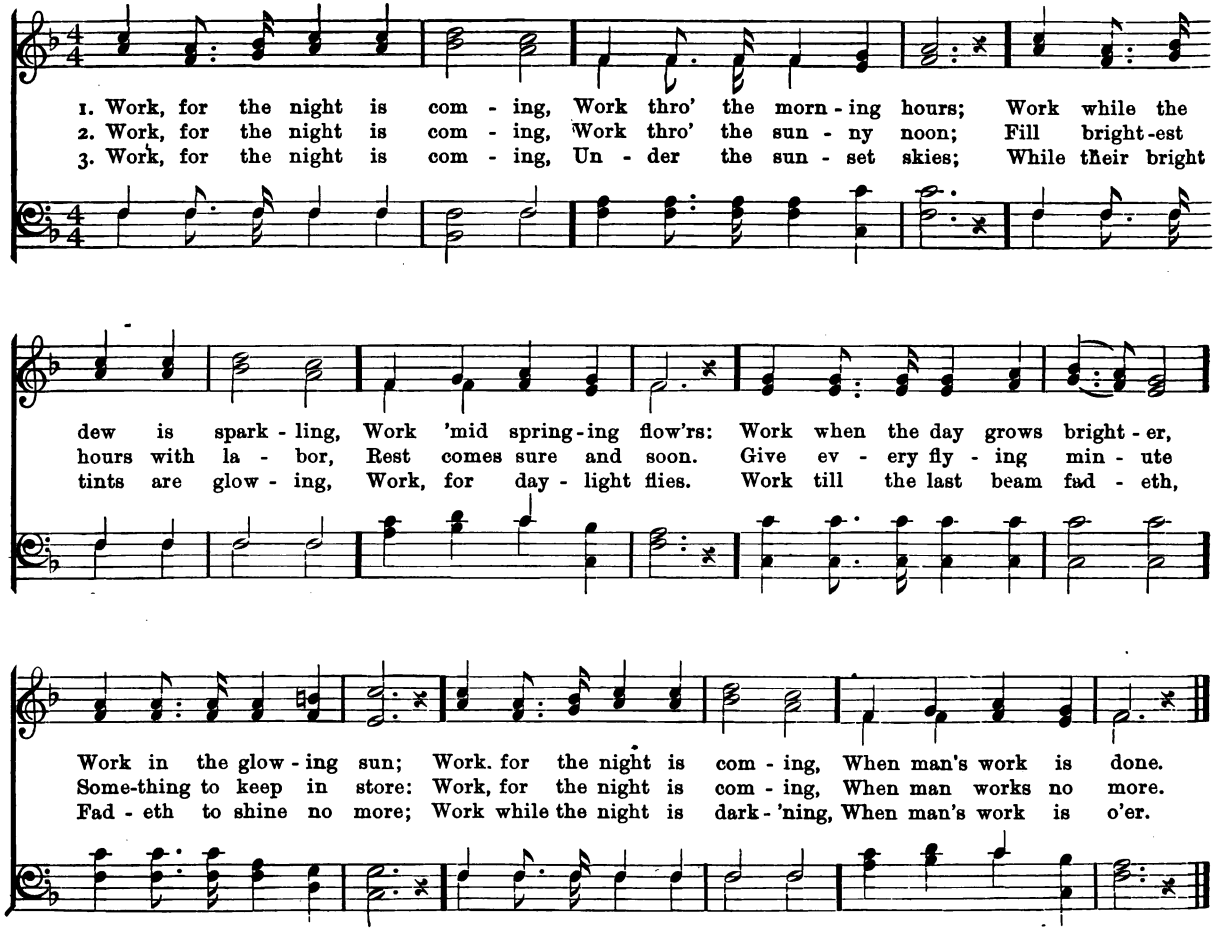
4 Speak thou, then, lovingly,
Out of a Christ-like soul;
Thy words a blessèd balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

5 Speak, for the love of God,—
Speak, for the love of man;
The words of truth love sends abroa
Shall never be in vain.

## Only a Word for the Master.—Concluded.


On - ly a word, Yet the Mas - ter heard, And some fainting hearts were fed, And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
"Surely 'twas naught," So the proud world tho't, But yet souls for Christ are won, But yet souls for Christ are won.
Yet seed was sown In that hour a-lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n
He al-ways sees Those who strive to please, And their love He loves to crown, And their love He loves to crown.

# 217 Work, for the Night is Coming.

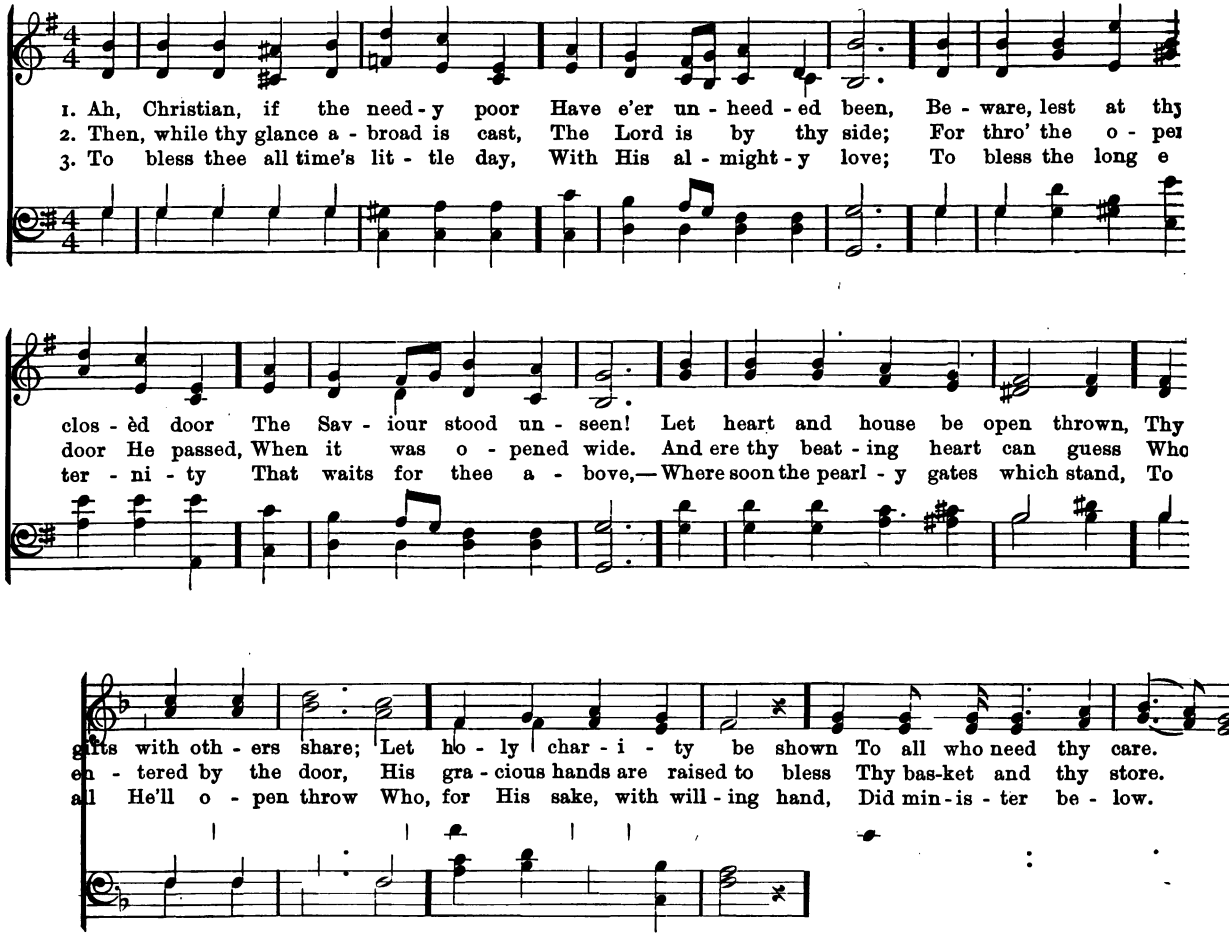
Miss Anne L. Walker, 1868. Lowell Mason (1792—1872).

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright
dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs: Work when the day grows bright - er,
hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute
tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,
Work in the glow - ing sun; Work. for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Some-thing to keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

# 218 Ah, Christian, if the Needy Poor.

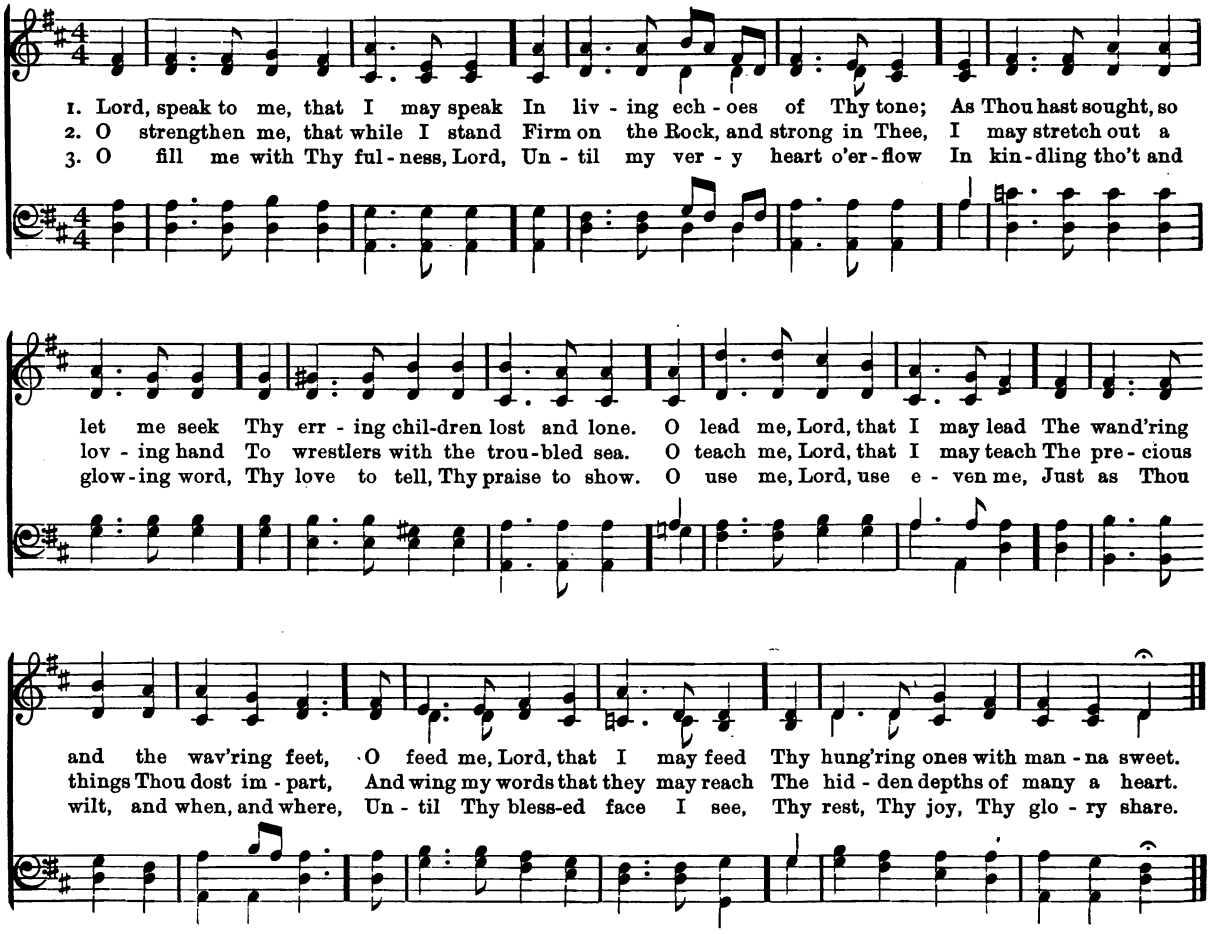
Johann Wilhelm Hey (1789—1854), 1835.
Tr. by Mrs. Sarah Borthwik Findlater (1823—1886), 1858.

"BETHLEHEM."

L. H. Redner (1831— ).

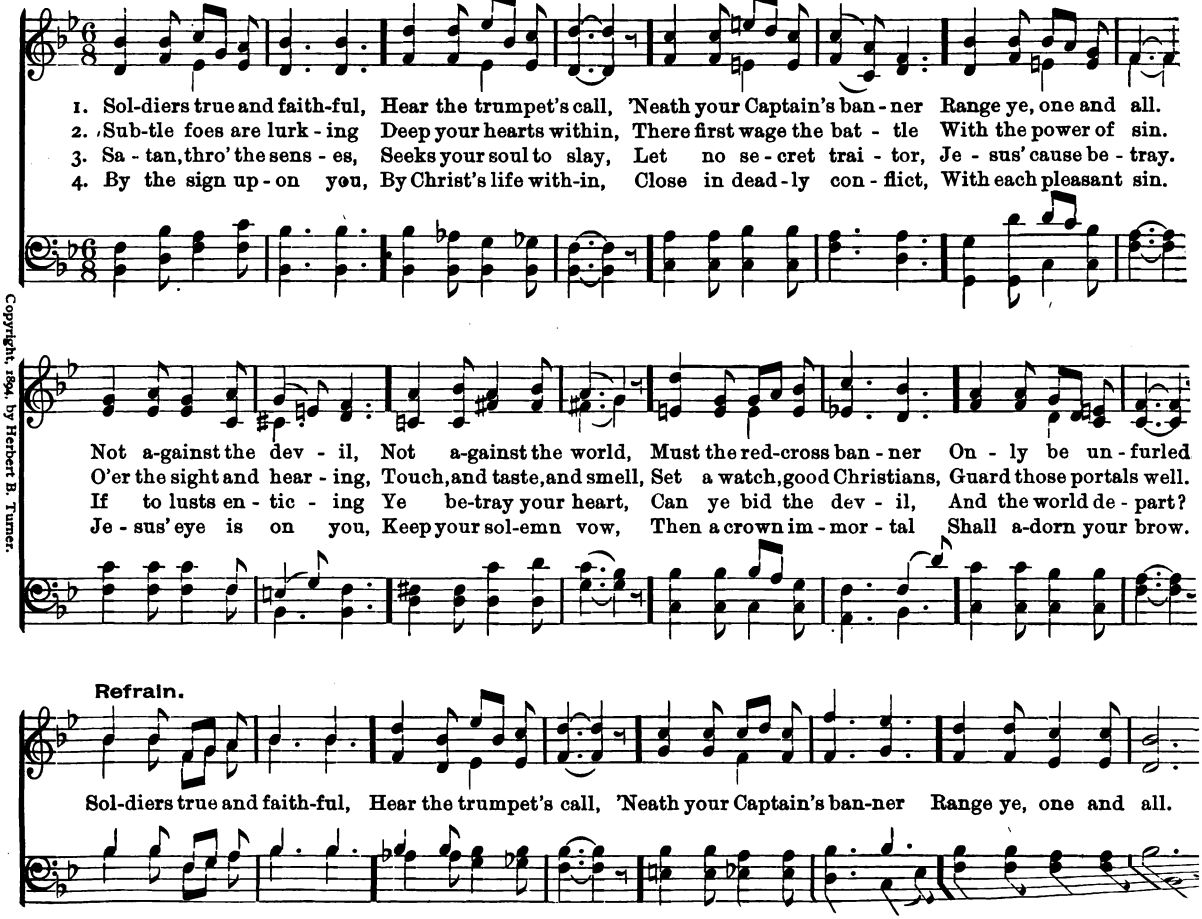

1. Ah, Christian, if the need-y poor Have e'er un-heed-ed been, Be-ware, lest at thy
2. Then, while thy glance a-broad is cast, The Lord is by thy side; For thro' the o-pen
3. To bless thee all time's lit-tle day, With His al-might-y love; To bless the long e
clos-èd door The Sav-iour stood un-seen! Let heart and house be open thrown, Thy
door He passed, When it was o-pened wide. And ere thy beat-ing heart can guess Who
ter-ni-ty That waits for thee a-bove,—Where soon the pearl-y gates which stand, To
gifts with oth-ers share; Let ho-ly char-i-ty be shown To all who need thy care.
en-tered by the door, His gra-cious hands are raised to bless Thy bas-ket and thy store.
all He'll o-pen throw Who, for His sake, with will-ing hand, Did min-is-ter be-low.

# 219 Lord, Speak to Me, that I may Speak.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1872. John Farmer (1816— ).

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so
2. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a
3. O fill me with Thy ful - ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow In kin - dling tho't and
let me seek Thy err - ing chil-dren lost and lone. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring
lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the trou-bled sea. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious
glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou
and the wav'ring feet, O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man - na sweet.
things Thou dost im - part, And wing my words that they may reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.
wilt, and when, and where, Un - til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

# 220 Soldiers True and Faithful.

Miss Esther Wiglesworth (1827— ), 1878. "RALPH." Rev. Herbert B. Turner (1852— ), 1890


1. Sol-diers true and faith-ful, Hear the trumpet's call, 'Neath your Captain's ban - ner Range ye, one and all.
2. Sub-tle foes are lurk - ing Deep your hearts within, There first wage the bat - tle With the power of sin.
3. Sa - tan, thro' the sens - es, Seeks your soul to slay, Let no se - cret trai - tor, Je - sus' cause be - tray.
4. By the sign up - on you, By Christ's life with-in, Close in dead - ly con - flict, With each pleasant sin.
Not a-gainst the dev - il, Not a-gainst the world, Must the red-cross ban - ner On - ly be un - furled
O'er the sight and hear - ing, Touch, and taste, and smell, Set a watch, good Christians, Guard those portals well.
If to lusts en - tic - ing Ye be-tray your heart, Can ye bid the dev - il, And the world de - part?
Je - sus' eye is on you, Keep your sol-emn vow, Then a crown im - mor - tal Shall a-dorn your brow.
Refrain.
Sol-diers true and faith-ful, Hear the trumpet's call, 'Neath your Captain's ban-ner Range ye, one and all.

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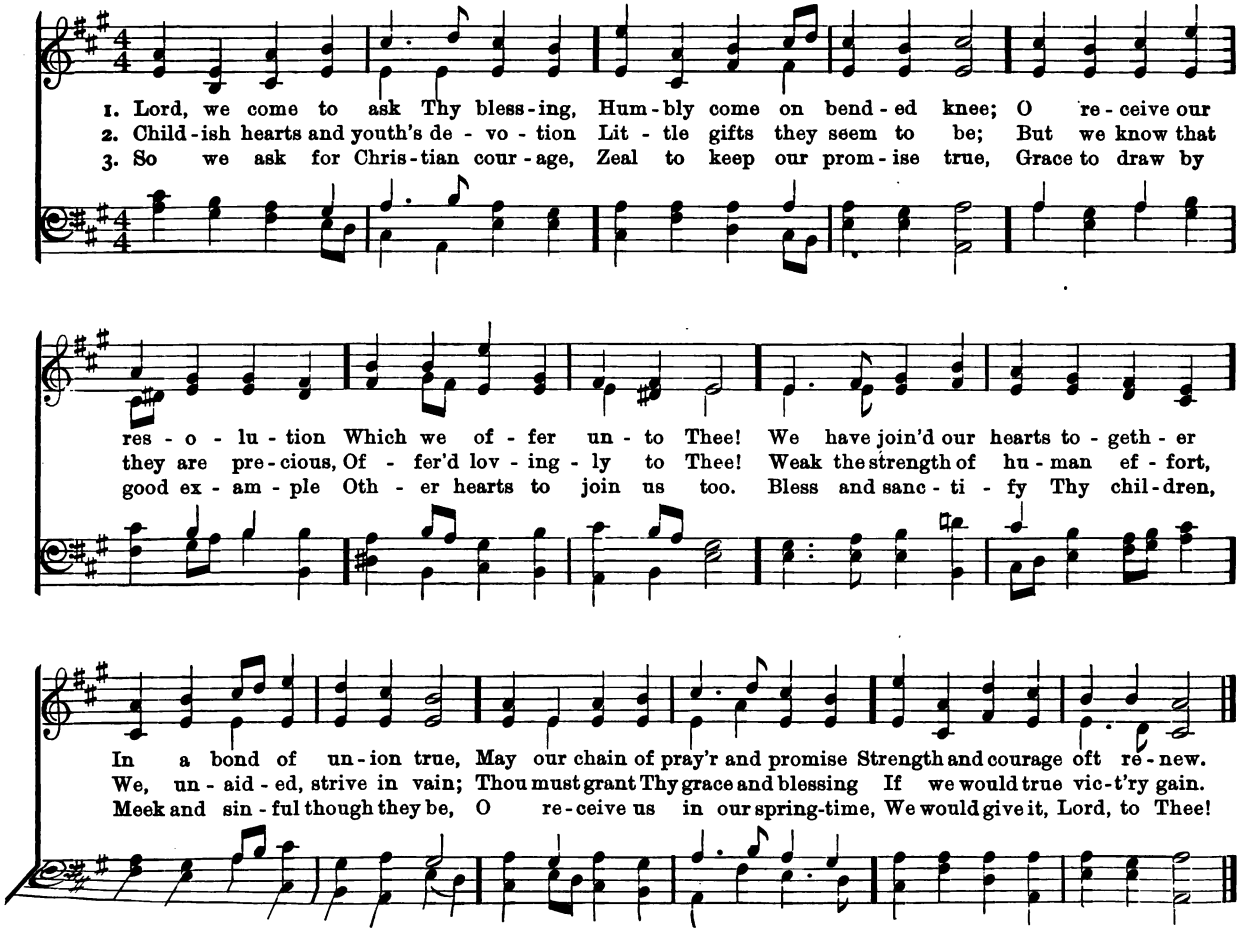
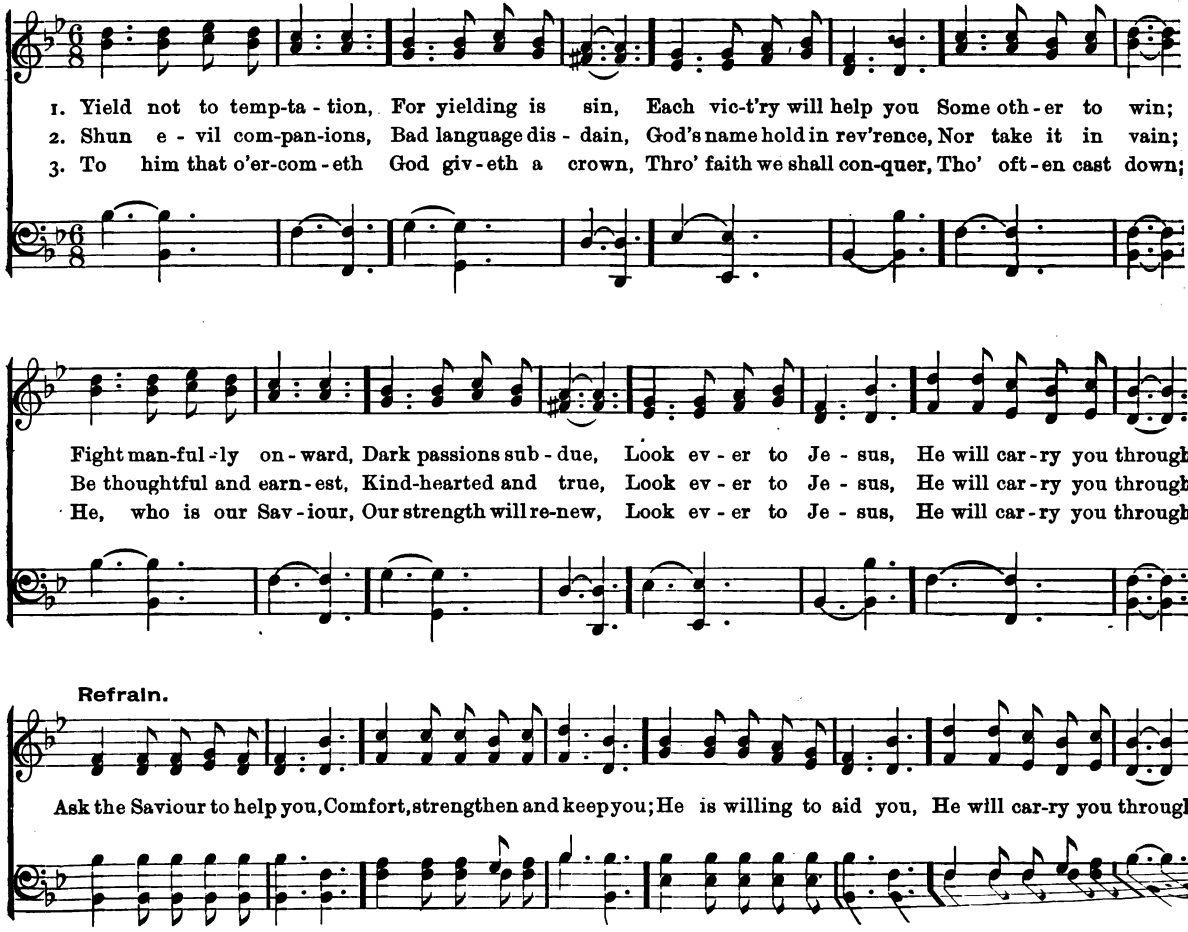
# 221 Lord, We come to Ask Thy Blessing.

Mrs. Henrietta Octavia De Lisle Dobree (1831— ), 1881. "REX GLORIÆ." Henry Smart (1812—1879).

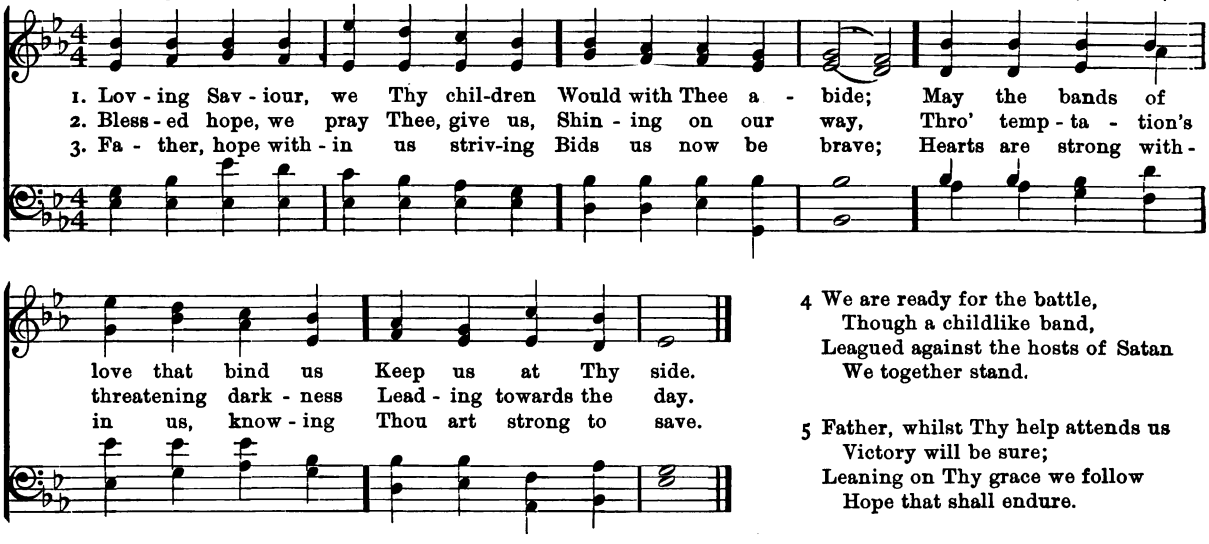

1. Lord, we come to ask Thy bless-ing, Hum-bly come on bend-ed knee; O re-ceive our res-o-lu-tion Which we of-fer un-to Thee! We have join'd our hearts to-geth-er In a bond of un-ion true, May our chain of pray'r and promise Strength and courage oft re-new.
2. Child-ish hearts and youth's de-vo-tion Lit-tle gifts they seem to be; But we know that they are pre-cious, Of-fer'd lov-ing-ly to Thee! Weak the strength of hu-man ef-fort, We, un-aid-ed, strive in vain; Thou must grant Thy grace and blessing If we would true vic-t'ry gain.
3. So we ask for Chris-tian cour-age, Zeal to keep our prom-ise true, Grace to draw by good ex-am-ple Oth-er hearts to join us too. Bless and sanc-ti-fy Thy chil-dren, Meek and sin-ful though they be, O re-ceive us in our spring-time, We would give it, Lord, to Thee!

# 222 Yield Not to Temptation.

Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1868. "TEMPTATION." By per. Horatio Richmond Palmer (1834— ), 1868.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win;
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down;
Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through
Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through
He, who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through
Refrain.
Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you through

## 223 Loving Saviour, we Thy Children.

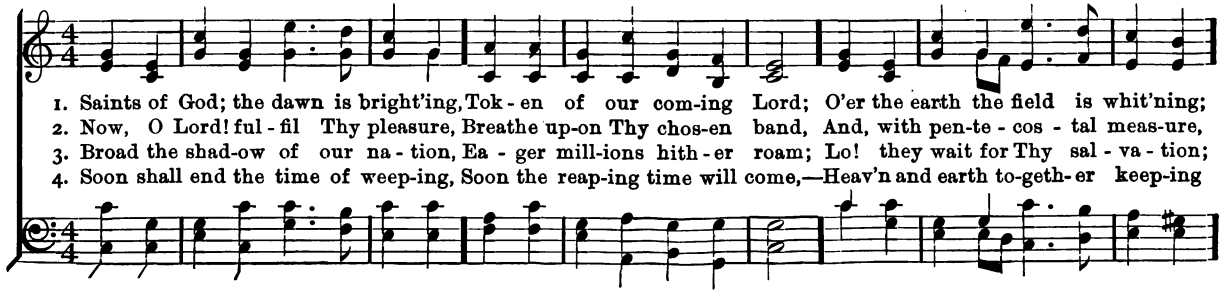
Rev. Geoffrey Hughes (1847— ), 1881. "DULCE SONANS." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. Lov - ing Sav - iour, we Thy chil-dren Would with Thee a - bide; May the bands of
2. Bless - ed hope, we pray Thee, give us, Shin - ing on our way, Thro' temp - ta - tion's
3. Fa - ther, hope with - in us striv-ing Bids us now be brave; Hearts are strong with -
love that bind us Keep us at Thy side.
threatening dark - ness Lead - ing towards the day.
in us, know - ing Thou art strong to save.

4 We are ready for the battle,
Though a childlike band,
Leagued against the hosts of Satan
We together stand.

5 Father, whilst Thy help attends us
Victory will be sure;
Leaning on Thy grace we follow
Hope that shall endure.

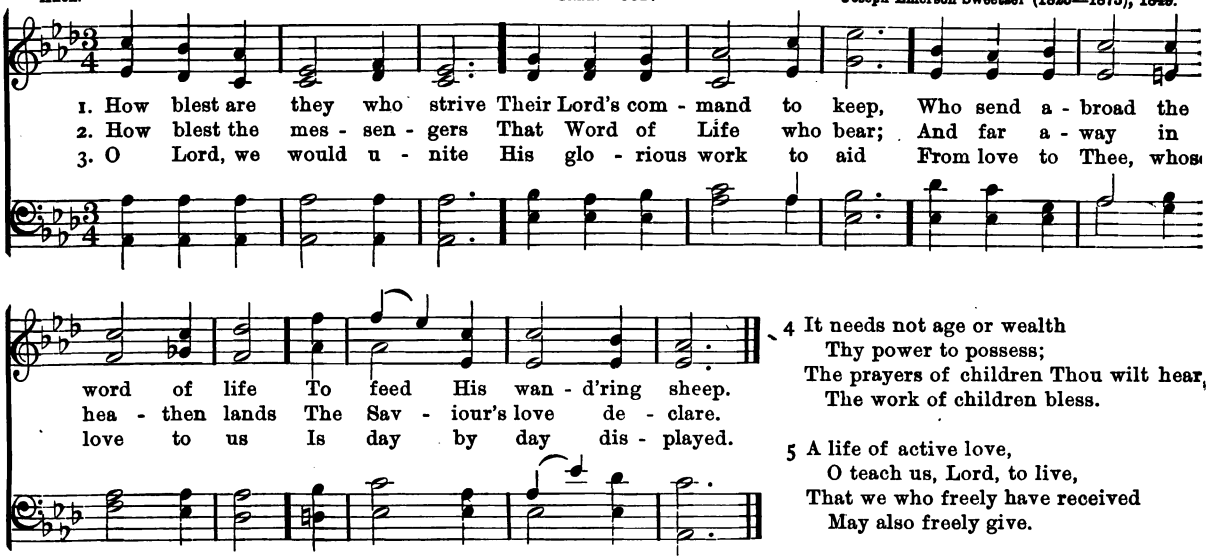
## 224 Saints of God, the Dawn is Brightening.

Mrs. Mary Robertson Maxwell ( — ), 1875. "REGENT SQUARE." Henry Smart (1812—1879), 1867.


1. Saints of God; the dawn is bright'ing, Tok - en of our com-ing Lord; O'er the earth the field is whit'ning;
2. Now, O Lord! ful - fil Thy pleasure, Breathe up-on Thy chos-en band, And, with pen-te - cos - tal meas-ure,
3. Broad the shad-ow of our na - tion, Ea - ger mill-ions hith - er roam; Lo! they wait for Thy sal - va - tion;
4. Soon shall end the time of weep-ing, Soon the reap-ing time will come,—Heav'n and earth to-geth-er keep-ing

# 225 How Blest are They who Strive.

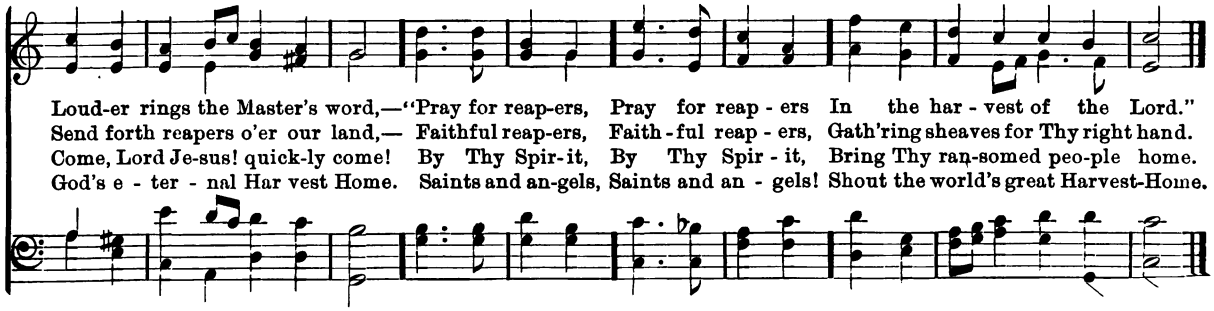
Anon. "GREENWOOD." Joseph Emerson Sweetser (1825—1873), 1849.


1. How blest are they who strive Their Lord's com - mand to keep, Who send a - broad the
2. How blest the mes - sen - gers That Word of Life who bear; And far a - way in
3. O Lord, we would u - nite His glo - rious work to aid From love to Thee, whos
word of life To feed His wan - d'ring sheep.
hea - then lands The Sav - iour's love de - clare.
love to us Is day by day dis - played.

4 It needs not age or wealth
Thy power to possess;
The prayers of children Thou wilt hear,
The work of children bless.

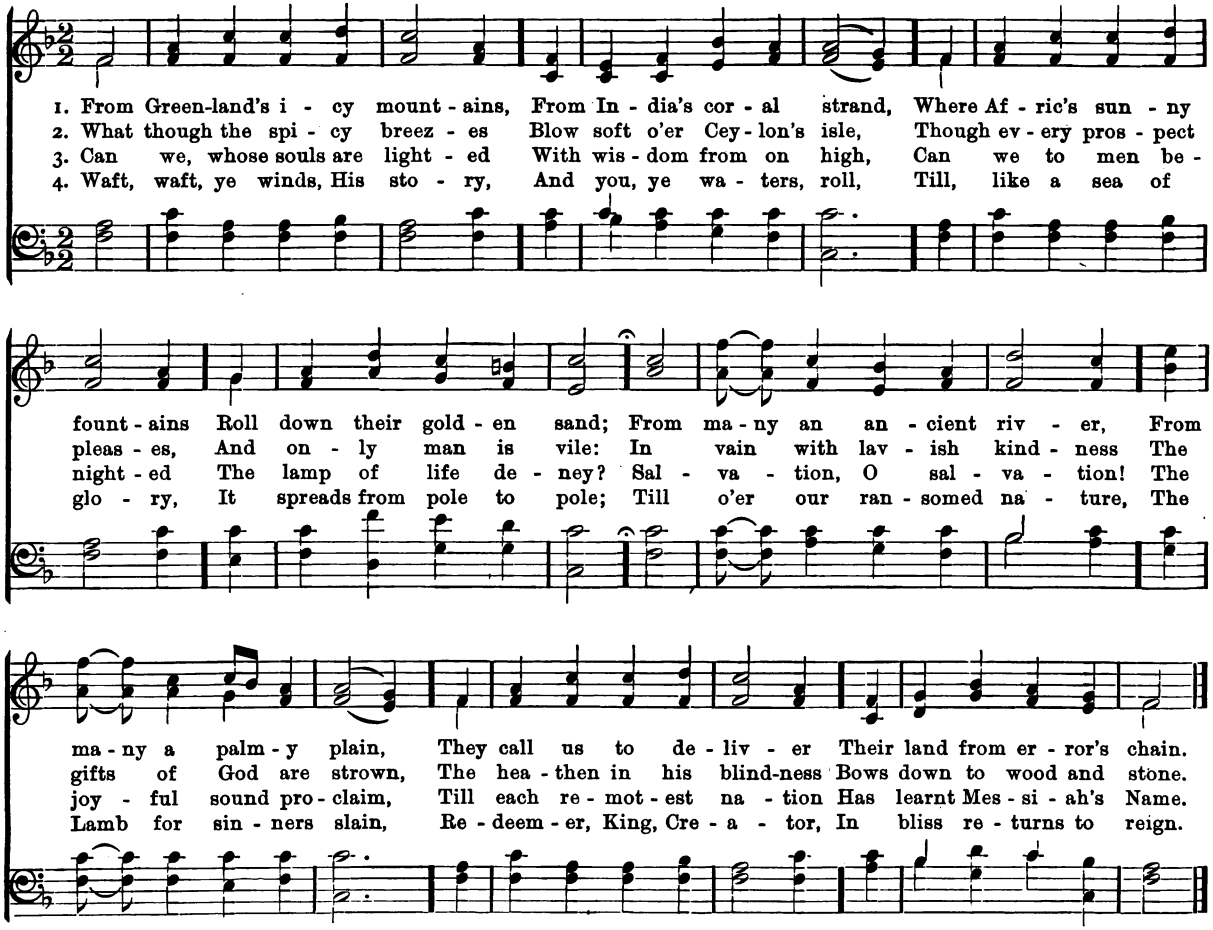
5 A life of active love,
O teach us, Lord, to live,
That we who freely have received
May also freely give.

## Saints of God, the Dawn is Brightening.—Concluded.

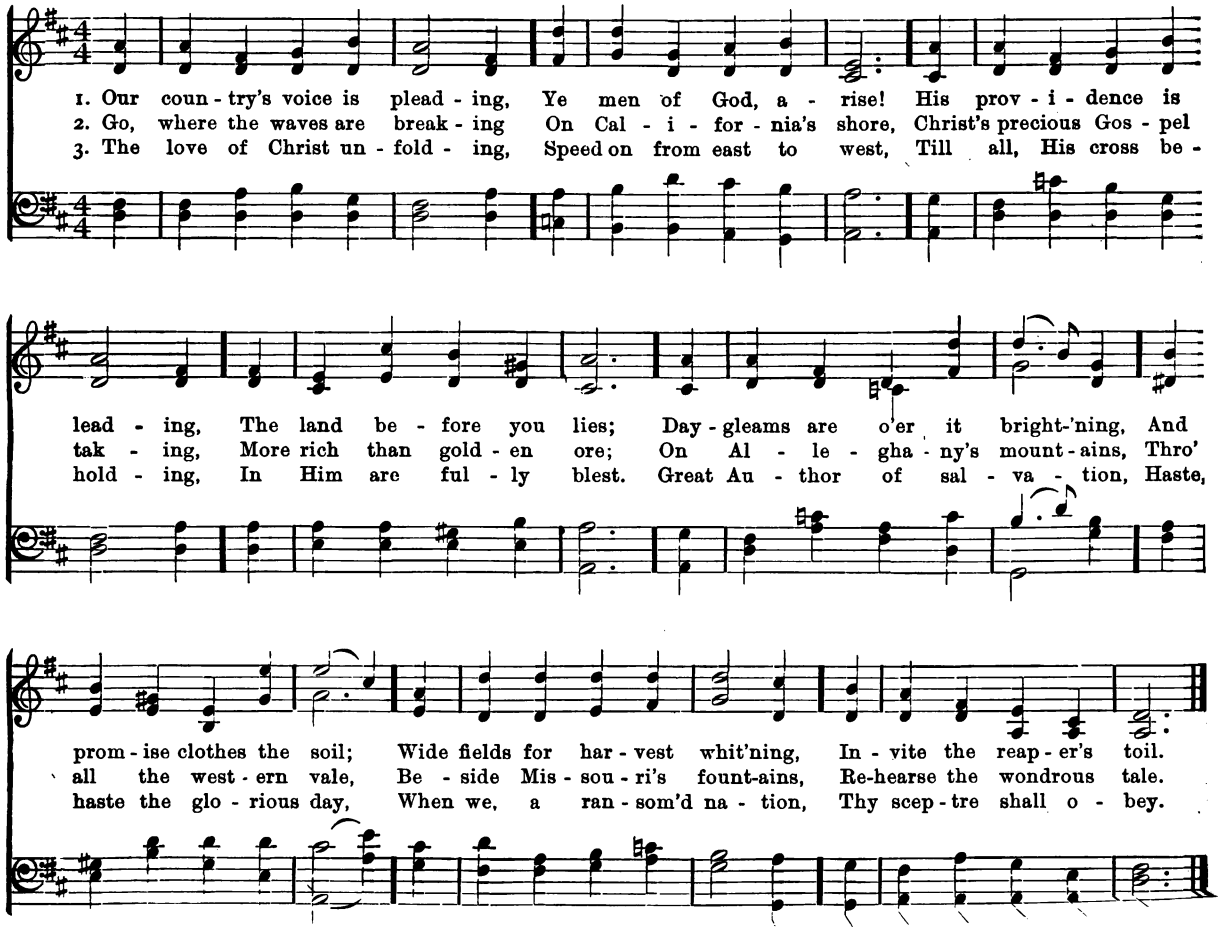

Loud-er rings the Master's word,—"Pray for reap-ers, Pray for reap - ers In the har - vest of the Lord."
Send forth reapers o'er our land,— Faithful reap-ers, Faith - ful reap - ers, Gath'ring sheaves for Thy right hand.
Come, Lord Je-sus! quick-ly come! By Thy Spir-it, By Thy Spir - it, Bring Thy ran-somed peo-ple home.
God's e - ter - nal Har vest Home. Saints and an-gels, Saints and an - gels! Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

# 226 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1819. "MISSIONARY HYMN." Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1823.

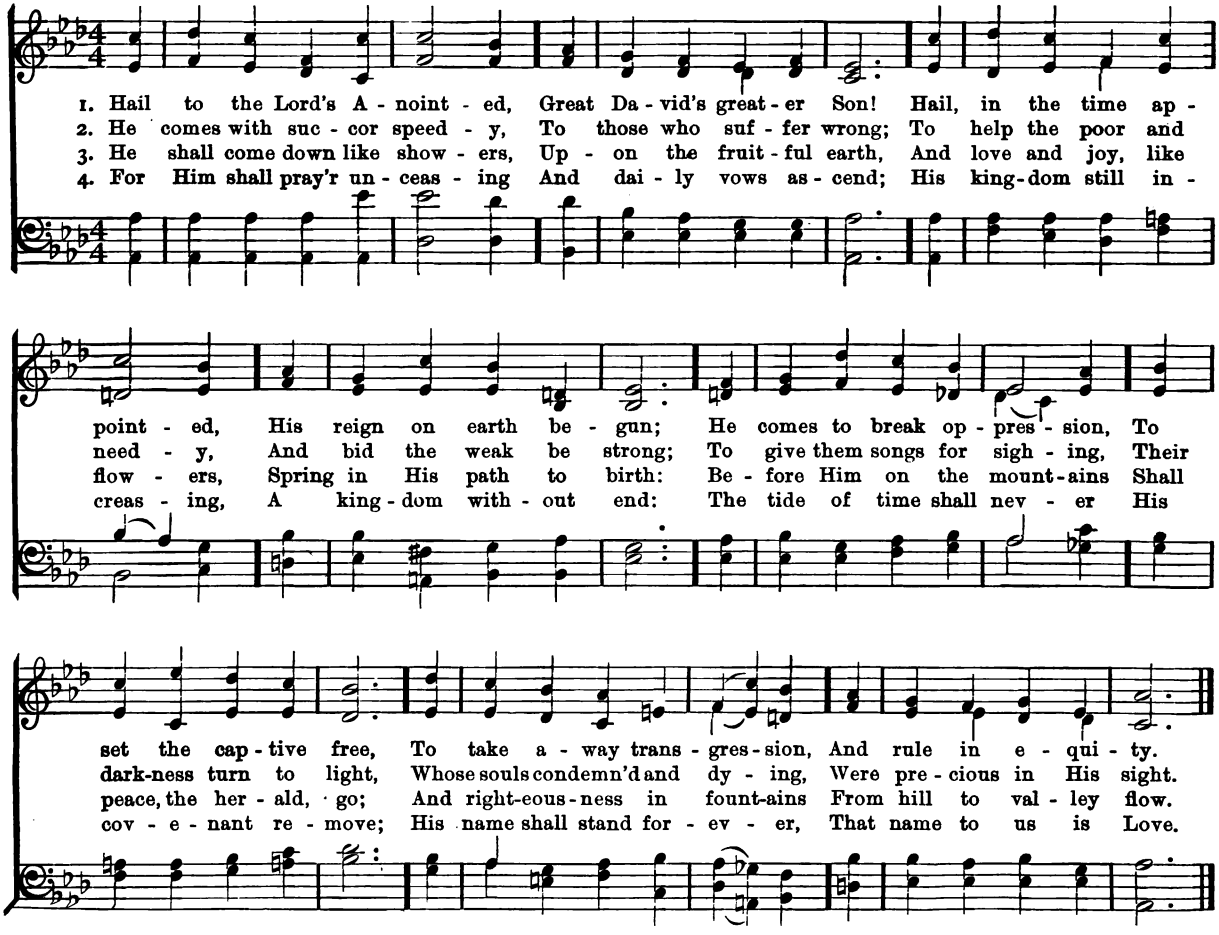

1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle, Though ev - ery pros - pect
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Can we to men be -
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of
fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand; From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
night - ed The lamp of life de - ney? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The
ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
gifts of God are strown, The hea - then in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

# 227 Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

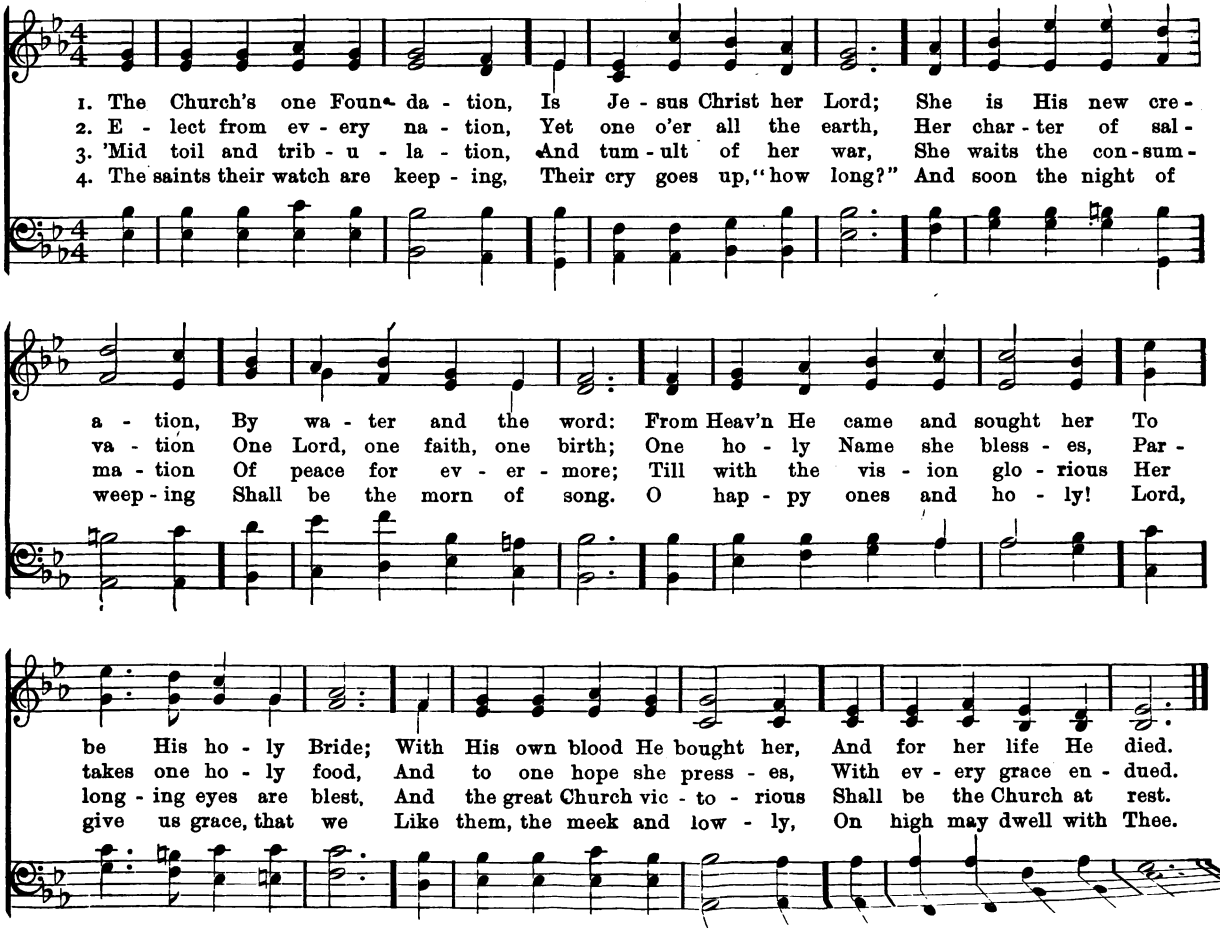
Mrs. Maria Frances Anderson (1819— ), 1848. "LANCASHIRE." Henry Smart (1812—1879), 1836

1. Our coun - try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His prov - i - dence is
2. Go, where the waves are break - ing On Cal - i - for - nia's shore, Christ's precious Gos - pel
3. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from east to west, Till all, His cross be -
lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies; Day - gleams are o'er it bright-'ning, And
tak - ing, More rich than gold - en ore; On Al - le - gha - ny's mount - ains, Thro'
hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest. Great Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Haste,
prom - ise clothes the soil; Wide fields for har - vest whit'ning, In - vite the reap - er's toil.
all the west - ern vale, Be - side Mis - sou - ri's fount-ains, Re-hearse the wondrous tale.
haste the glo - rious day, When we, a ran - som'd na - tion, Thy scep - tre shall o - bey.

# 228 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1822. "WESTWOOD." B. H. McCartney.

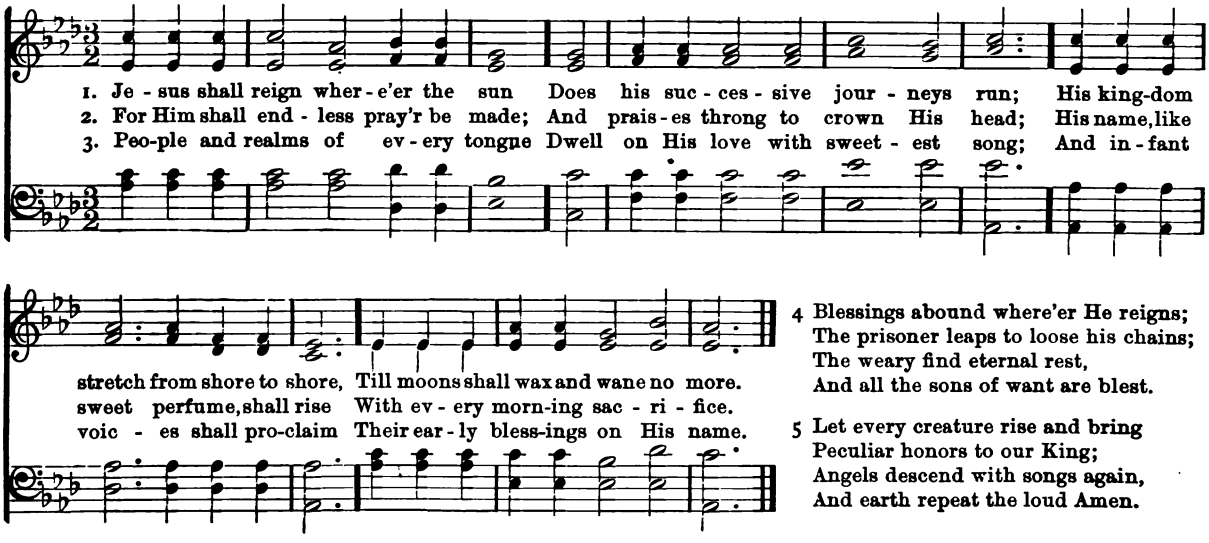

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son! Hail, in the time ap -
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y, To those who suf - fer wrong; To help the poor and
3. He shall come down like show - ers, Up - on the fruit - ful earth, And love and joy, like
4. For Him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend; His king - dom still in -
point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun; He comes to break op - pres - sion, To
need - y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their
flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth: Be - fore Him on the mount - ains Shall
creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end: The tide of time shall nev - er His
set the cap - tive free, To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.
dark - ness turn to light, Whose souls condemn'd and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
peace, the her - ald, go; And right - eous - ness in fount - ains From hill to val - ley flow.
cov - e - nant re - move; His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is Love.

# 229 The Church's One Foundation.

Rev. Samuel John Stone (1839— ), 1866. "AURELIA." Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810—1876), 1867.

1. The Church's one Foun- da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre -
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal -
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tum - ult of her war, She waits the con - sum -
4. The saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "how long?" And soon the night of
a - tion, By wa - ter and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par -
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her
weep - ing Shall be the morn of song. O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord,
be His ho - ly Bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
long - ing eyes are blest, And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
give us grace, that we Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

## 230 Jesus shall Reign where'er the Sun.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. "MISSIONARY CHANT." Heinrich Christopher Kenner (1795—1857), 1832.

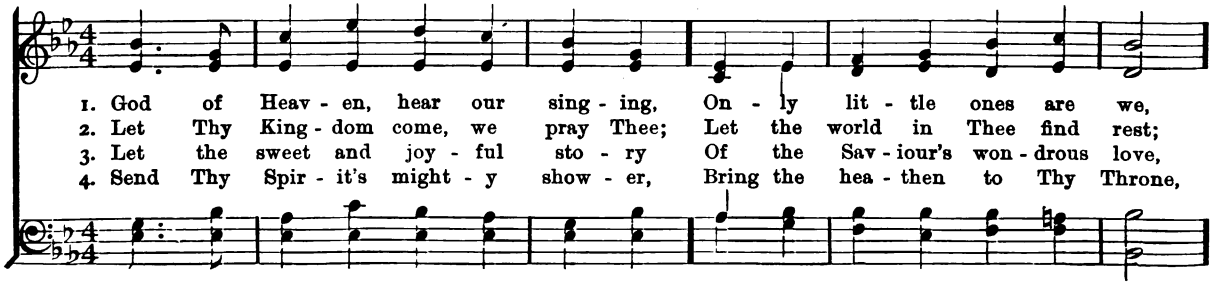

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run; His king-dom
2. For Him shall end - less pray'r be made; And prais - es throng to crown His head; His name, like
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song; And in - fant
stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
sweet perfume, shall rise With ev - ery morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
voic - es shall pro-claim Their ear - ly bless-ings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

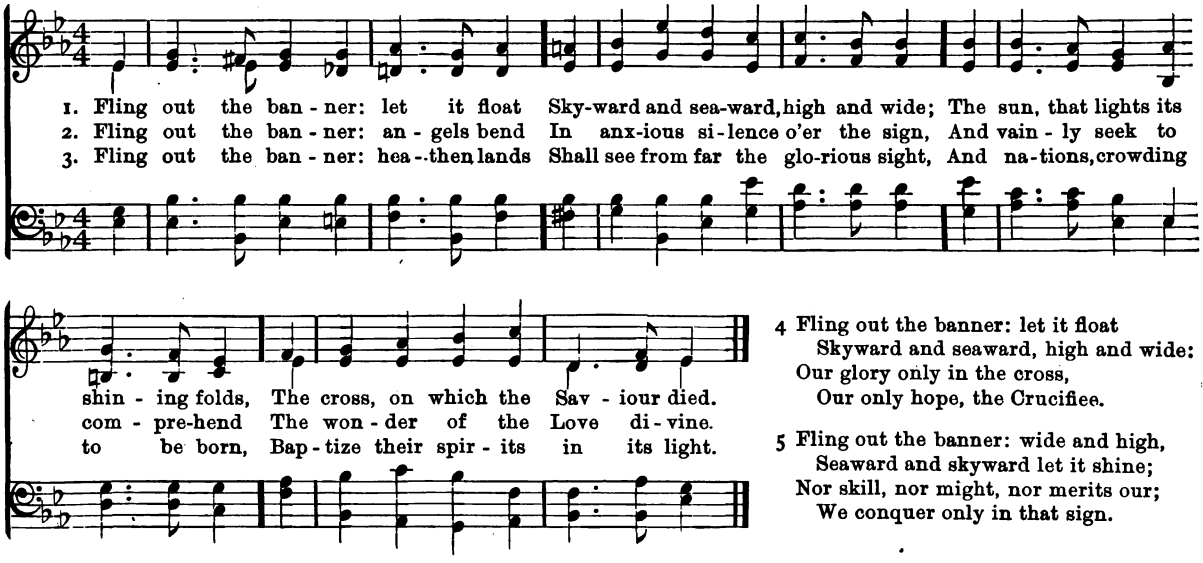
## 231 God of Heaven, Hear Our Singing.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1869. "OSWALD." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1861.


1. God of Heav - en, hear our sing - ing, On - ly lit - tle ones are we,
2. Let Thy King - dom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest;
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto - ry Of the Sav - iour's won - drous love,
4. Send Thy Spir - it's might - y show - er, Bring the hea - then to Thy Throne,

# 232 Fling Out the Banner: let it Float.

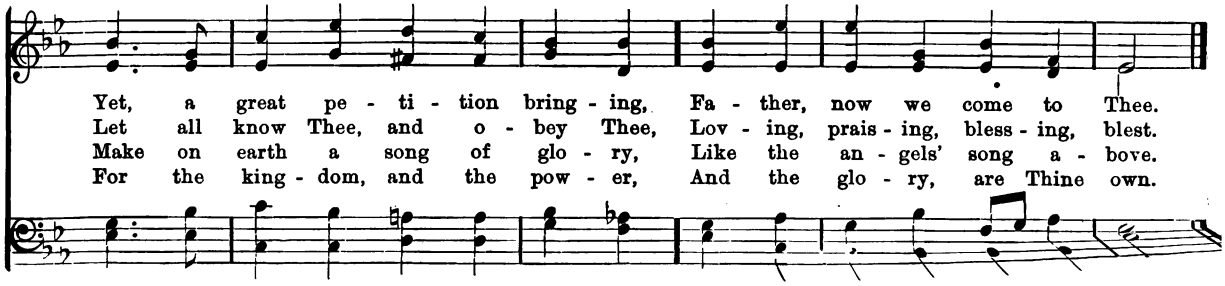
Bp. George Washington Doane (1799—1859), 1824. "ENSIGN." John Baptiste Calkin (1827— ), 1872.


1. Fling out the ban - ner: let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The sun, that lights its
2. Fling out the ban - ner: an - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to
3. Fling out the ban - ner: hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight, And na-tions, crowding
shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.
com - pre-hend The won - der of the Love di - vine.
to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.

4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucifiee.

5 Fling out the banner: wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merits our;
We conquer only in that sign.

## God of Heaven, Hear Our Singing.—Concluded.

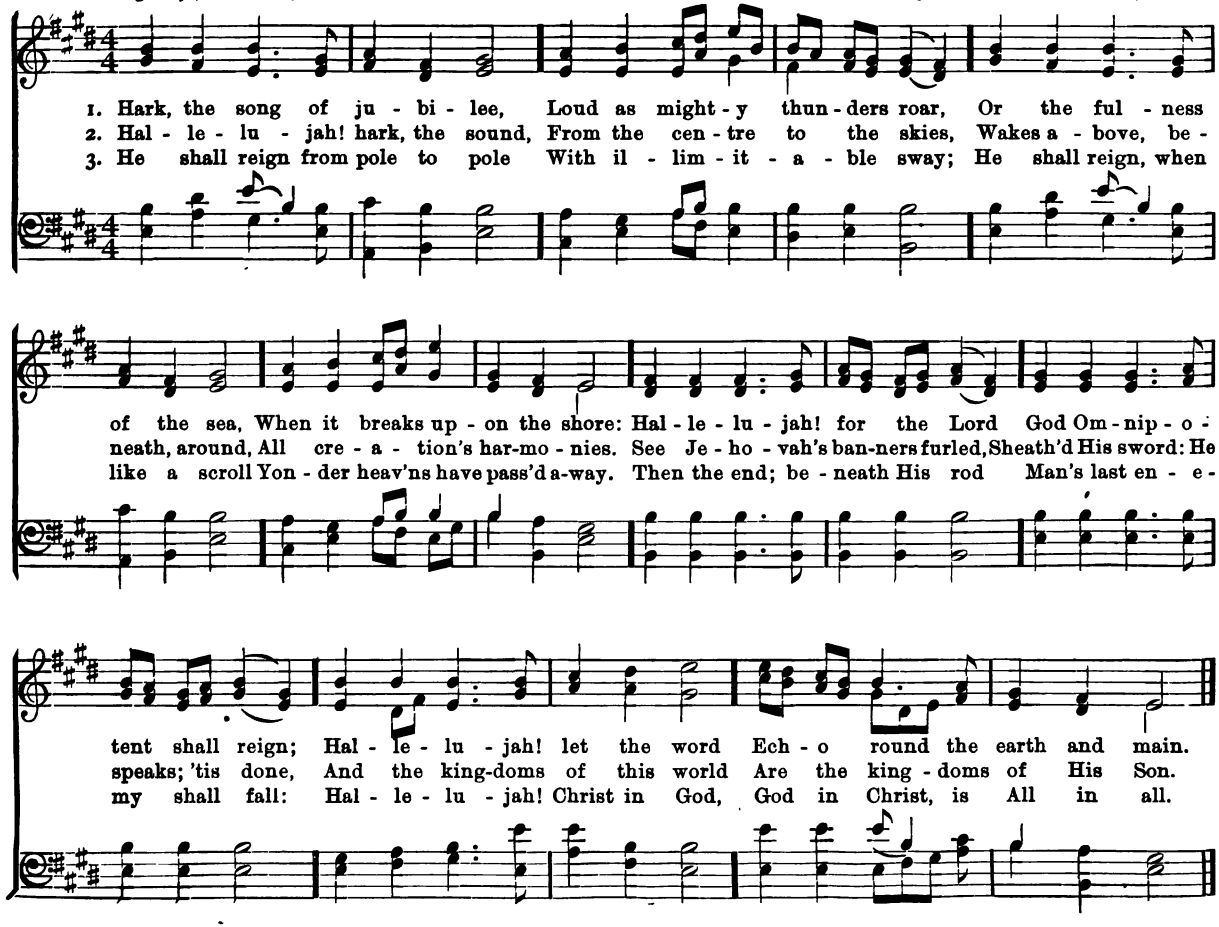

Yet, a great pe - ti - tion bring - ing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.
Let all know Thee, and o - bey Thee, Lov - ing, prais - ing, bless - ing, blest.
Make on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the an - gels' song a - bove.
For the king - dom, and the pow - er, And the glo - ry, are Thine own.

# 233 Hark, the Song of Jubilee.

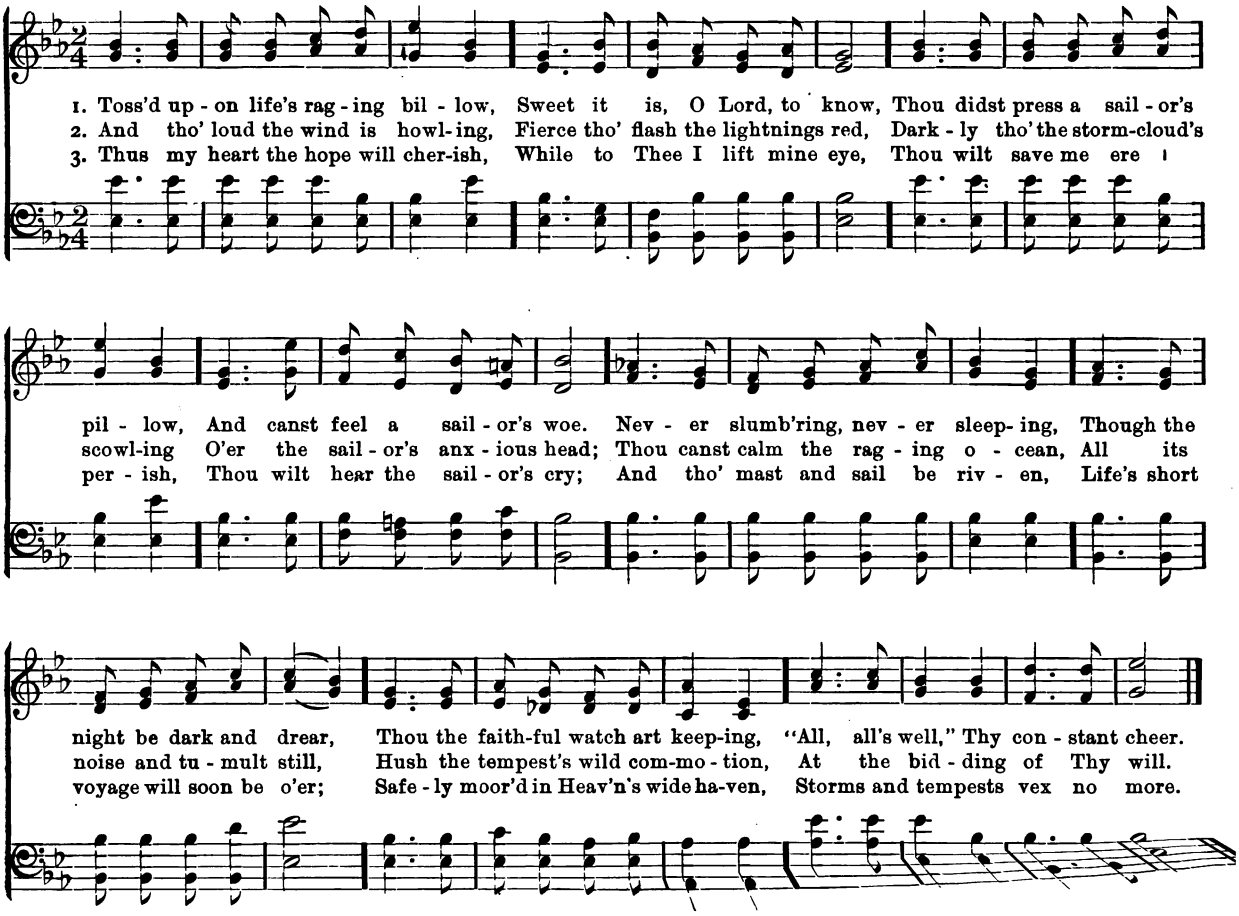
James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825.

"ONIDO."

Ignace Pleyel (1757—1831).
Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1840.

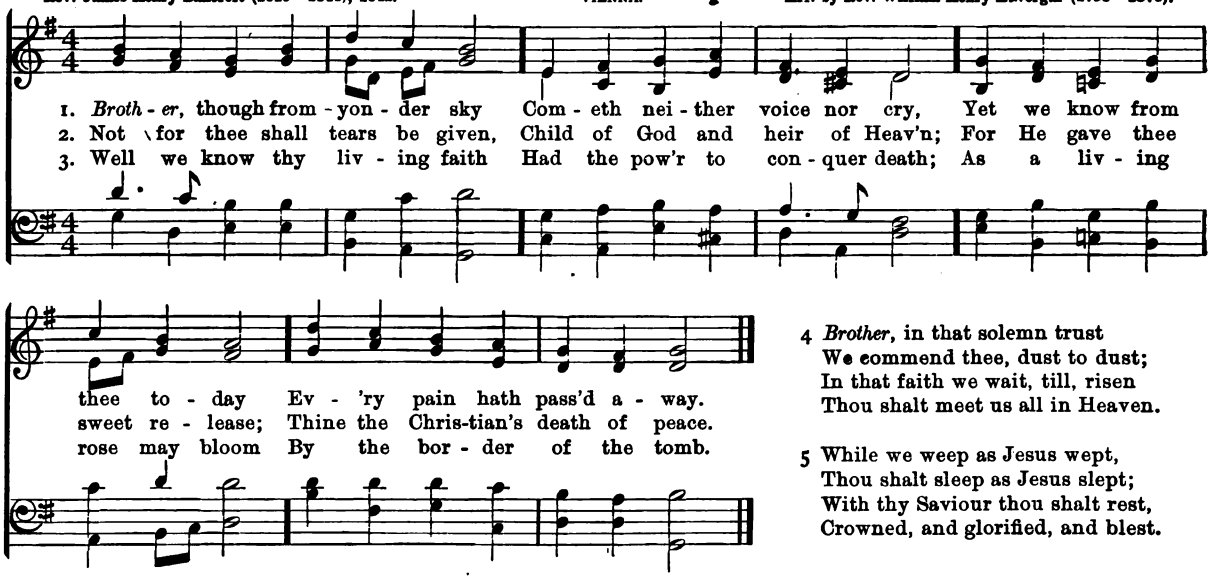

1. Hark, the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar, Or the ful - ness
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the cen - tre to the skies, Wakes a - bove, be -
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - it - a - ble sway; He shall reign, when
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore: Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God Om - nip - o -
neath, around, All cre - a - tion's har-mo - nies. See Je - ho - vah's ban-ners furled, Sheath'd His sword: He
like a scroll Yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a-way. Then the end; be - neath His rod Man's last en - e -
tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
speaks; 'tis done, And the king-doms of this world Are the king - doms of His Son.
my shall fall: Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is All in all.

# 234 Tossed upon Life's Raging Billow.

Rev George Washington Bethune (1805—1862), 1847. "PILGRIM." George Kingsley (1811—1884), 1838.

1. Toss'd up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, Thou didst press a sail - or's
2. And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red, Dark - ly tho' the storm-cloud's
3. Thus my heart the hope will cher-ish, While to Thee I lift mine eye, Thou wilt save me ere
pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe. Nev - er slumb'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Though the
scowl-ing O'er the sail - or's anx - ious head; Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its
per - ish, Thou wilt hear the sail - or's cry; And tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short
night be dark and drear, Thou the faith-ful watch art keep-ing, "All, all's well," Thy con - stant cheer.
noise and tu - mult still, Hush the tempest's wild com-mo - tion, At the bid - ding of Thy will.
voyage will soon be o'er; Safe - ly moor'd in Heav'n's wide ha-ven, Storms and tempests vex no more.

## 235 Brother, Though from Yonder Sky.

Rev. James Henry Bancroft (1819—1844), 1842. "VIENNA." Arr. by Rev. William Henry Havergal (1793—1870).

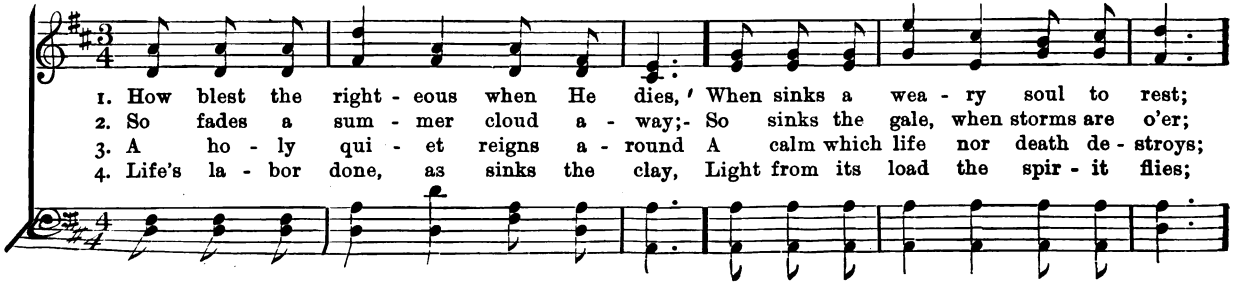

1. Broth - er, though from - yon - der sky Com - eth nei - ther voice nor cry, Yet we know from
2. Not for thee shall tears be given, Child of God and heir of Heav'n; For He gave thee
3. Well we know thy liv - ing faith Had the pow'r to con - quer death; As a liv - ing
thee to - day Ev - 'ry pain hath pass'd a - way.
sweet re - lease; Thine the Chris-tian's death of peace.
rose may bloom By the bor - der of the tomb.

4 *Brother*, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen
Thou shalt meet us all in Heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

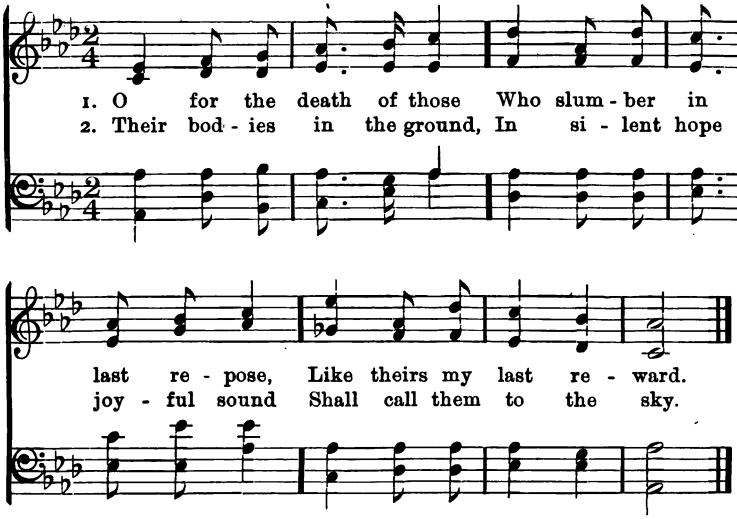
## 236 How Blest the Righteous when He Dies.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743—1825), 1809. "REST." William Batchelder Bradbury (1816—1868), 1843.


1. How blest the right - eous when He dies, When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;
2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way;- So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round A calm which life nor death de - stroys;
4. Life's la - bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies;

# 237 O For the Death of Those.

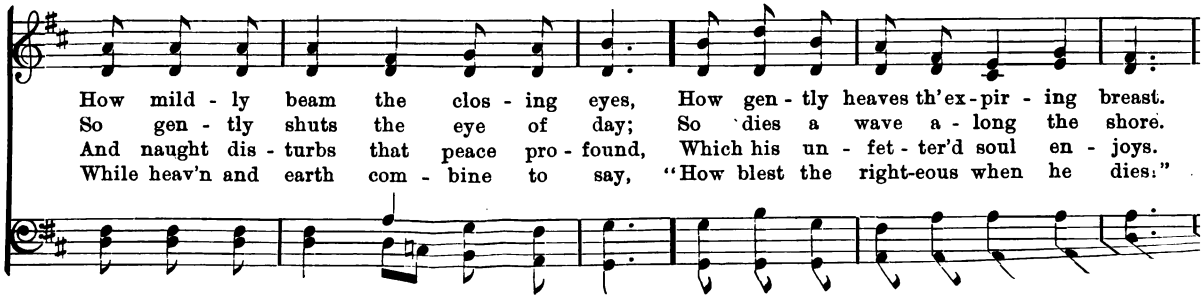
James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1804. "DAWN." Rev. Edwin Pond Parker (1836— ), 1871.


1. O for the death of those Who slum - ber in the Lord: O be like theirs my
2. Their bod - ies in the ground, In si - lent hope may lie, Till the last trum - pet's
last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.
joy - ful sound Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

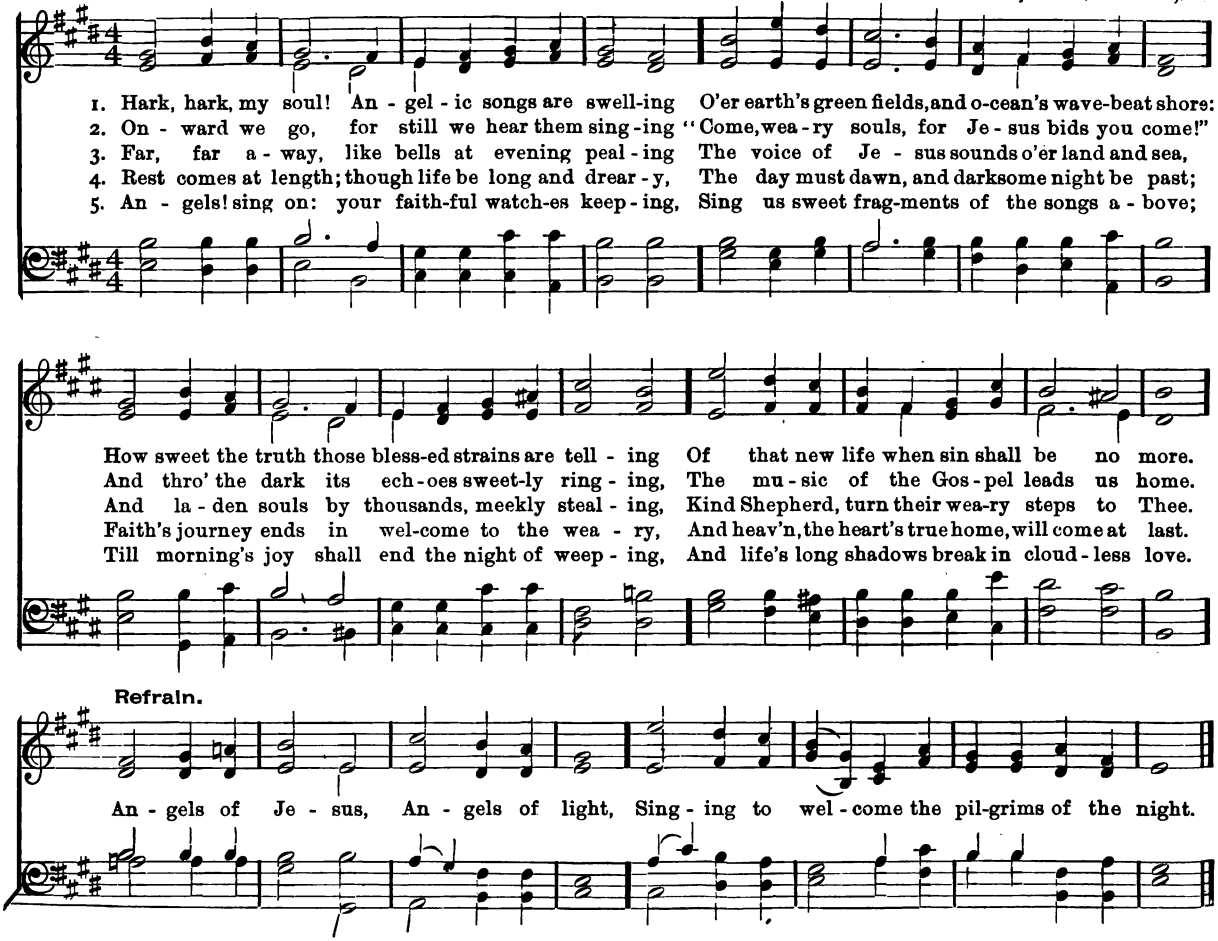
4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

## How Blest the Righteous when He Dies.—Concluded.


How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes, How gen - tly heaves th'ex - pir - ing breast.
So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.
And naught dis - turbs that peace pro - found, Which his un - fet - ter'd soul en - joys.
While heav'n and earth com - bine to say, "How blest the right-eous when he dies."

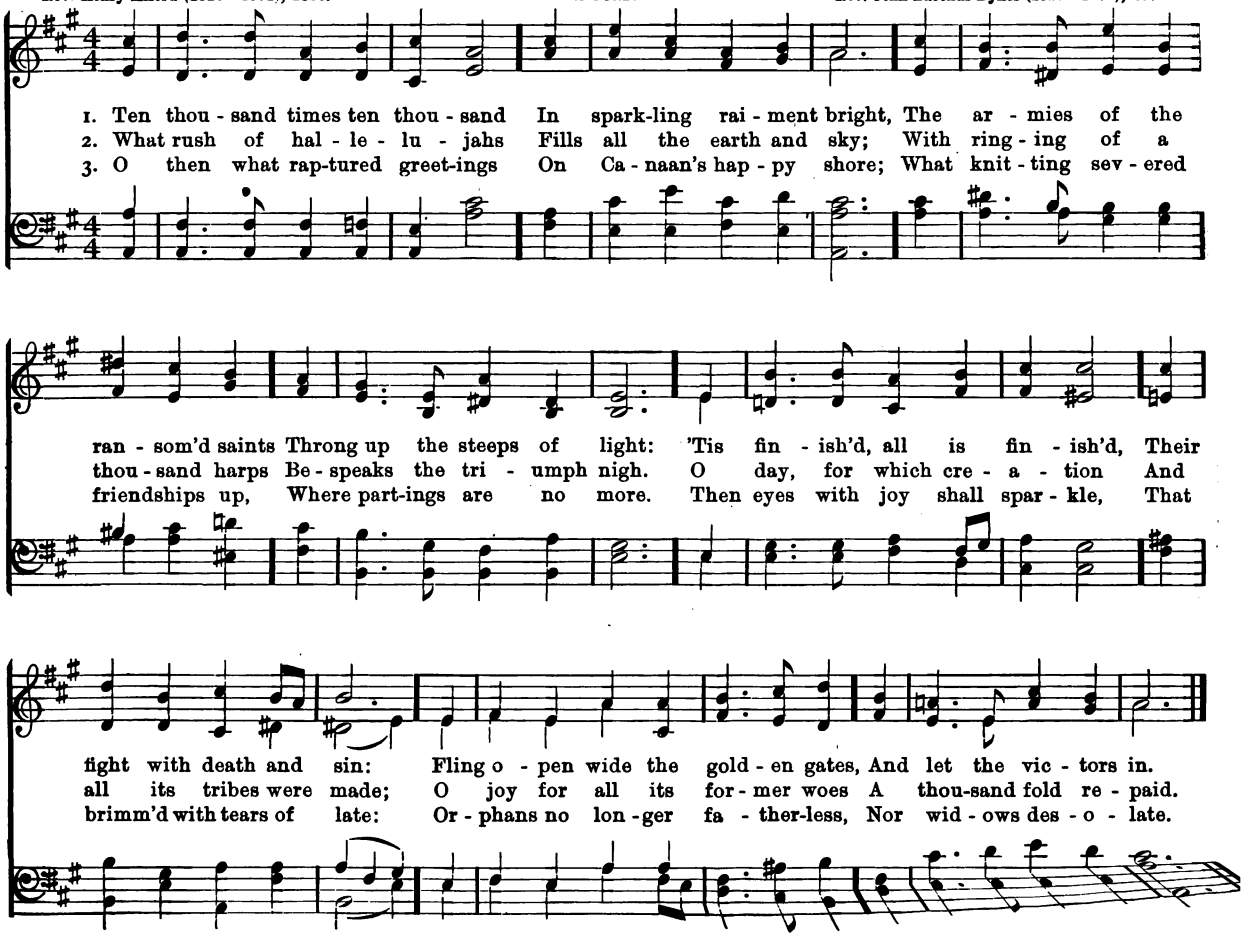
# 238 Hark, Hark, My Soul; Angelic Songs are Swelling.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1854. "VOX ANGELICA." Henry Smart (1812—1879).


1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and o-cean's wave-beat shore:
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come!"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,
4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
5. An - gels! sing on: your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs a - bove;
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands, meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.
Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
Refrain.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

# 239 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

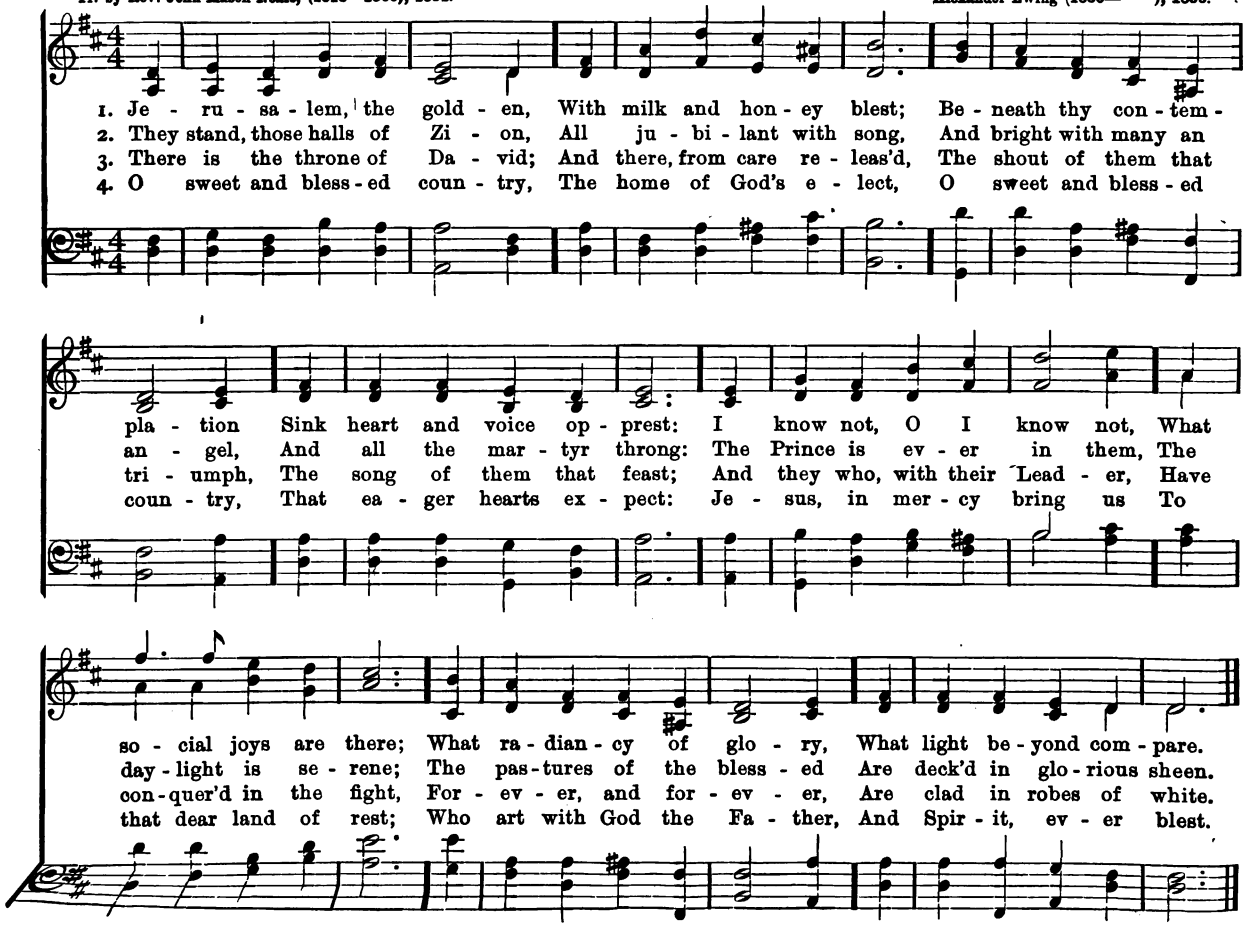
Rev. Henry Alford (1810—1871), 1866. "ALFORD." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1875.


1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark-ling rai - ment bright, The ar - mies of the
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky; With ring - ing of a
3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore; What knit - ting sev - ered
ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin - ish'd, all is fin - ish'd, Their
thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh. O day, for which cre - a - tion And
friendships up, Where part-ings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That
fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
all its tribes were made; O joy for all its for - mer woes A thou-sand fold re - paid.
brimm'd with tears of late: Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther-less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.

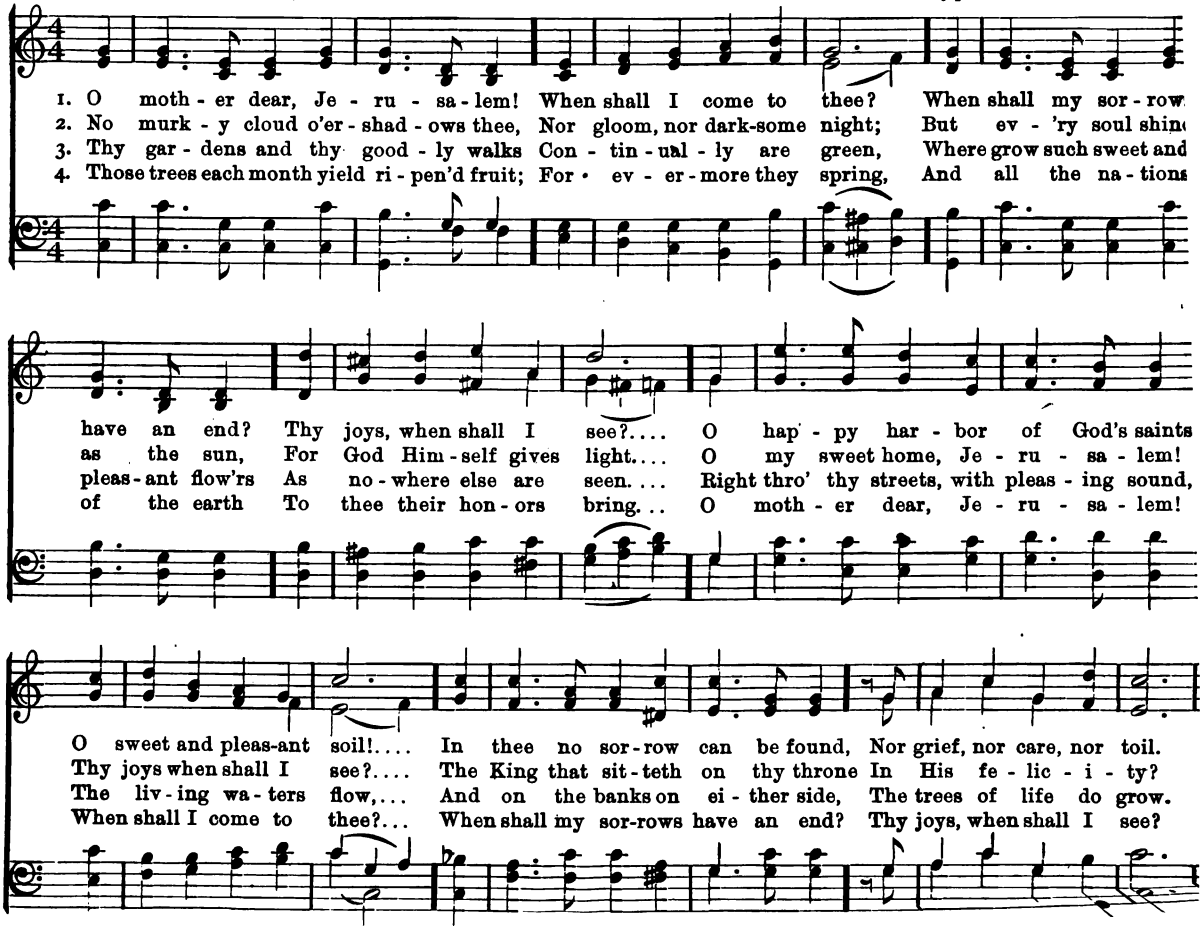
# 240 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, (1818—1866), 1851.

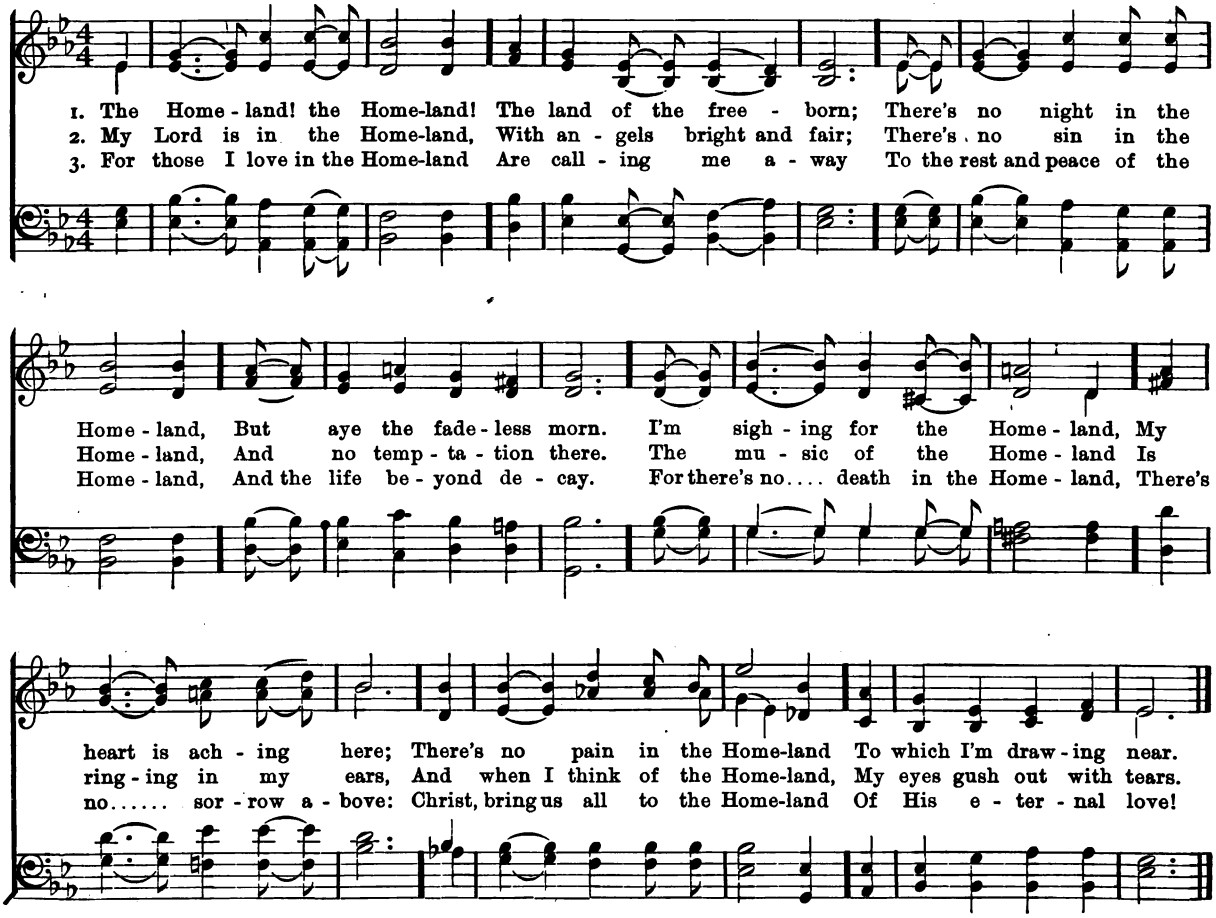
"EWING."

Alexander Ewing (1830— ), 1853.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem -
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leas'd, The shout of them that
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect, O sweet and bless - ed
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest: I know not, O I know not, What
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng: The Prince is ev - er in them, The
tri - umph, The song of them that feast; And they who, with their Lead - er, Have
coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect: Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To
so - cial joys are there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
con - quer'd in the fight, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

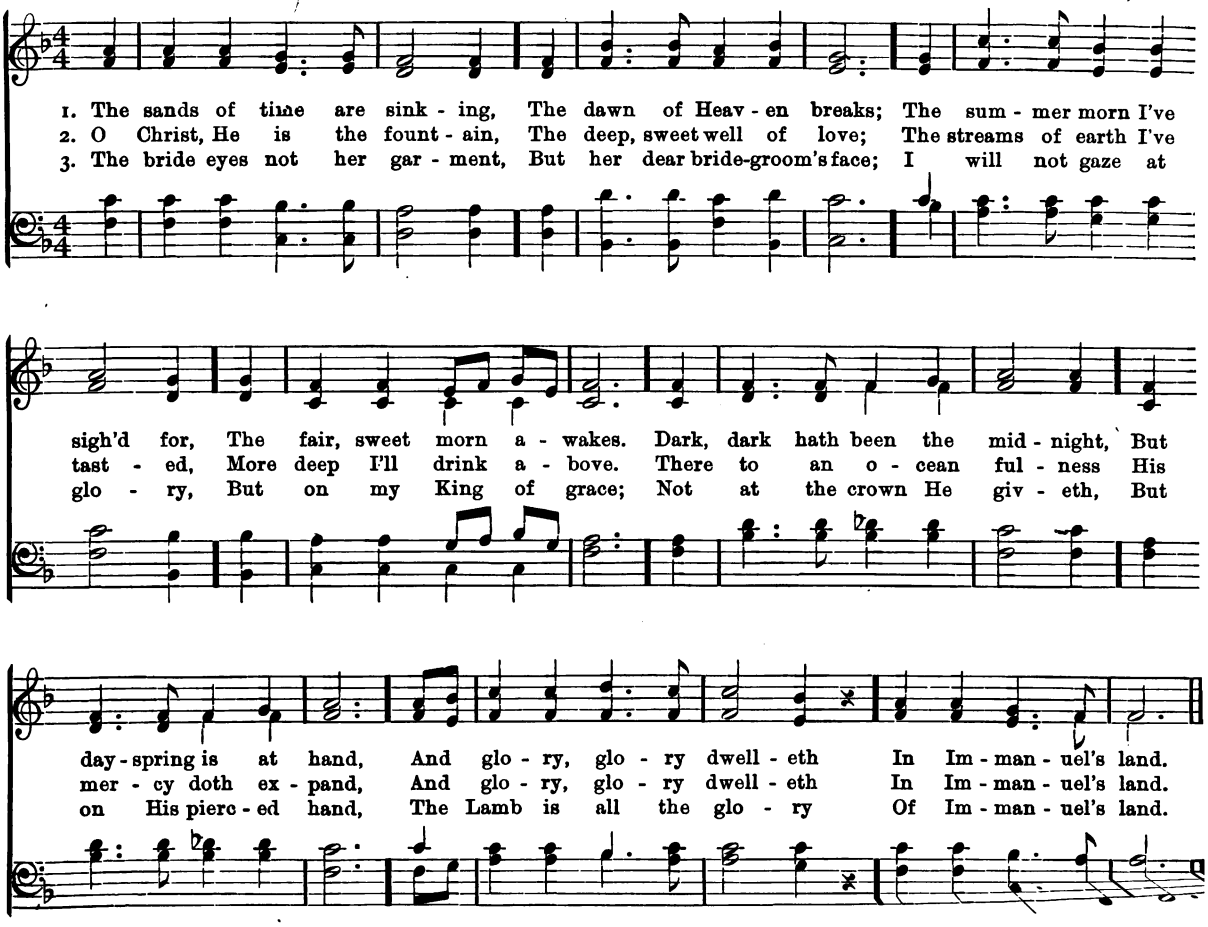
# 241 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

Rev. David Dickson (1583—1663), 1649. "CALDWILL." By per. S. A. Ward (1848— ).

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - row
2. No murk - y cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark-some night; But ev - 'ry soul shin
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green, Where grow such sweet and
4. Those trees each month yield ri - pen'd fruit; For ev - er - more they spring, And all the na - tions
have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?.... O hap - py har - bor of God's saints
as the sun, For God Him - self gives light.... O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem!
pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.... Right thro' thy streets, with pleas - ing sound,
of the earth To thee their hon - ors bring... O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem!
O sweet and pleas-ant soil!.... In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
Thy joys when shall I see?.... The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?
The liv - ing wa - ters flow,.... And on the banks on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.
When shall I come to thee?... When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?

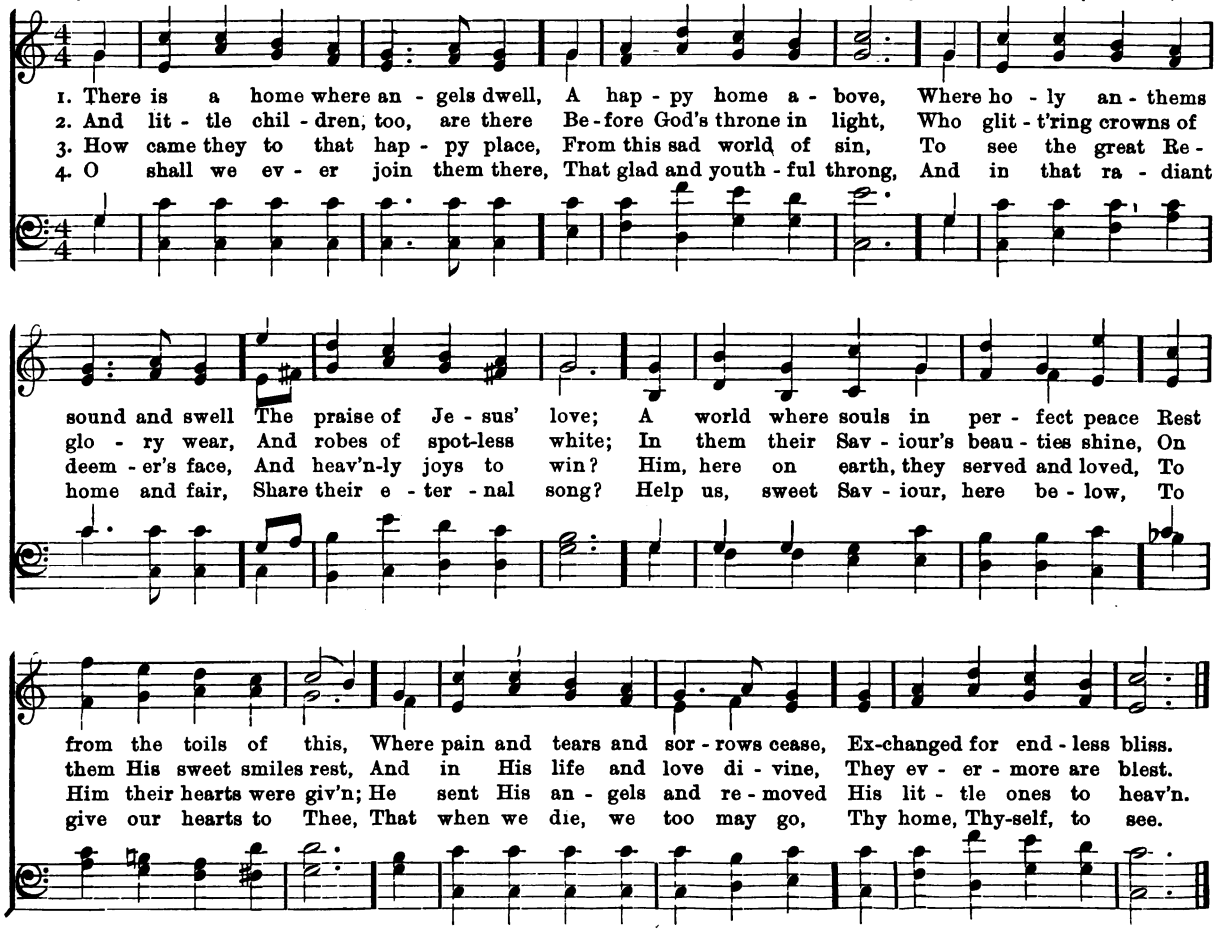
# 242 The Homeland! the Homeland!

Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis (1838— ). "HOMELAND." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. The Home - land! the Home-land! The land of the free - born; There's no night in the
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin in the
3. For those I love in the Home-land Are call - ing me a - way To the rest and peace of the
Home - land, But aye the fade - less morn. I'm sigh - ing for the Home - land, My
Home - land, And no temp - ta - tion there. The mu - sic of the Home - land Is
Home - land, And the life be - yond de - cay. For there's no.... death in the Home - land, There's
heart is ach - ing here; There's no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw - ing near.
ring - ing in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes gush out with tears.
no..... sor - row a - bove: Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love!

# 243 The Sands of Time are Sinking.

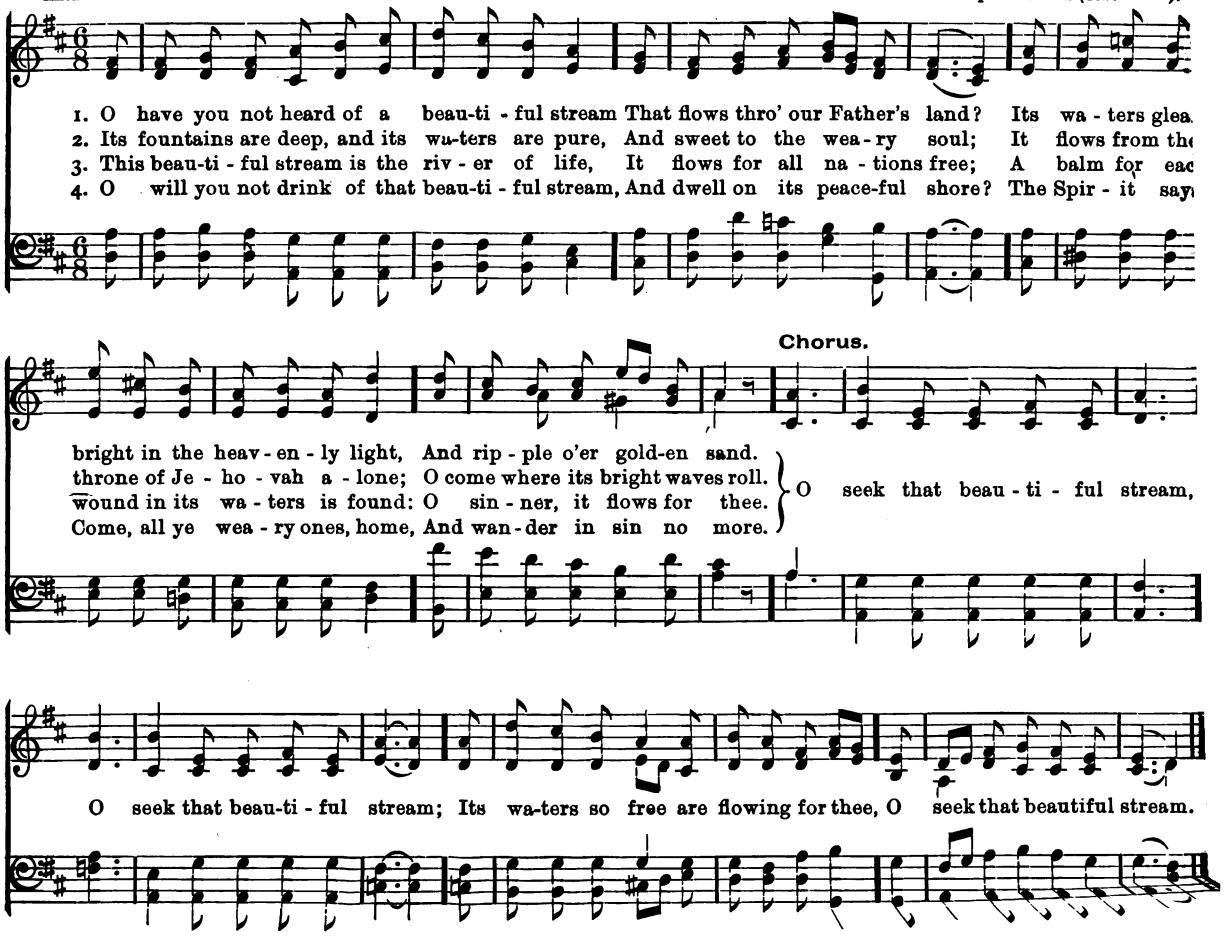
Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin, 1857. "RUTHERFORD." Charles D'Urhan, 1845.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks; The sum - mer morn I've
2. O Christ, He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've
3. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bride-groom's face; I will not gaze at
sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But
tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness His
glo - ry, But on my King of grace; Not at the crown He giv - eth, But
day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
on His pierc - ed hand, The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

# 244 There is a Home where Angels Dwell.

Rev. William Tidd Matson (1833— ). "GABRIEL." Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. There is a home where an - gels dwell, A hap - py home a - bove, Where ho - ly an - thems
2. And lit - tle chil - dren, too, are there Be - fore God's throne in light, Who glit - t'ring crowns of
3. How came they to that hap - py place, From this sad world of sin, To see the great Re -
4. O shall we ev - er join them there, That glad and youth - ful throng, And in that ra - diant
sound and swell The praise of Je - sus' love; A world where souls in per - fect peace Rest
glo - ry wear, And robes of spot-less white; In them their Sav - iour's beau - ties shine, On
deem - er's face, And heav'n-ly joys to win? Him, here on earth, they served and loved, To
home and fair, Share their e - ter - nal song? Help us, sweet Sav - iour, here be - low, To
from the toils of this, Where pain and tears and sor - rows cease, Ex-changed for end - less bliss.
them His sweet smiles rest, And in His life and love di - vine, They ev - er - more are blest.
Him their hearts were giv'n; He sent His an - gels and re - moved His lit - tle ones to heav'n.
give our hearts to Thee, That when we die, we too may go, Thy home, Thy-self, to see.

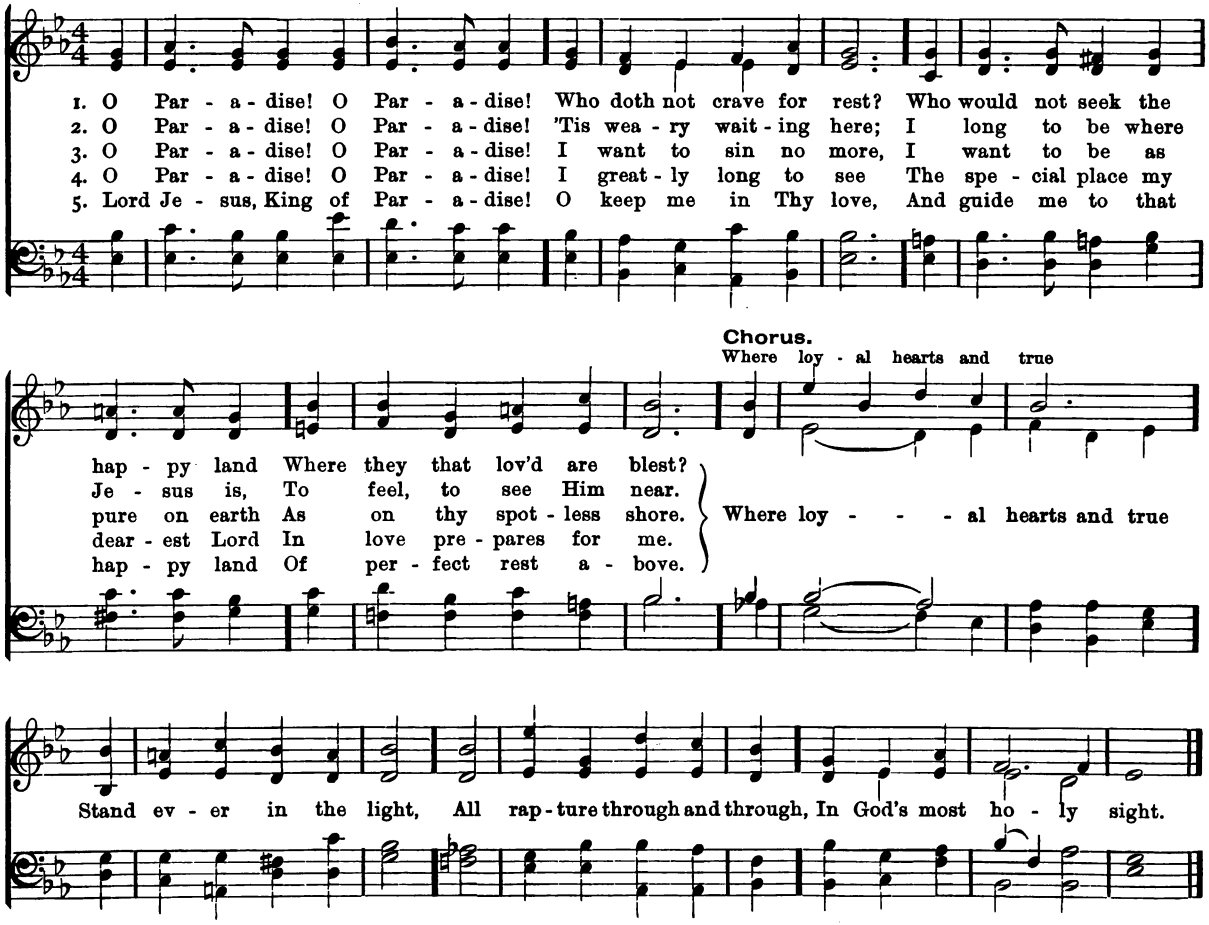
# 245 O have You not Heard of a Beautiful Stream?

Anon. John Baptiste Calkin (1827— · ).


1. O have you not heard of a beau-ti - ful stream That flows thro' our Father's land? Its wa - ters glea
2. Its fountains are deep, and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the wea - ry soul; It flows from the
3. This beau-ti - ful stream is the riv - er of life, It flows for all na - tions free; A balm for eac
4. O will you not drink of that beau-ti - ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore? The Spir - it say
Chorus.
bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold-en sand.
throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone; O come where its bright waves roll.
wound in its wa - ters is found: O sin - ner, it flows for thee.
Come, all ye wea - ry ones, home, And wan - der in sin no more.
O seek that beau - ti - ful stream,
O seek that beau-ti - ful stream; Its wa-ters so free are flowing for thee, O seek that beautiful stream.

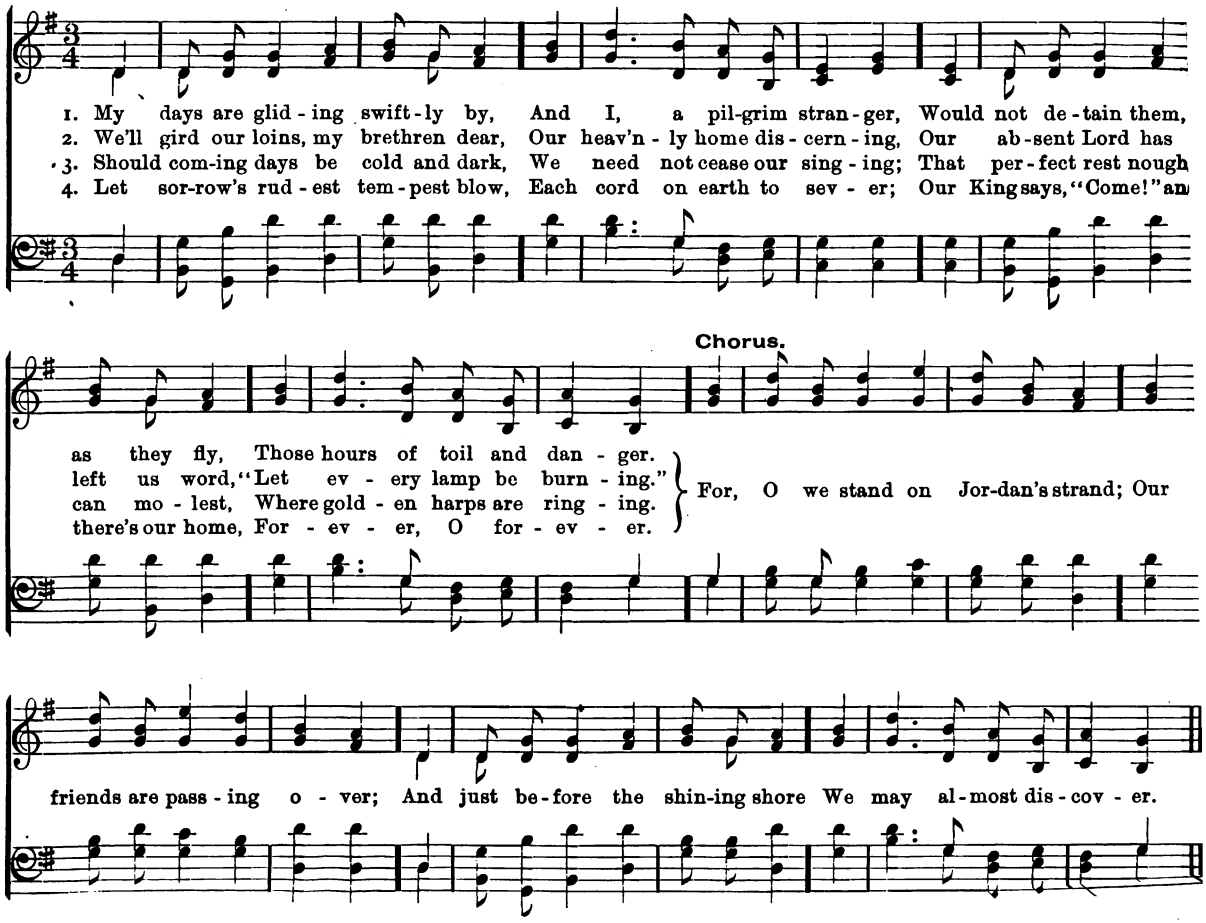
# 246 O Paradise! O Paradise!

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1854. "PARADISE." Joseph Barnby (1838— ), 1866.


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here; I long to be where
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more, I want to be as
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I great - ly long to see The spe - cial place my
5. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep me in Thy love, And guide me to that
Chorus.
Where loy - al hearts and true
hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest?
Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near.
pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore.
dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me.
hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.
Where loy - - - al hearts and true
Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

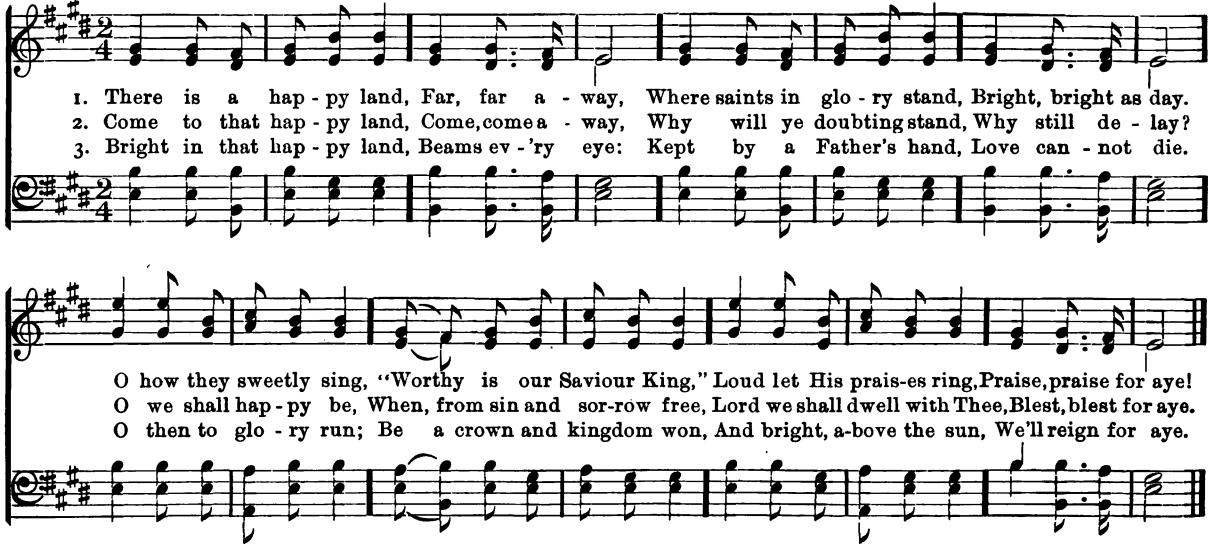
# 247 My Days are Gliding Swiftly By.

Rev. David Nelson (1793—1844), 1835. "SHINING SHORE." George Frederick Root (1820— ), 1856.

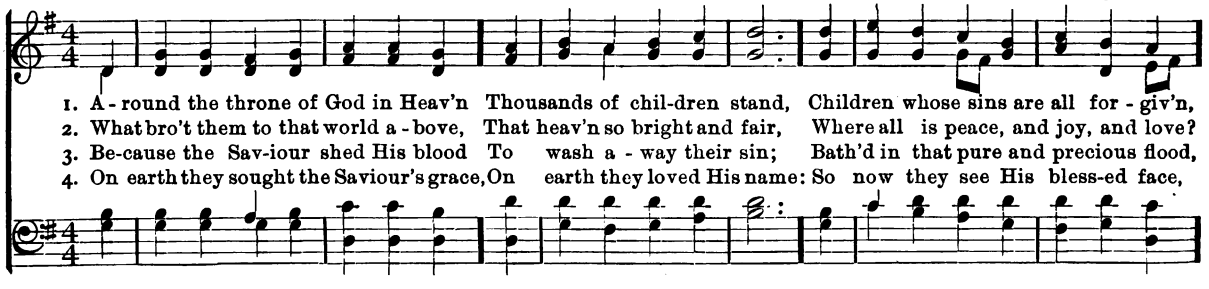

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'n - ly home dis - cern - ing, Our ab - sent Lord has
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That per - fect rest nough
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er; Our King says, "Come!" an
Chorus.
as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
left us word, "Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing."
can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
there's our home, For - ev - er, O for - ev - er.
For, O we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our
friends are pass - ing o - ver; And just be - fore the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

## 248 There is a Happy Land.

Andrew Young (1807—1889), 1838. "HAPPY LAND." Arr. fr. Indian Air.

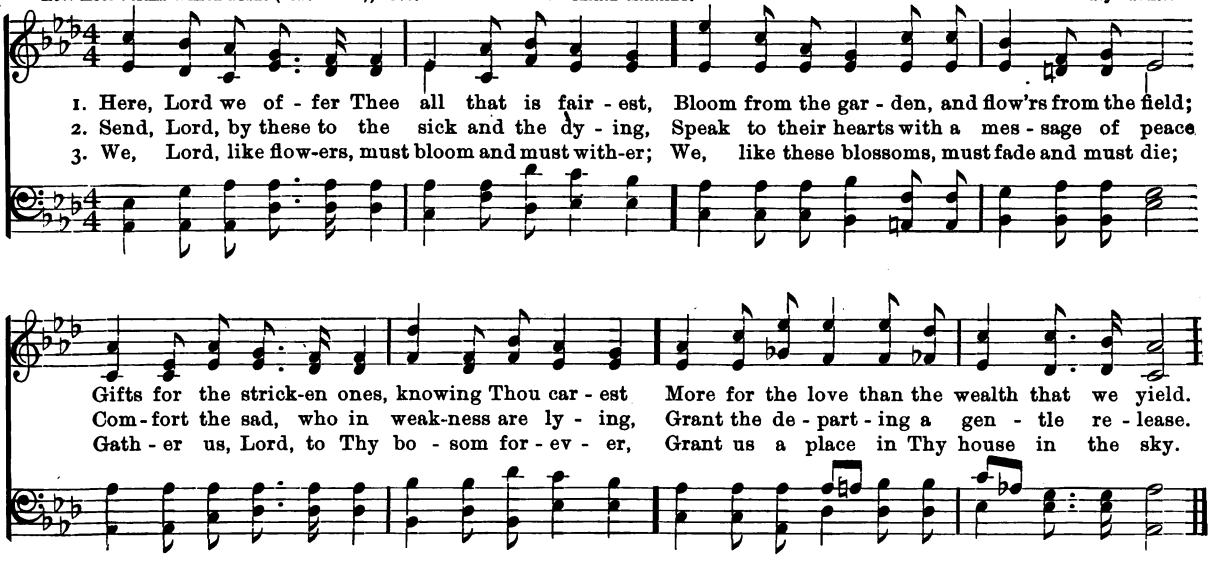

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye: Kept by a Father's hand, Love can - not die.
O how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
O we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor-row free, Lord we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
O then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright, a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

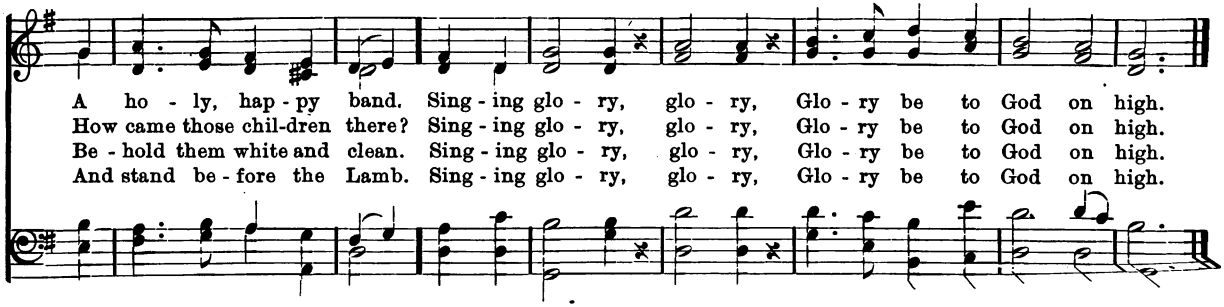
## 249 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Mrs. Anna Houlditch Shepherd (1809—1857). "CHILDREN'S PRAISES." Arr. fr. English Air.

1. A - round the throne of God in Heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand, Children whose sins are all for - giv'n,
2. What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
3. Be-cause the Sav-iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bath'd in that pure and precious flood,
4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name: So now they see His bless-ed face,

## 250 Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is Fairest.

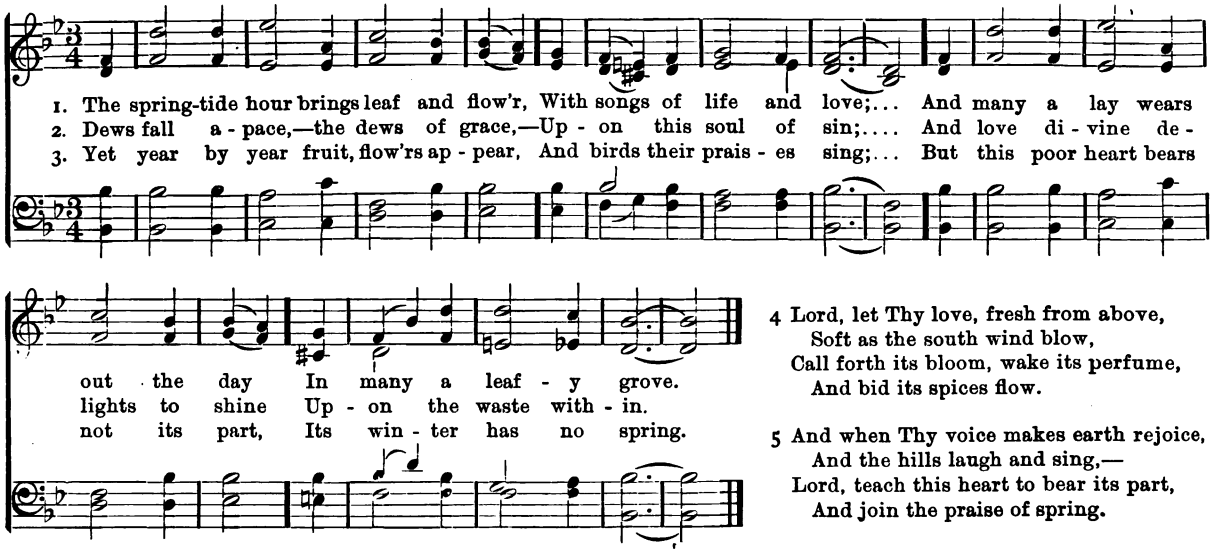
Rev. Abel Gerald Wilson Blunt (1827— ), 1879. "CLARE MARKET." Mary Palmer.


1. Here, Lord we of - fer Thee all that is fair - est, Bloom from the gar - den, and flow'rs from the field;
2. Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dy - ing, Speak to their hearts with a mes - sage of peace
3. We, Lord, like flow-ers, must bloom and must with-er; We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gifts for the strick-en ones, knowing Thou car - est More for the love than the wealth that we yield.
Com - fort the sad, who in weak-ness are ly - ing, Grant the de - part - ing a gen - tle re - lease.
Gath - er us, Lord, to Thy bo - som for - ev - er, Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

## Around the Throne of God.—Concluded.

A ho - ly, hap - py band. Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
How came those chil-dren there? Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Be - hold them white and clean. Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
And stand be - fore the Lamb. Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

## 251 The Spring-tide Hour brings Leaf and Flower.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1837. "RAPHAEL." Gaetano Donizetti (1798—1848).

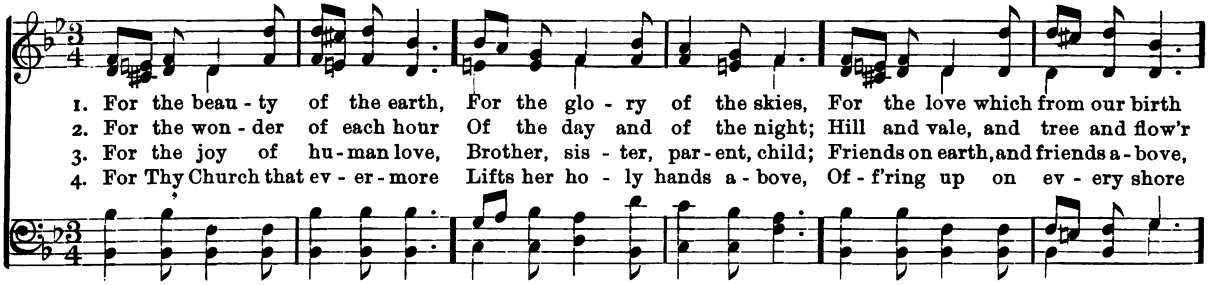

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;... And many a lay wears
2. Dews fall a - pace,—the dews of grace,—Up - on this soul of sin;.... And love di - vine de -
3. Yet year by year fruit, flow'rs ap - pear, And birds their prais - es sing;... But this poor heart bears
out the day In many a leaf - y grove.
lights to shine Up - on the waste with - in.
not its part, Its win - ter has no spring.

4 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

5 And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,—
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

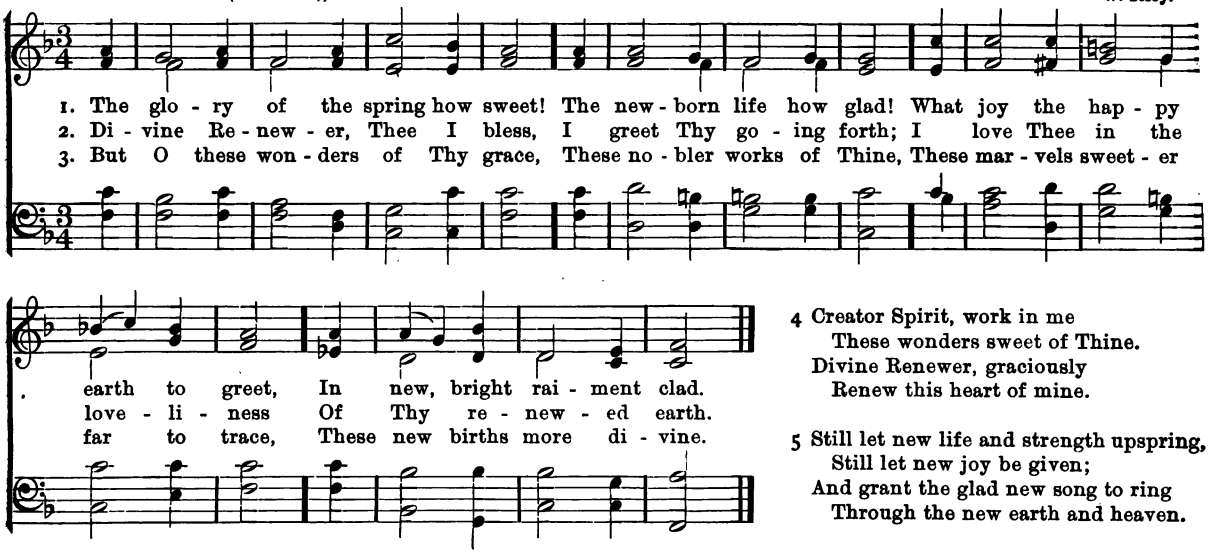
## 252 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835— ), 1864. "PENTECOST." Anon.


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night; Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Brother, sis - ter, par - ent, child; Friends on earth, and friends a - bove,
4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lifts her ho - ly hands a - bove, Of - f'ring up on ev - ery shore

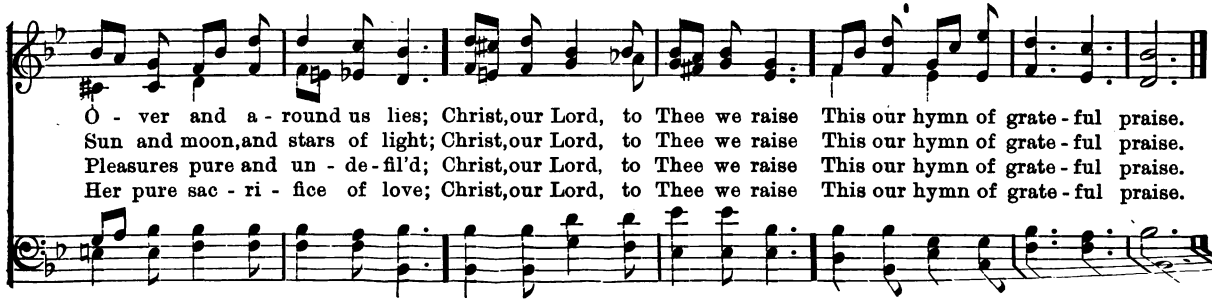
# 253 The Glory of the Spring how Sweet.

Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819— ), 1867. "BURNHAM MARKET." W. Terry.

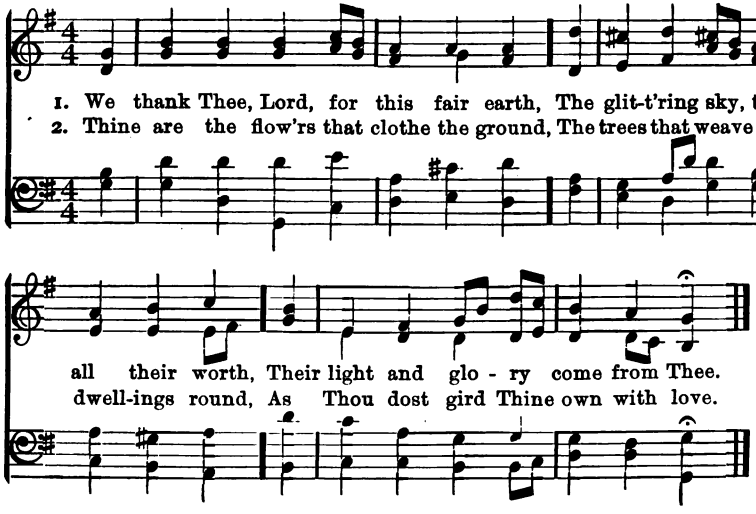

1. The glo - ry of the spring how sweet! The new - born life how glad! What joy the hap - py
2. Di - vine Re - new - er, Thee I bless, I greet Thy go - ing forth; I love Thee in the
3. But O these won - ders of Thy grace, These no - bler works of Thine, These mar - vels sweet - er
earth to greet, In new, bright rai - ment clad.
love - li - ness Of Thy re - new - ed earth.
far to trace, These new births more di - vine.

4 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine.
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

5 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

## For the Beauty of the Earth.—Concluded.

O - ver and a - round us lies; Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.
Sun and moon, and stars of light; Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.
Pleasures pure and un - de - fil'd; Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.
Her pure sac - ri - fice of love; Christ, our Lord, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

## 254 We thank Thee, Lord, for this Fair Earth.

Bp. George Edward Lynch Cotton (1813—1866), 1856. "MORNING HYMN." Francois Hippolyte Barthelemon (1741—1808).

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea; For all their beau - ty,
2. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that weave their arms a - bove, The hills that gird our
all their worth, Their light and glo - ry come from Thee.
dwell-ings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

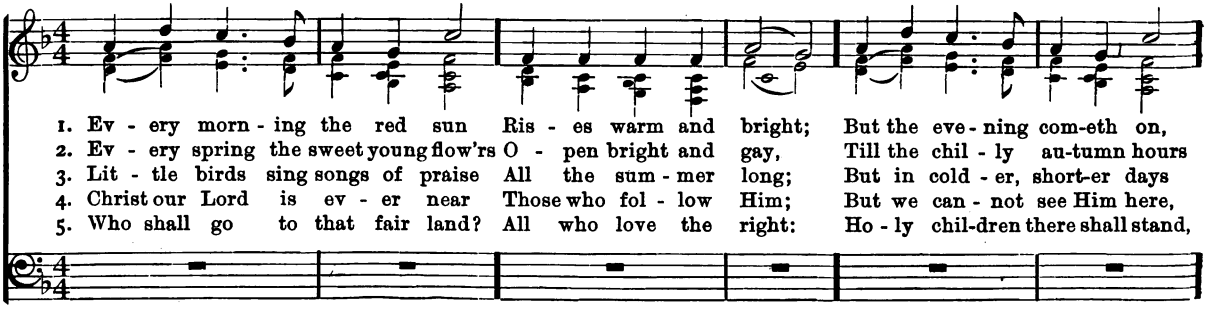
3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.

## 255 Every Morning the Red Sun.

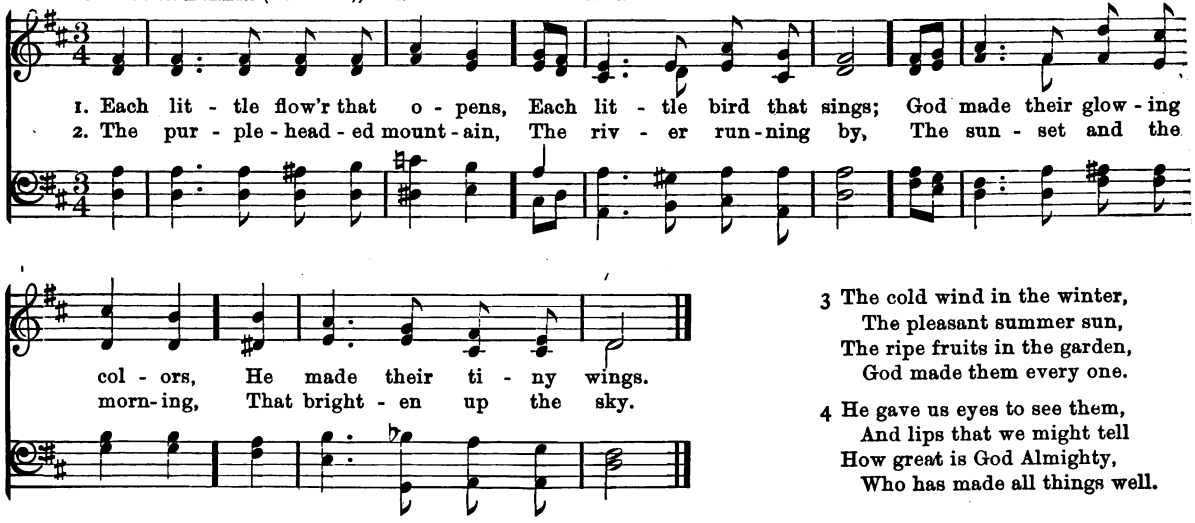
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823— ), 1848. "LONDONDERRY." James Adcock (1778—1860).

*Voices in Unison.*


1. Ev - ery morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright; But the eve - ning com-eth on,
2. Ev - ery spring the sweet young flow'rs O - pen bright and gay, Till the chil - ly au-tumn hours
3. Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long; But in cold - er, short-er days
4. Christ our Lord is ev - er near Those who fol - low Him; But we can - not see Him here,
5. Who shall go to that fair land? All who love the right: Ho - ly chil-dren there shall stand,

# 256 Each Little Flower that Opens.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823— ), 1848. "EDEN" St. Alban's Tune Book.

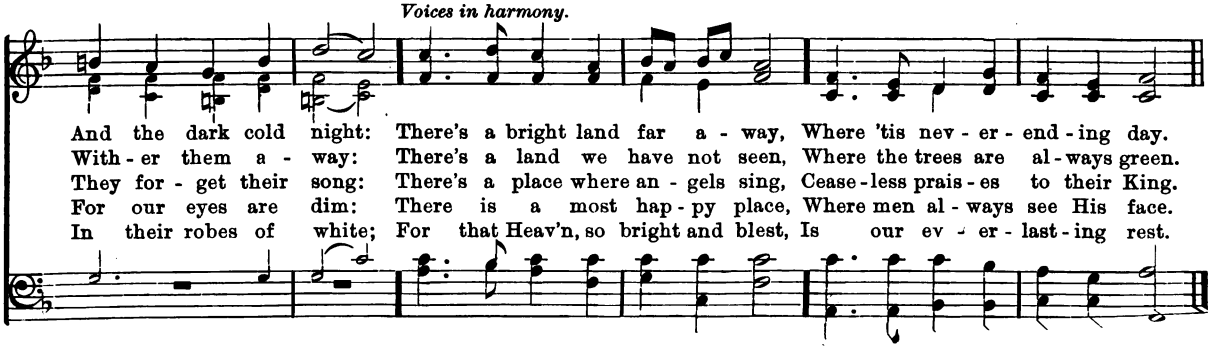

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings; God made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
2. The pur - ple - head - ed mount - ain, The riv - er run - ning by, The sun - set and the morn - ing, That bright - en up the sky.

3 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
God made them every one.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

## Every Morning the Red Sun.—Concluded.

*Voices in harmony.*

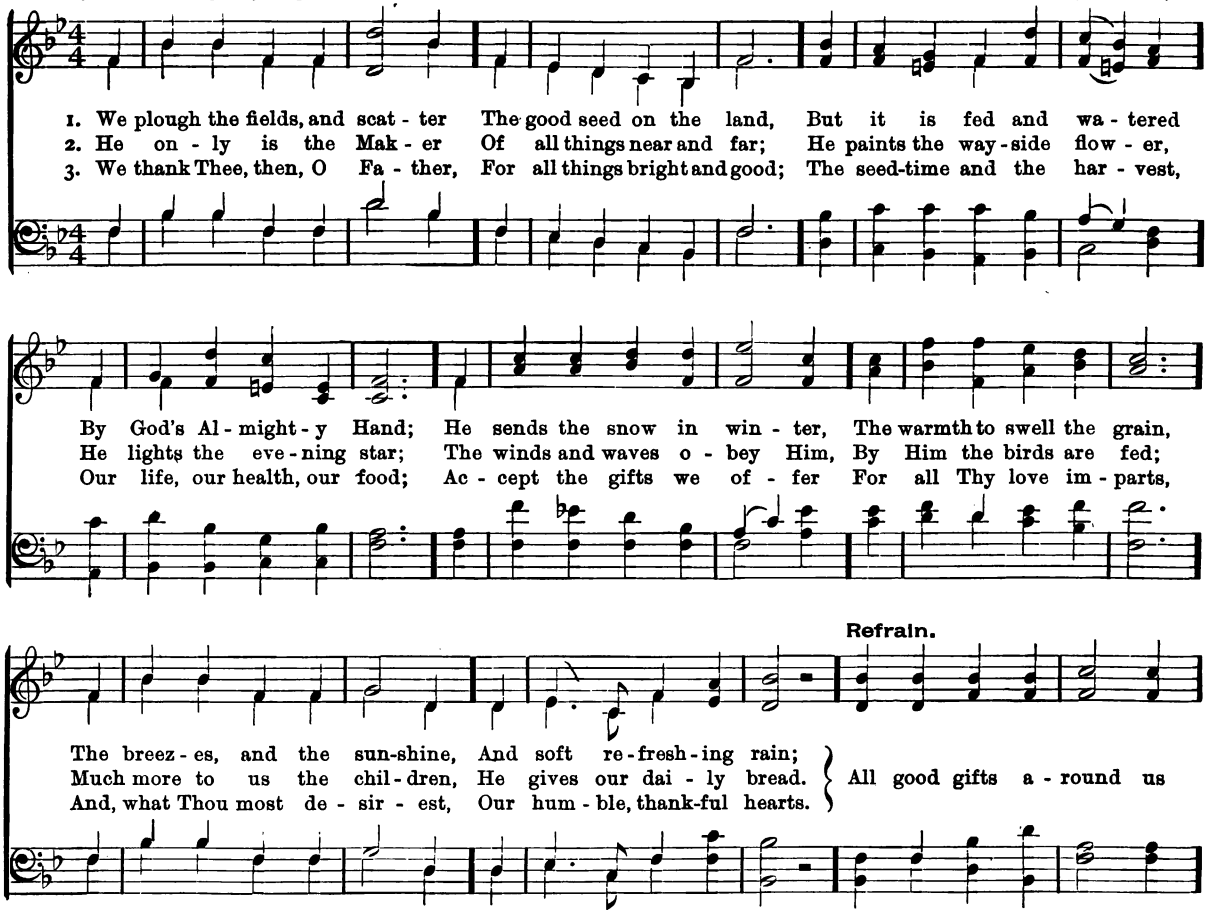

And the dark cold night: There's a bright land far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er - end - ing day.
With - er them a - way: There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are al - ways green.
They for - get their song: There's a place where an - gels sing, Cease - less prais - es to their King.
For our eyes are dim: There is a most hap - py place, Where men al - ways see His face.
In their robes of white; For that Heav'n, so bright and blest, Is our ev - er - last - ing rest.

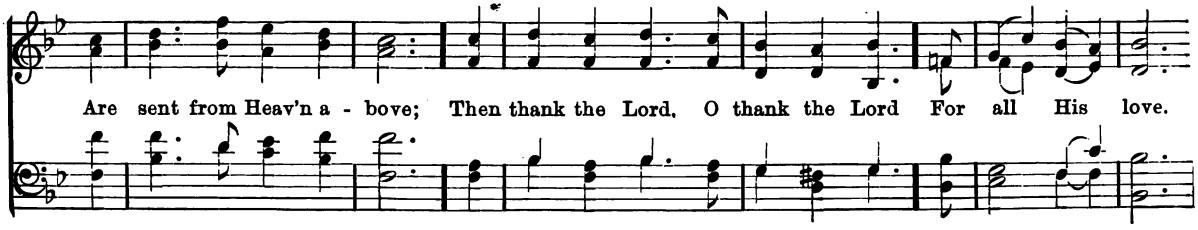
# 257 We Plough the Fields, and Scatter.

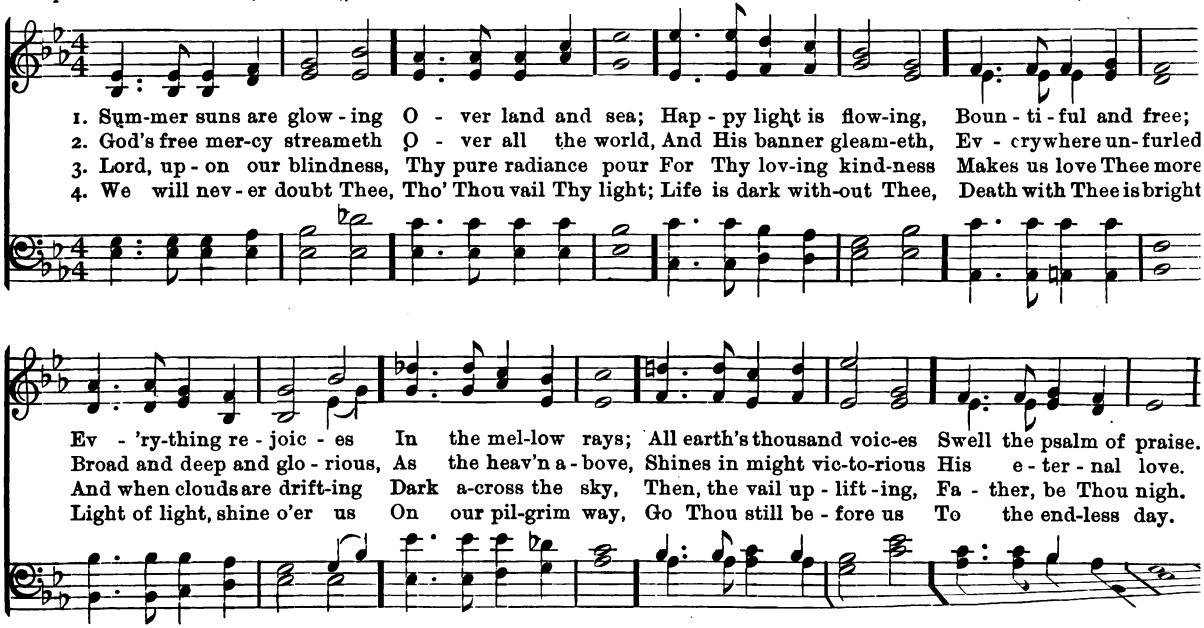
Matthias Claudius (1740—1815), 1782.
Tr. by Miss Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817—1878), 1861.

"WIR PFLUGEN."

J. A. P. Schulz (1741—1800).

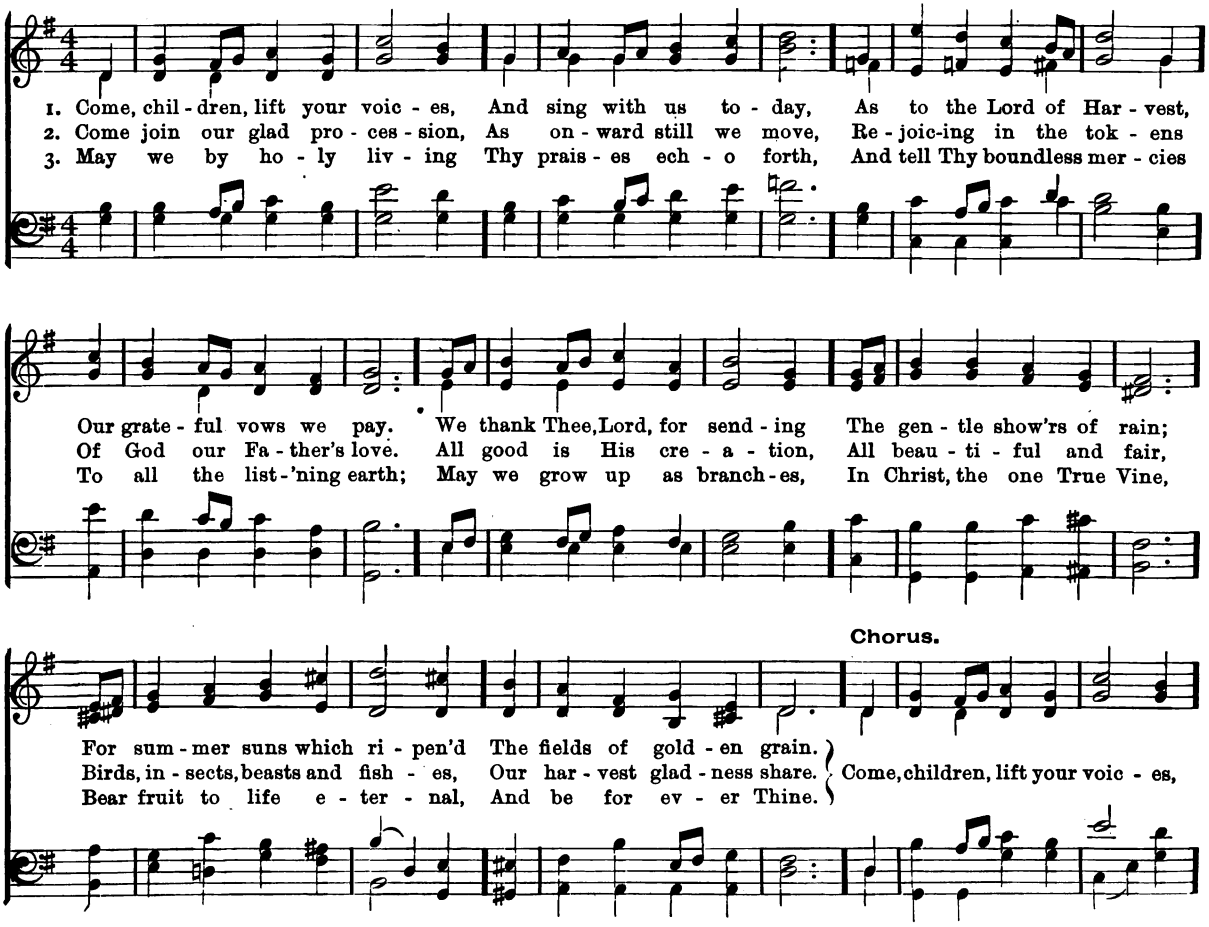

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the way - side flow - er,
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good; The seed-time and the har - vest,
By God's Al - might - y Hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed;
Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer For all Thy love im - parts,
Refrain.
The breez - es, and the sun-shine, And soft re - fresh - ing rain;
Much more to us the chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
And, what Thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank-ful hearts.
All good gifts a - round us

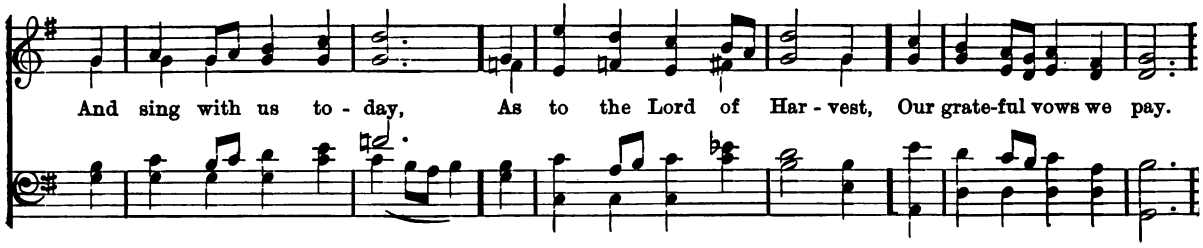
## We Plough the Fields.—Concluded.

## 258 Summer Suns are Glowing.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1871. "RUTH." Samuel Smith (1804—1873).

1. Sum-mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is flow-ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;
2. God's free mer-cy streameth O - ver all the world, And His banner gleam-eth, Ev - erywhere un-furled
3. Lord, up - on our blindness, Thy pure radiance pour For Thy lov-ing kind-ness Makes us love Thee more
4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Tho' Thou vail Thy light; Life is dark with-out Thee, Death with Thee is bright
Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es In the mel-low rays; All earth's thousand voic-es Swell the psalm of praise.
Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heav'n a - bove, Shines in might vic-to-rious His e - ter - nal love.
And when clouds are drift-ing Dark a-cross the sky, Then, the vail up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
Light of light, shine o'er us On our pil-grim way, Go Thou still be - fore us To the end-less day.

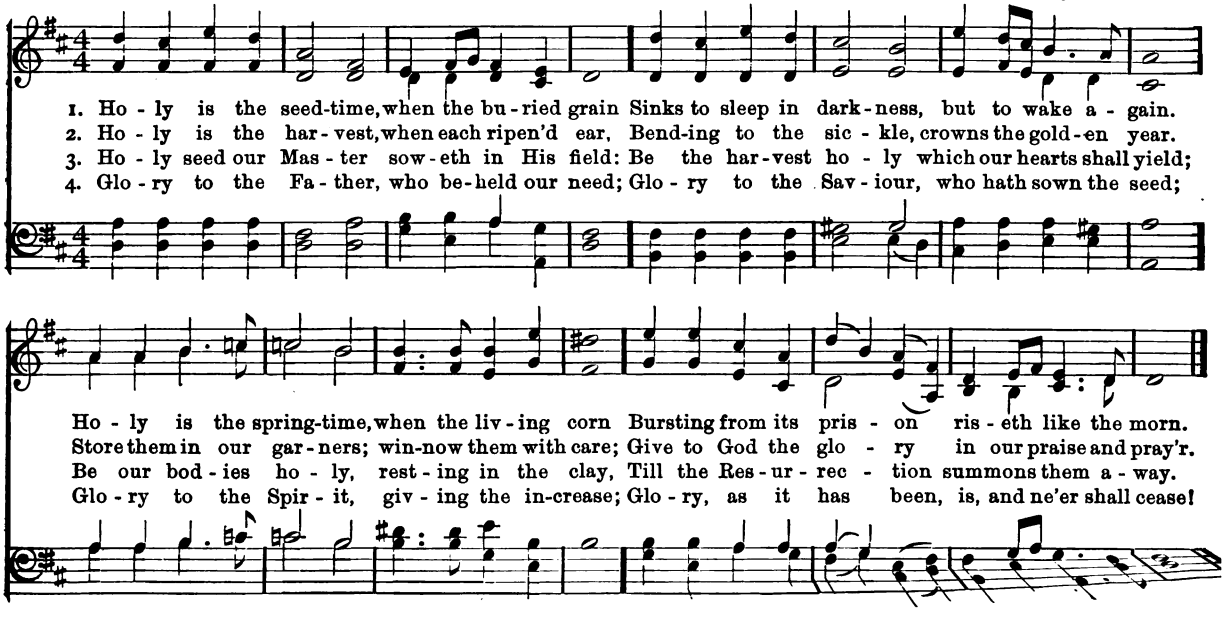
# 259 Come, Children, Lift Your Voices.

Mrs. Claudia Frances Hernaman (1838— ), 1878. "HARVEST." Berthold Tours (1838— ).


1. Come, chil - dren, lift your voic - es, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord of Har - vest,
2. Come join our glad pro - ces - sion, As on - ward still we move, Re - joic-ing in the tok - ens
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais - es ech - o forth, And tell Thy boundless mer - cies
Our grate - ful vows we pay. We thank Thee, Lord, for send - ing The gen - tle show'rs of rain;
Of God our Fa - ther's love. All good is His cre - a - tion, All beau - ti - ful and fair,
To all the list-'ning earth; May we grow up as branch - es, In Christ, the one True Vine,
Chorus.
For sum - mer suns which ri - pen'd The fields of gold - en grain.
Birds, in - sects, beasts and fish - es, Our har - vest glad - ness share.
Bear fruit to life e - ter - nal, And be for ev - er Thine.
Come, children, lift your voic - es,

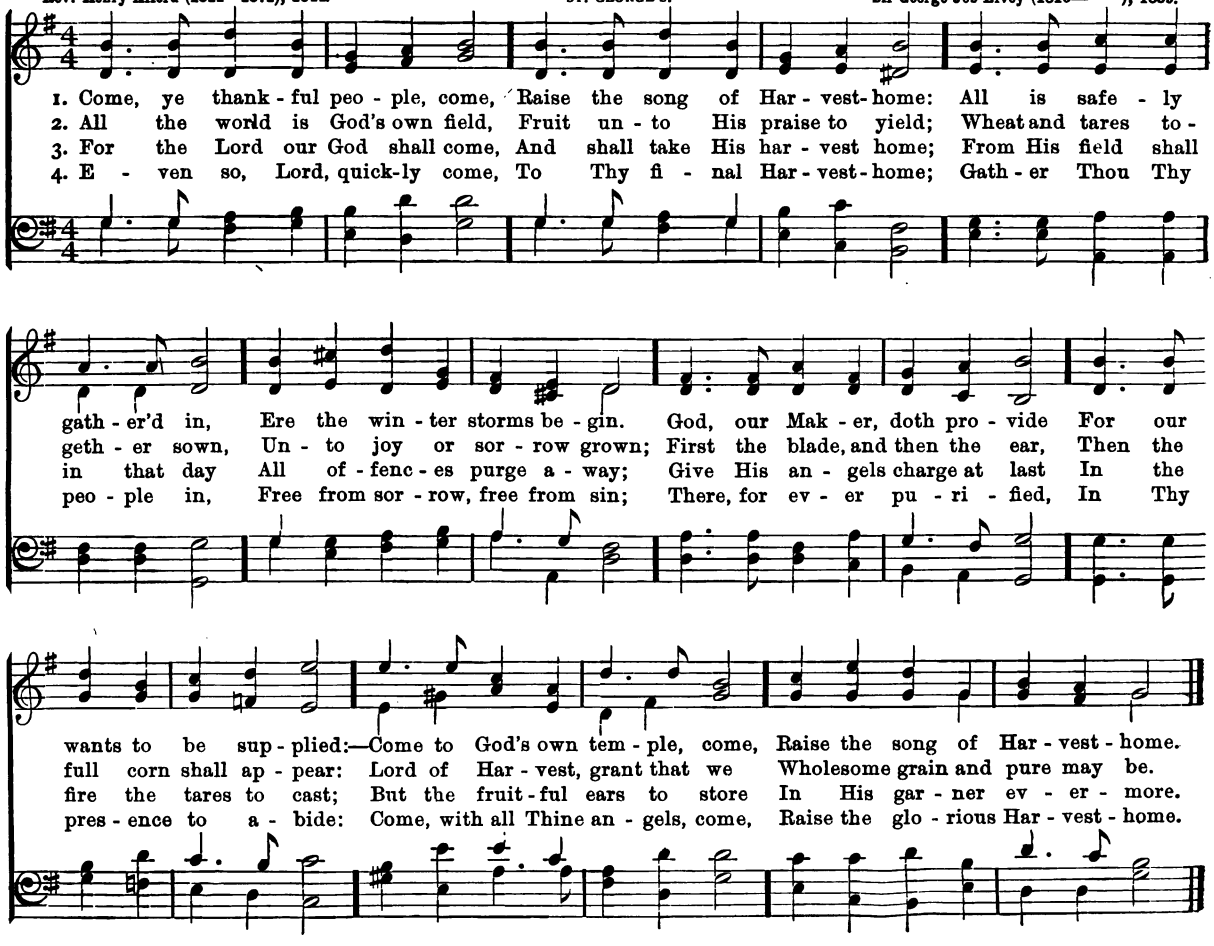
## Come, Children, Lift Your Voices.—Concluded.

## 260 Holy is the Seed-time, when the Buried Grain

Miss Margaret Anna Headlam (1817— ), 1862. "BLESSED SAVIOUR." Joseph J. Barnby (1838— ).


1. Ho - ly is the seed-time, when the bu - ried grain Sinks to sleep in dark - ness, but to wake a - gain.
2. Ho - ly is the har - vest, when each ripen'd ear, Bend-ing to the sic - kle, crowns the gold - en year.
3. Ho - ly seed our Mas - ter sow - eth in His field: Be the har - vest ho - ly which our hearts shall yield;
4. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, who be - held our need; Glo - ry to the Sav - iour, who hath sown the seed;
Ho - ly is the spring-time, when the liv - ing corn Bursting from its pris - on ris - eth like the morn.
Store them in our gar - ners; win-now them with care; Give to God the glo - ry in our praise and pray'r.
Be our bod - ies ho - ly, rest - ing in the clay, Till the Res - ur - rec - tion summons them a - way.
Glo - ry to the Spir - it, giv - ing the in-crease; Glo - ry, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

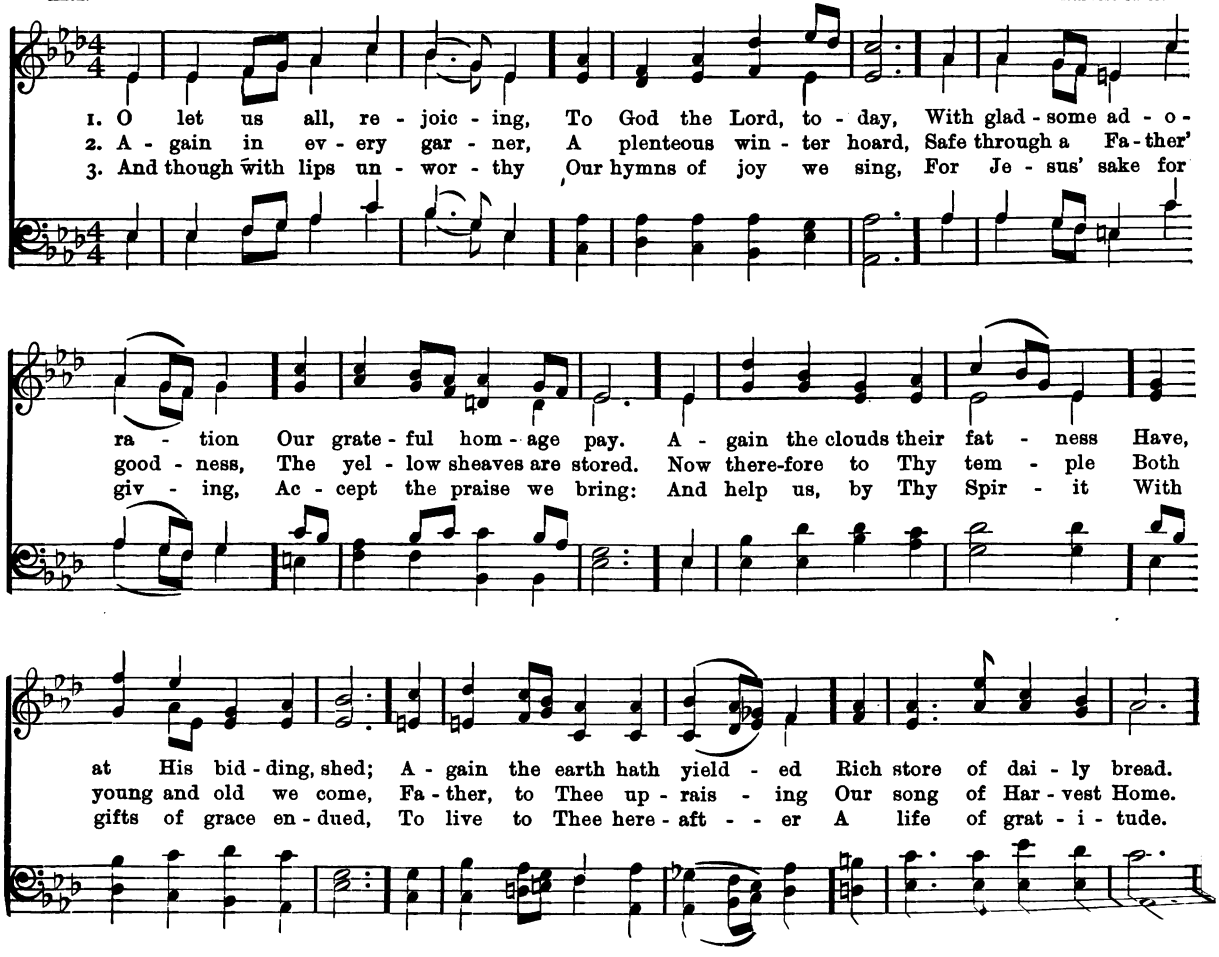
# 261 Come, ye Thankful People, Come!

Rev. Henry Alford (1811—1871), 1844. "ST. GEORGE'S." Sir George Job Elvey (1816— ), 1859.

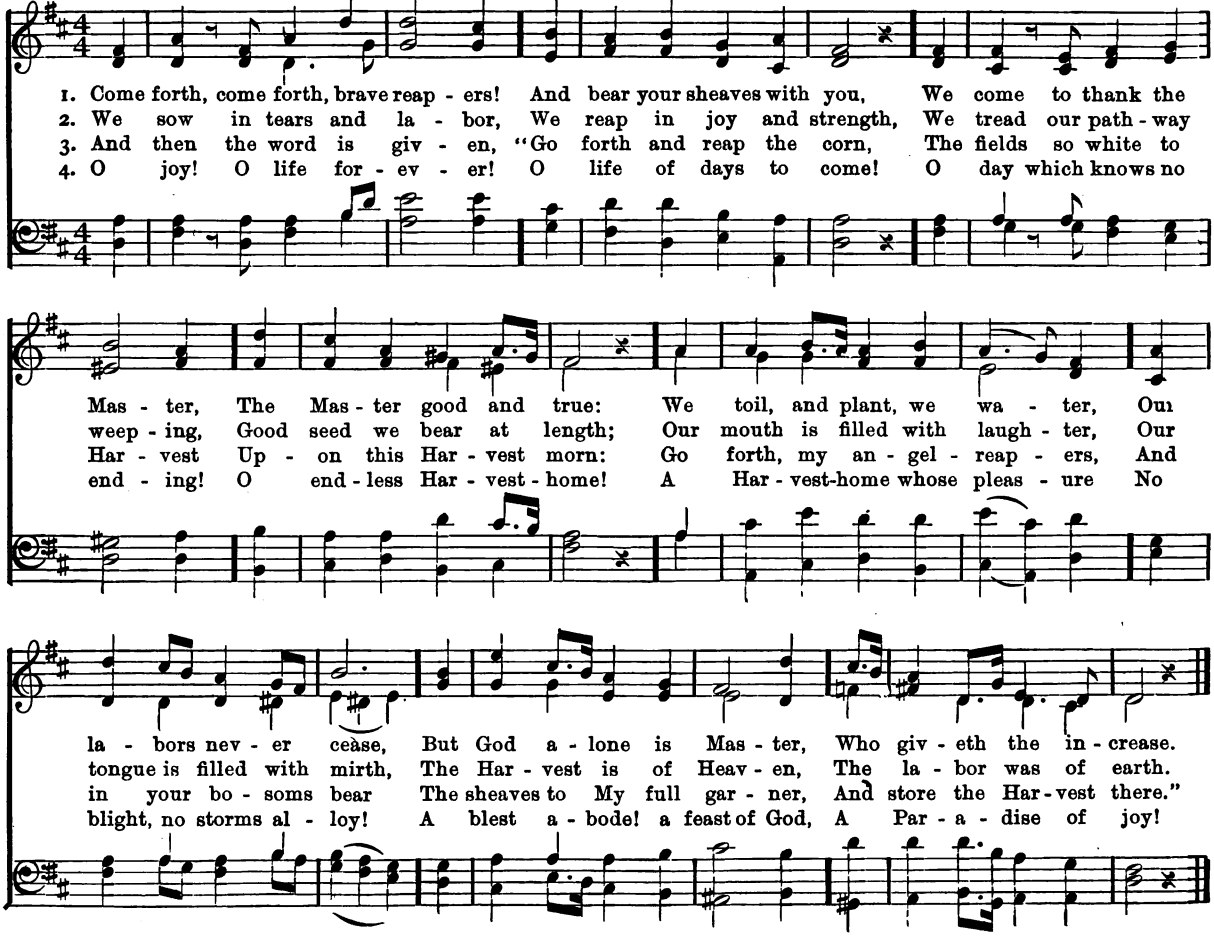

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home: All is safe - ly
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to -
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home; From His field shall
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, To Thy fi - nal Har - vest - home; Gath - er Thou Thy
gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin. God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our
geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown; First the blade, and then the ear, Then the
in that day All of - fenc - es purge a - way; Give His an - gels charge at last In the
peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin; There, for ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy
wants to be sup - plied:—Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home.
full corn shall ap - pear: Lord of Har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
fire the tares to cast; But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
pres - ence to a - bide: Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious Har - vest - home.

# 262 O let Us All, Rejoicing.

Anon. "Harvest Carols."


1. O let us all, re - joic - ing, To God the Lord, to - day, With glad - some ad - o -
2. A - gain in ev - ery gar - ner, A plenteous win - ter hoard, Safe through a Fa - ther'
3. And though with lips un - wor - thy Our hymns of joy we sing, For Je - sus' sake for
ra - tion Our grate - ful hom - age pay. A - gain the clouds their fat - ness Have,
good - ness, The yel - low sheaves are stored. Now there-fore to Thy tem - ple Both
giv - ing, Ac - cept the praise we bring: And help us, by Thy Spir - it With
at His bid - ding, shed; A - gain the earth hath yield - ed Rich store of dai - ly bread.
young and old we come, Fa - ther, to Thee up - rais - ing Our song of Har - vest Home.
gifts of grace en - dued, To live to Thee here - aft - - er A life of grat - i - tude.

# 263 Come Forth, Come Forth, Brave Reapers!

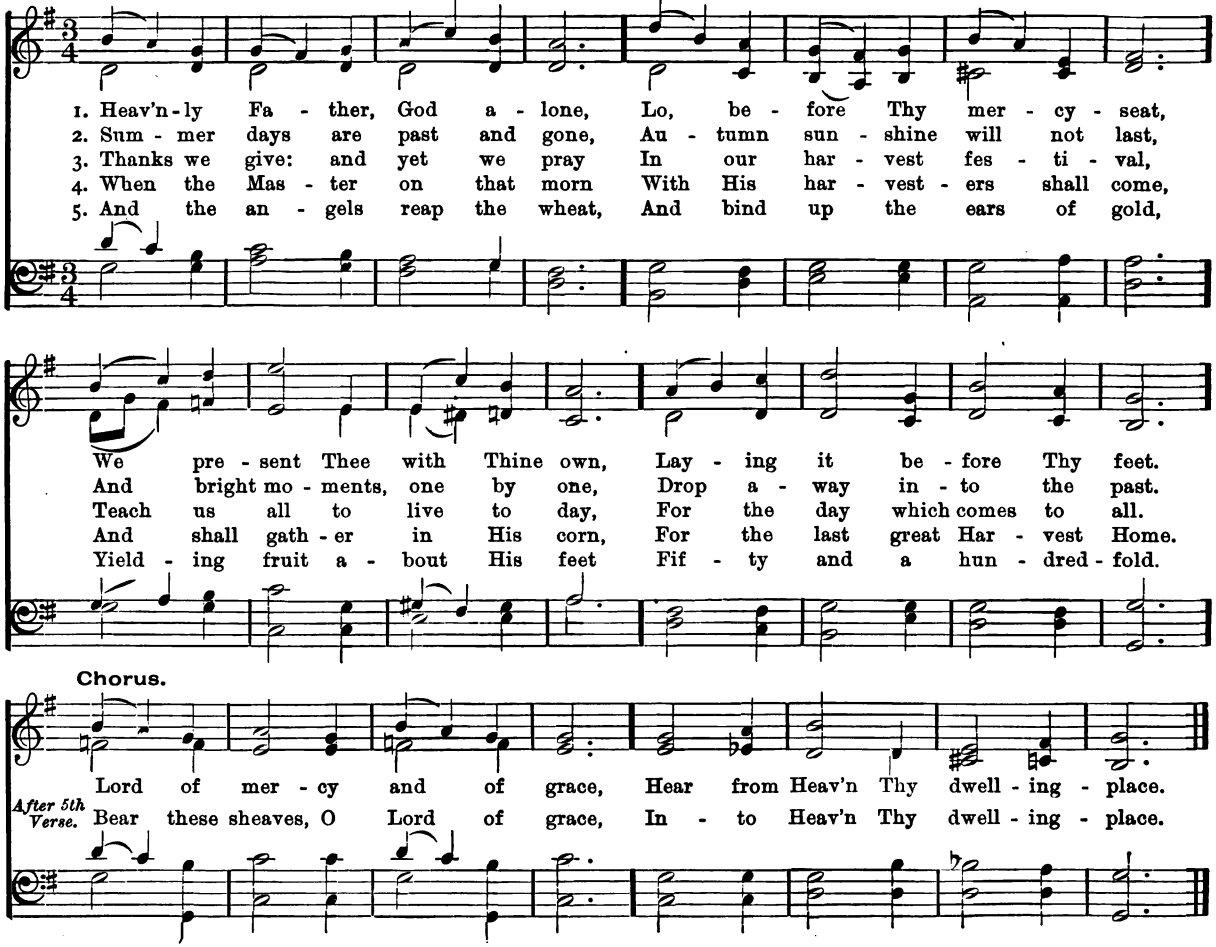
Anon. "Harvest Carols."

1. Come forth, come forth, brave reap - ers! And bear your sheaves with you, We come to thank the
2. We sow in tears and la - bor, We reap in joy and strength, We tread our path - way
3. And then the word is giv - en, "Go forth and reap the corn, The fields so white to
4. O joy! O life for - ev - er! O life of days to come! O day which knows no
Mas - ter, The Mas - ter good and true: We toil, and plant, we wa - ter, Our
weep - ing, Good seed we bear at length; Our mouth is filled with laugh - ter, Our
Har - vest Up - on this Har - vest morn: Go forth, my an - gel - reap - ers, And
end - ing! O end - less Har - vest - home! A Har - vest-home whose pleas - ure No
la - bors nev - er cease, But God a - lone is Mas - ter, Who giv - eth the in - crease.
tongue is filled with mirth, The Har - vest is of Heav - en, The la - bor was of earth.
in your bo - soms bear The sheaves to My full gar - ner, And store the Har - vest there."
blight, no storms al - loy! A blest a - bode! a feast of God, A Par - a - dise of joy!

# 264 To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts we Raise.

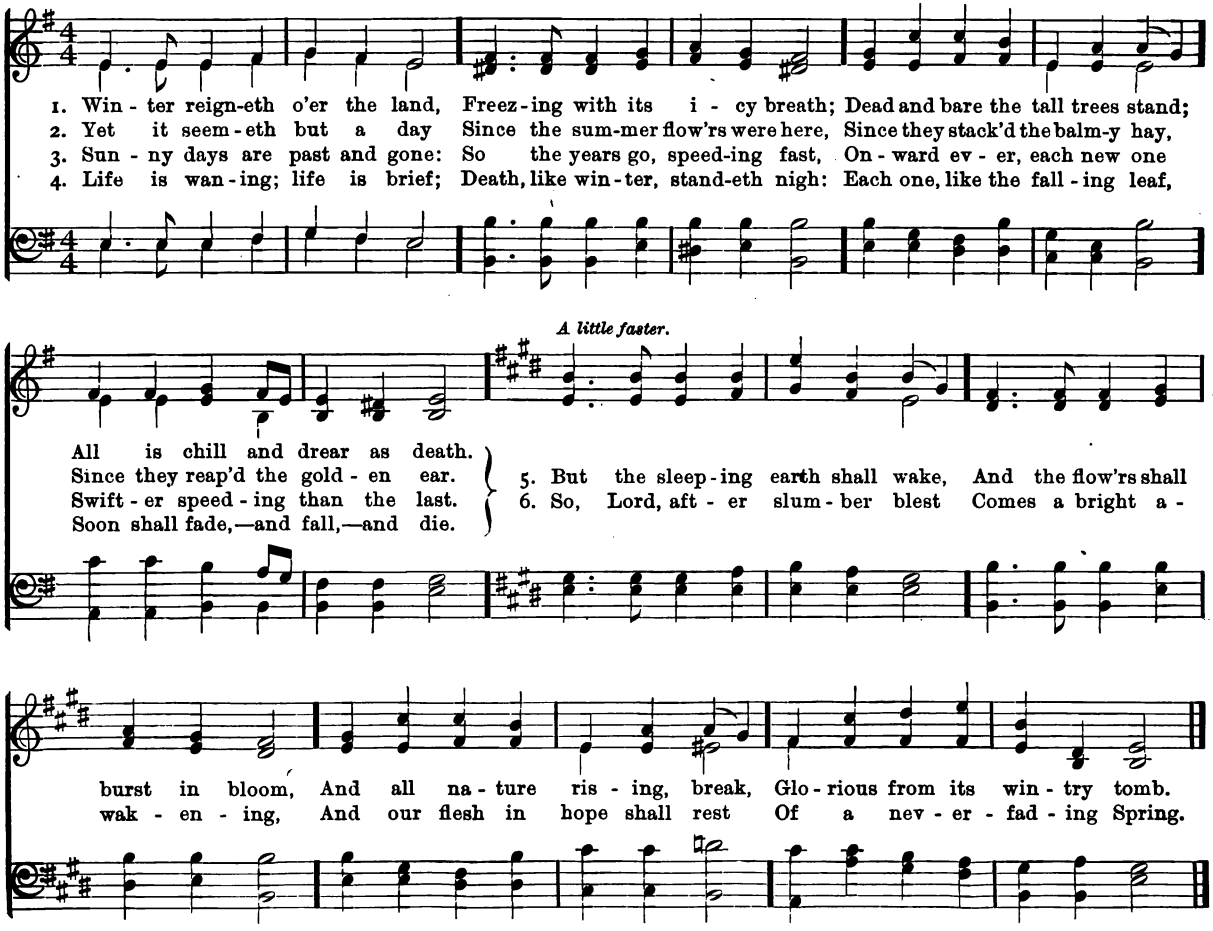
William Chatterton Dix (1837— ). "GOLDEN SHEAVES." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise, In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion; To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise, With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion. Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing; The val - leys stand so thick with corn, That e - ven they are sing - ing.
2. And now, on this our fes - tal day, Thy bounteous hand con - fess - ing, Up - on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay The first - fruits of Thy bless-ing: By Thee the souls of men are fed With gifts of grace su - per - nal; Thou who dost give us dai - ly bread, Give us the bread e - ter - nal.
3. We bear the bur - den of the day, And oft - en toil seems drear - y, But la - bor ends with sun - set ray, And rest is for the wea - ry: May we, the an - gel - reap - ing o'er, Stand at the last ac - cept - ed, Christ's golden sheaves for ev-er - more To gar - ners bright e - lect - ed!
4. O bless - ed is that land of God, Where saints a - bide for ev - er; Where gold-en fields spread fair and broad, Where flows the crys - tal riv - er. The strains of all its ho - ly throng With ours to - day are blend-ing, Thrice bless-ed is that har - vest song Which nev-er hath an end - ing!

# 265 Heavenly Father, God Alone.

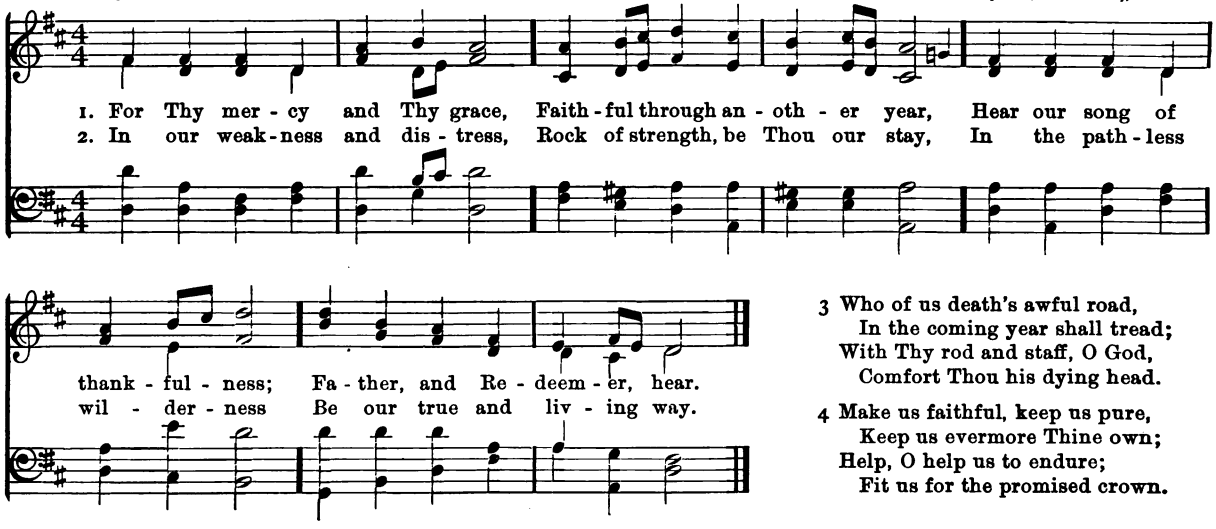
Rev. Gerard Moultrie (1829—1885), 1867. "Harvest Carols."

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, God a - lone, Lo, be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat,
2. Sum - mer days are past and gone, Au - tumn sun - shine will not last,
3. Thanks we give: and yet we pray In our har - vest fes - ti - val,
4. When the Mas - ter on that morn With His har - vest - ers shall come,
5. And the an - gels reap the wheat, And bind up the ears of gold,
We pre - sent Thee with Thine own, Lay - ing it be - fore Thy feet.
And bright mo - ments, one by one, Drop a - way in - to the past.
Teach us all to live to day, For the day which comes to all.
And shall gath - er in His corn, For the last great Har - vest Home.
Yield - ing fruit a - bout His feet Fif - ty and a hun - dred - fold.
Chorus.
Lord of mer - cy and of grace, Hear from Heav'n Thy dwell - ing - place.
After 5th Verse. Bear these sheaves, O Lord of grace, In - to Heav'n Thy dwell - ing - place.

# 266 Winter Reigneth o'er the Land.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1871. "CLARENCE." Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

1. Win - ter reign-eth o'er the land, Freez - ing with its i - cy breath; Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
2. Yet it seem - eth but a day Since the sum-mer flow'rs were here, Since they stack'd the balm-y hay,
3. Sun - ny days are past and gone: So the years go, speed-ing fast, On - ward ev - er, each new one
4. Life is wan - ing; life is brief; Death, like win - ter, stand-eth nigh: Each one, like the fall - ing leaf,
A little faster.
All is chill and drear as death.
Since they reap'd the gold - en ear.
Swift - er speed - ing than the last.
Soon shall fade,—and fall,—and die.
5. But the sleep - ing earth shall wake, And the flow'rs shall
6. So, Lord, aft - er slum - ber blest Comes a bright a -
burst in bloom, And all na - ture ris - ing, break, Glo - rious from its win - try tomb.
wak - en - ing, And our flesh in hope shall rest Of a nev - er - fad - ing Spring.

## 267 For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace.

Rev. Henry Downton (1818—1885), 1841. "FERRIER." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1833—1876), 1861.

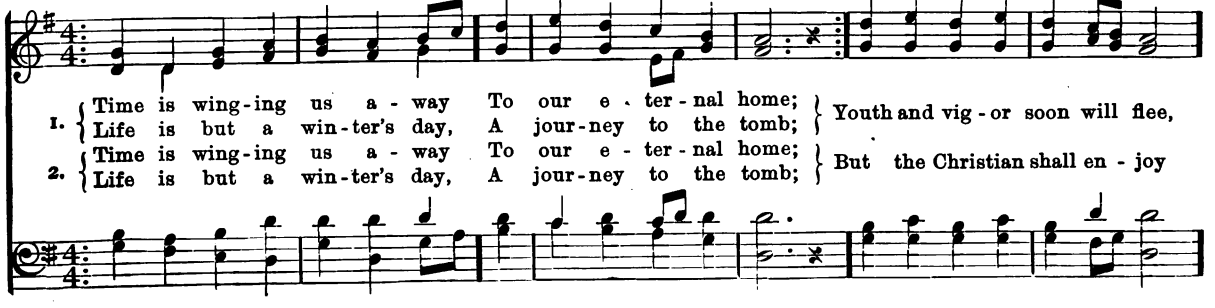

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year, Hear our song of
2. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength, be Thou our stay, In the path - less
thank - ful - ness; Fa - ther, and Re - deem - er, hear.
wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way.

3 Who of us death's awful road,
In the coming year shall tread;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

4 Make us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

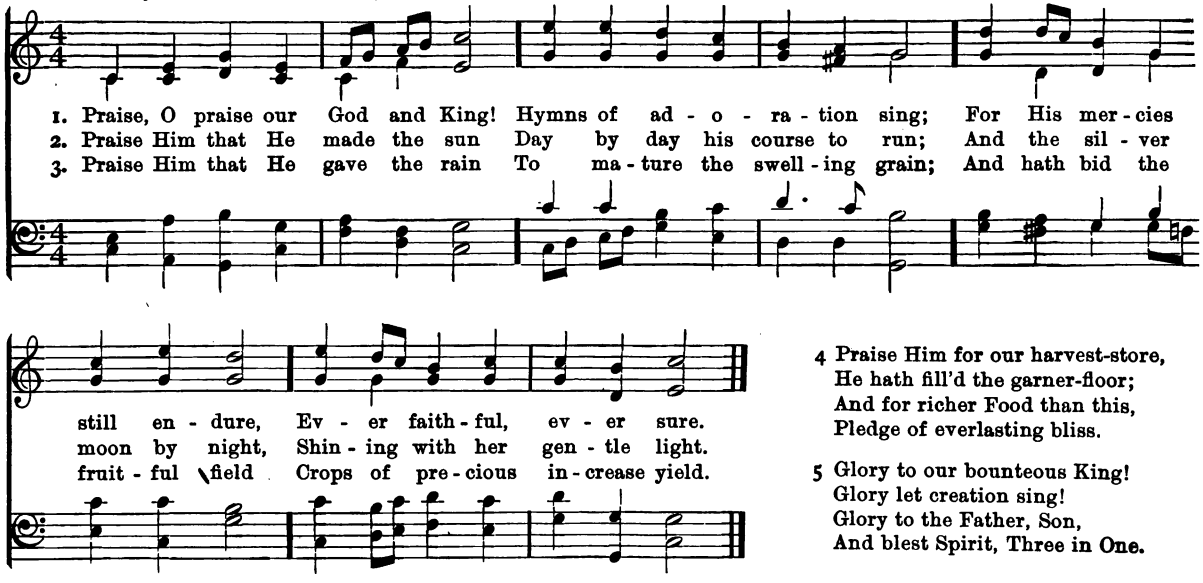
## 268 Time is Winging Us Away.

John Burton (1773—1822), 1812. "AMSTERDAM." James Nares (1715—1783), 1778.


1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb;
Youth and vig - or soon will flee,
2. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb;
But the Christian shall en - joy

# 269 Praise, O Praise Our God and King!

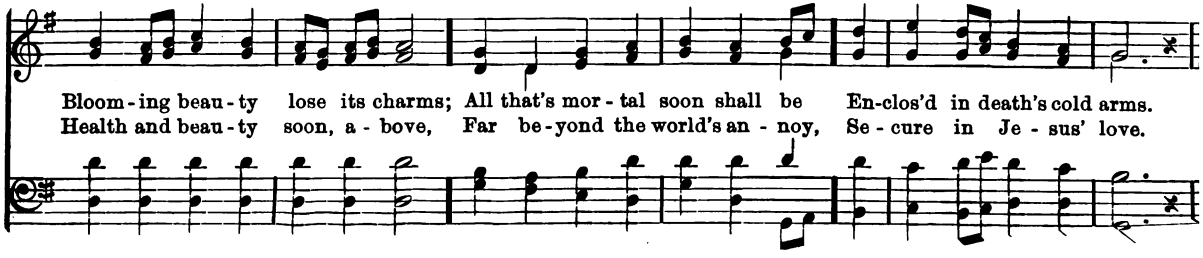
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1861. "MONKLAND." Arr. by John P. Wilkes, 1861.


1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing; For His mer - cies
2. Praise Him that He made the sun Day by day his course to run; And the sil - ver
3. Praise Him that He gave the rain To ma - ture the swell - ing grain; And hath bid the
still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
moon by night, Shin - ing with her gen - tle light.
fruit - ful field Crops of pre - cious in - crease yield.

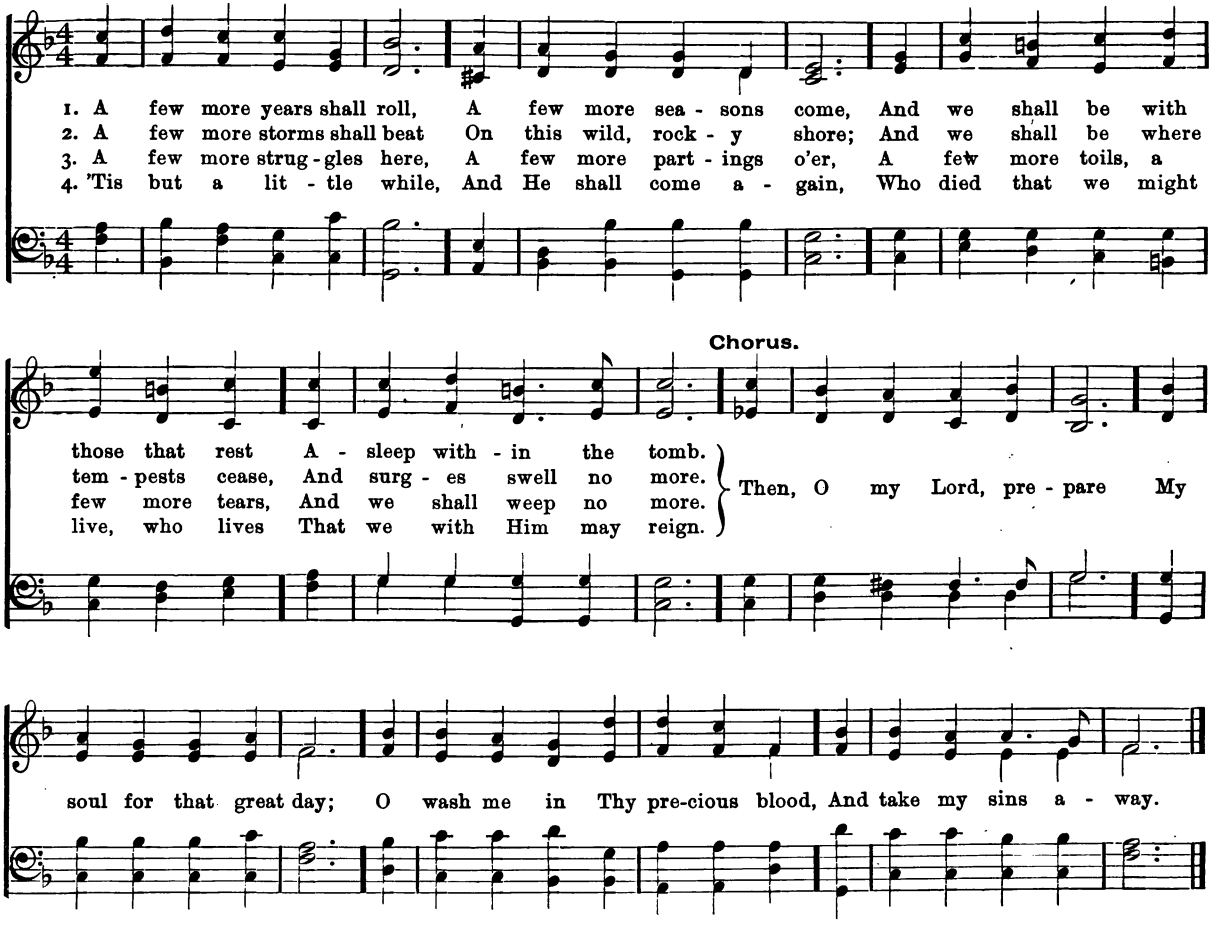
4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

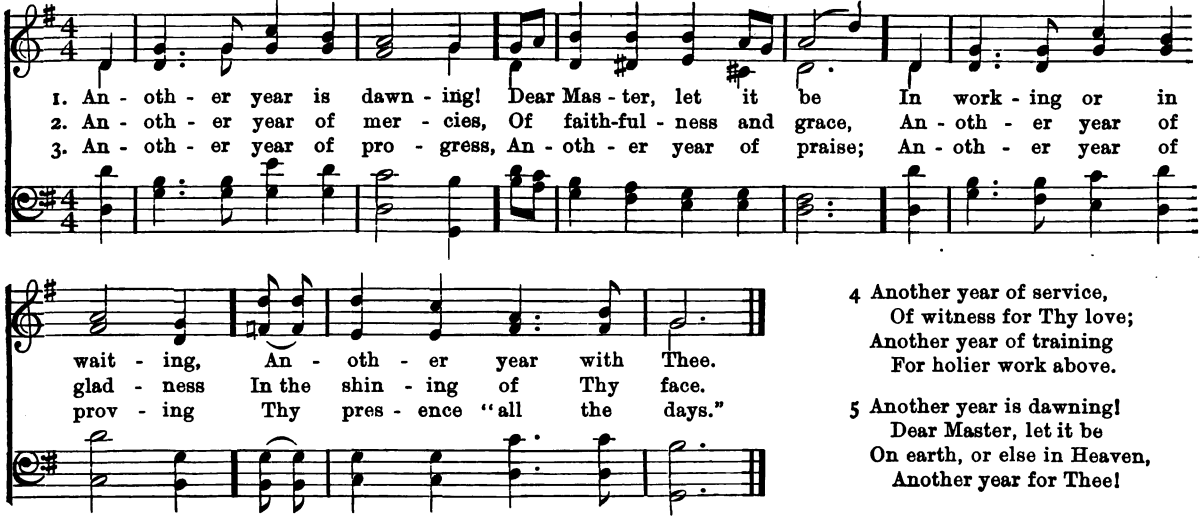
## Time is Winging Us Away.—Concluded.


Bloom - ing beau - ty lose its charms; All that's mor - tal soon shall be En-clos'd in death's cold arms.
Health and beau - ty soon, a - bove, Far be - yond the world's an - noy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

# 270 A Few More Years shall Roll.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1842. "CHALVEY." Rev. Leighton George Hayne (1836— ), 1868.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock - y shore; And we shall be where
3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a
4. 'Tis but a lit - tle while, And He shall come a - gain, Who died that we might
Chorus.
those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb.
tem - pests cease, And surg - es swell no more.
few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
live, who lives That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My
soul for that great day; O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

## 271 Another Year is Dawning!

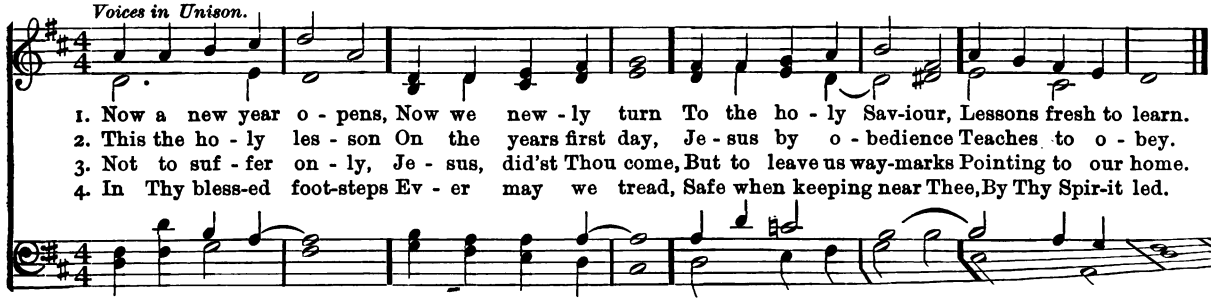
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1874. Arr. fr. Carl Maria von Weber (1786—1826).

1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be In work - ing or in
2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith-ful - ness and grace, An - oth - er year of
3. An - oth - er year of pro - gress, An - oth - er year of praise; An - oth - er year of
wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
glad - ness In the shin - ing of Thy face.
prov - ing Thy pres - ence "all the days."

4 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

5 Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in Heaven,
Another year for Thee!

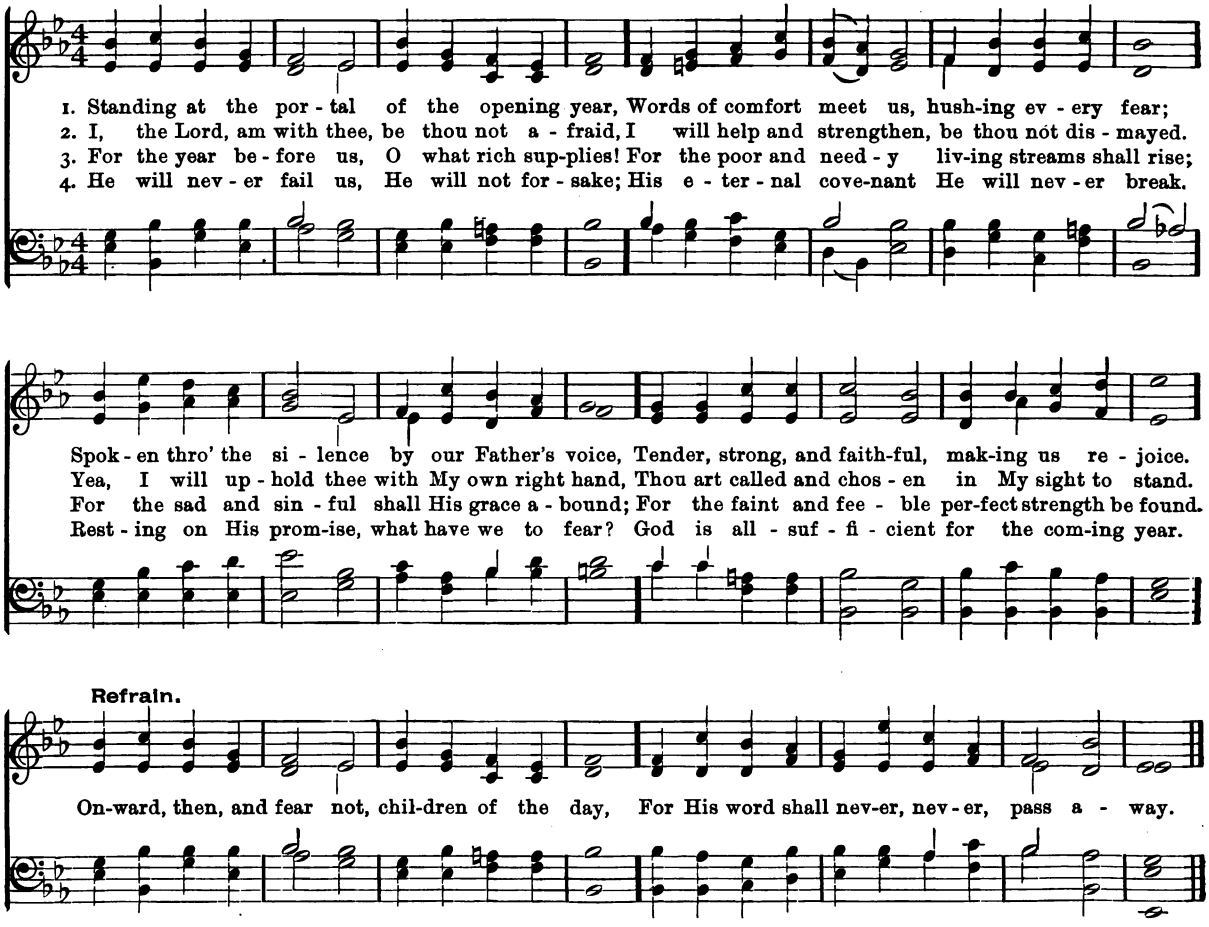
## 272 Now a New Year Opens.

Rev. Samuel Childs Clarke (1821— ), 1881. "UPTON PYNE." Rev. Frederick Alfred John Hervey (1846— ).

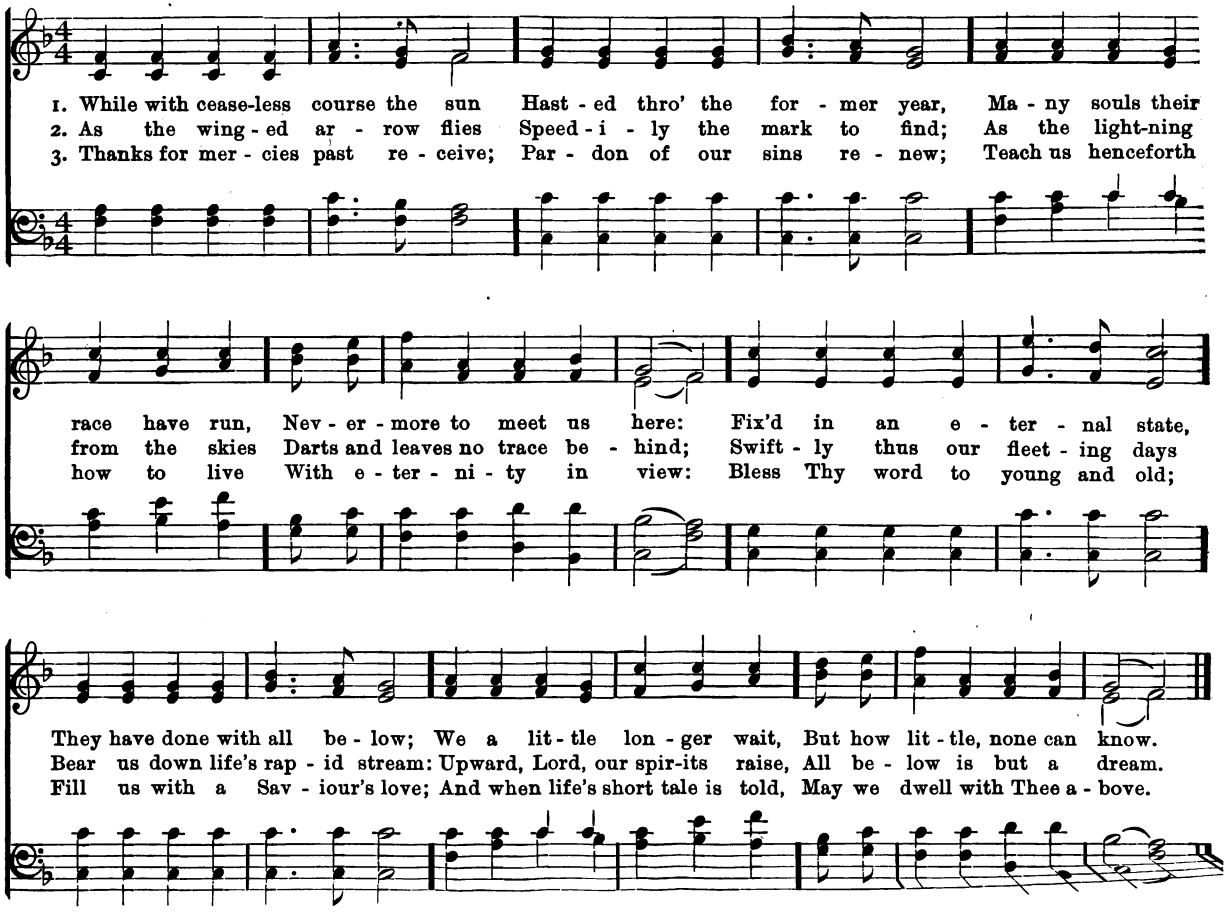

Voices in Unison.
1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn To the ho - ly Sav-iour, Lessons fresh to learn.
2. This the ho - ly les - son On the years first day, Je - sus by o - bedience Teaches to o - bey.
3. Not to suf - fer on - ly, Je - sus, did'st Thou come, But to leave us way-marks Pointing to our home.
4. In Thy bless-ed foot-steps Ev - er may we tread, Safe when keeping near Thee, By Thy Spir-it led.

# 273 Standing at the Portal of the Opening Year.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1873. "NEW YEAR." F. A. Mann.

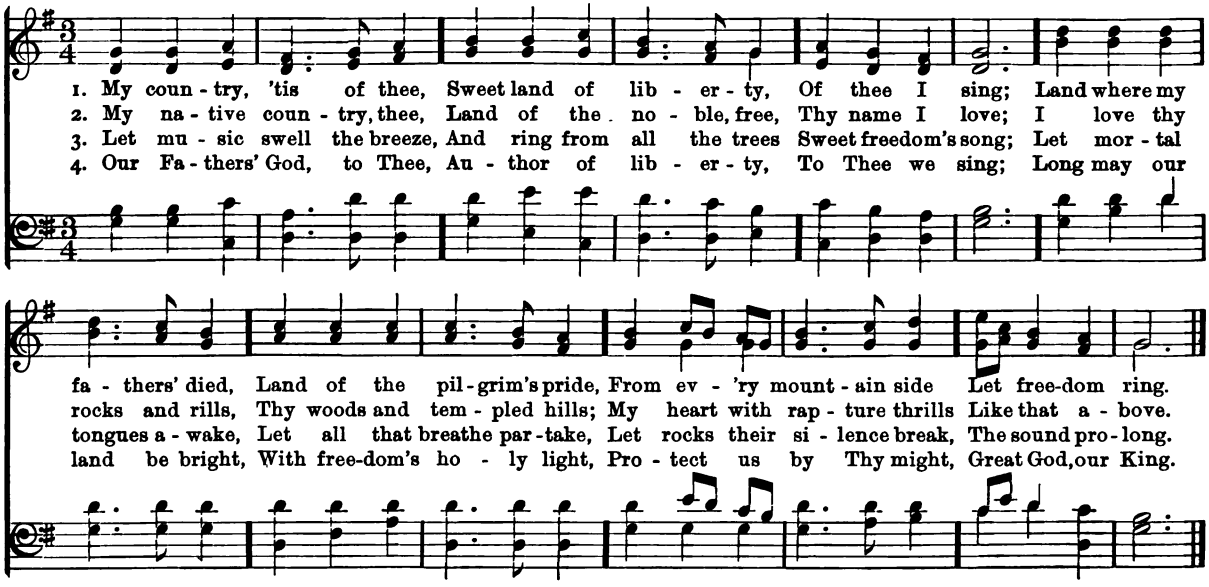

1. Standing at the por - tal of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, hush-ing ev - ery fear;
2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not a - fraid, I will help and strengthen, be thou not dis - mayed.
3. For the year be - fore us, O what rich sup-plies! For the poor and need - y liv-ing streams shall rise;
4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; His e - ter - nal cove-nant He will nev - er break.
Spok - en thro' the si - lence by our Father's voice, Tender, strong, and faith-ful, mak-ing us re - joice.
Yea, I will up - hold thee with My own right hand, Thou art called and chos - en in My sight to stand.
For the sad and sin - ful shall His grace a - bound; For the faint and fee - ble per-fect strength be found.
Rest - ing on His prom-ise, what have we to fear? God is all - suf - fi - cient for the com-ing year.
Refrain.
On-ward, then, and fear not, chil-dren of the day, For His word shall nev-er, nev - er, pass a - way.

# 274 While with Ceaseless Course the Sun.

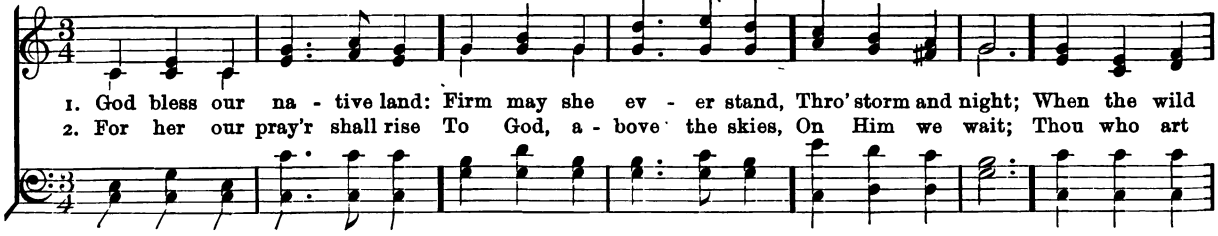
Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1774. "BENEVENTO." Samuel Webbe (1740—1816), c. 1770.

1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their
2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the light-ning
3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth
race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here: Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state,
from the skies Darts and leaves no trace be - hind; Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days
how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view: Bless Thy word to young and old;
They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
Bear us down life's rap - id stream: Upward, Lord, our spir-its raise, All be - low is but a dream.
Fill us with a Sav - iour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove.

## 275 My Country 'tis of Thee.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808— ), 1832. "AMERICA." Henry Carey (1693—1743), 1740. Har. 1745.

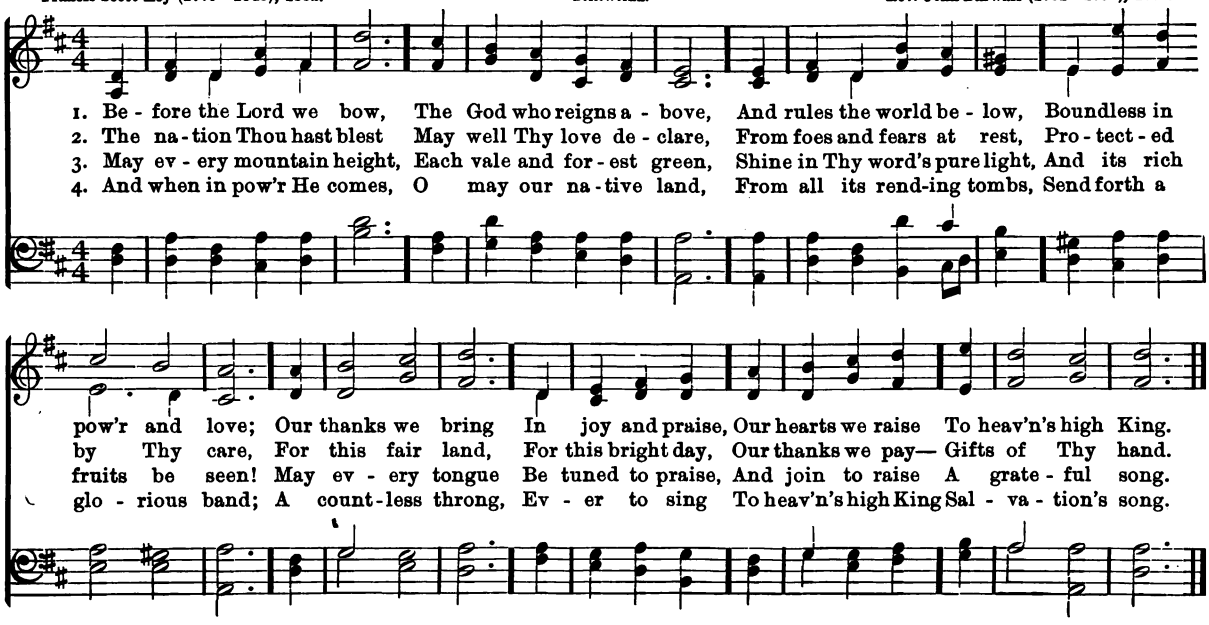

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our Fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers' died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## 276 God Bless Our Native Land.

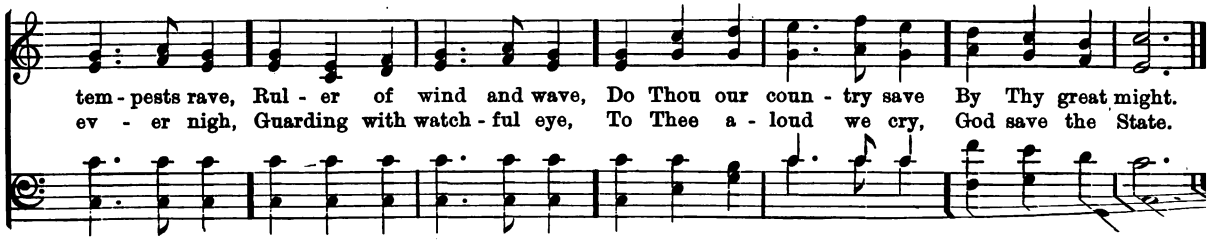
Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks (1813—1883), 1835.
Alt. by Rev. John Sullivan Dwight (1812— ), 1844. "DORT." Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1833.

1. God bless our na - tive land: Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, a - bove the skies, On Him we wait; Thou who art

# 277 Before the Lord We Bow.

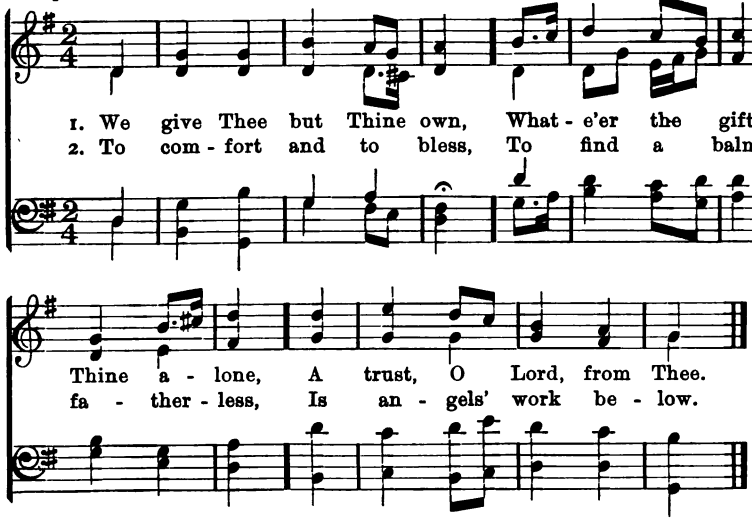
Francis Scott Key (1779—1843), 1832. "DARWALL." Rev. John Darwall (1731—1789), 1770.


1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And rules the world be - low, Boundless in
2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed
3. May ev - ery mountain height, Each vale and for - est green, Shine in Thy word's pure light, And its rich
4. And when in pow'r He comes, O may our na - tive land, From all its rend-ing tombs, Send forth a
pow'r and love; Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heav'n's high King.
by Thy care, For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay— Gifts of Thy hand.
fruits be seen! May ev - ery tongue Be tuned to praise, And join to raise A grate - ful song.
glo - rious band; A count-less throng, Ev - er to sing To heav'n's high King Sal - va - tion's song.

## God Bless Our Native Land.—Concluded.


tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
ev - er nigh, Guarding with watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

## 278 We give Thee but Thine Own.

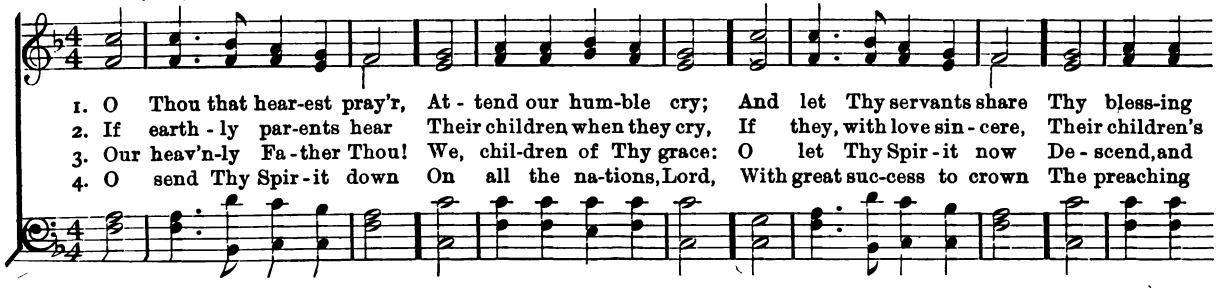
Bp. William Walsham How (1823— ), 1864. "ST. THOMAS." George Frederick Handel (1685—1759). Coll. by Aaron Williams (1731—1776), 1762.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be: All that we have is
2. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe, To tend the lone and
Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
fa-ther-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.

3 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

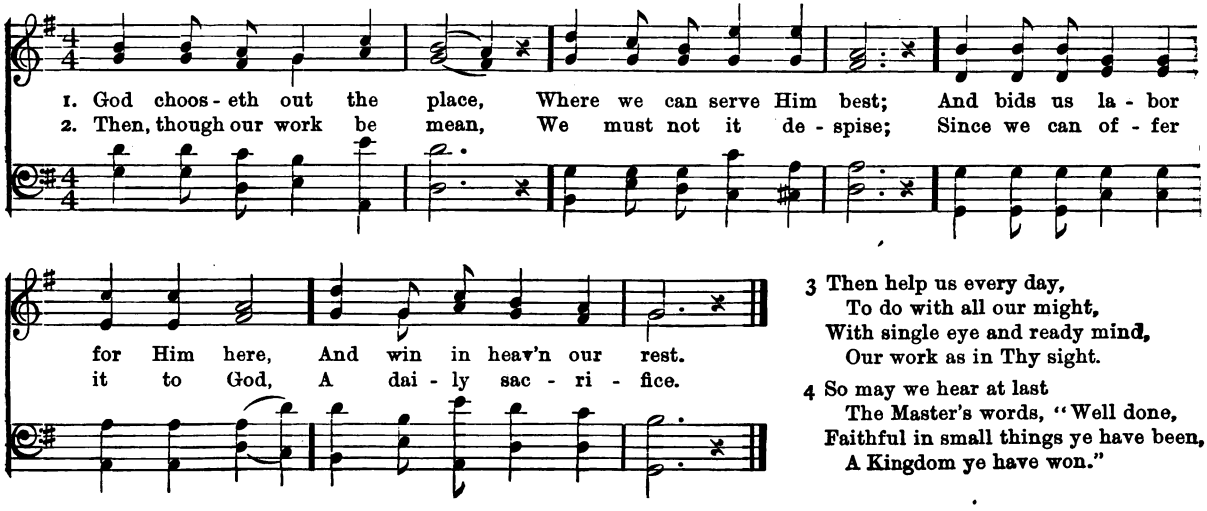
4 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

## 279 O Thou that Hearest Prayer.

John Burton, Jr. (1803—1877), 1824. "ZEBULON." Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1830.


1. O Thou that hear-est pray'r, At-tend our hum-ble cry; And let Thy servants share Thy bless-ing
2. If earth-ly par-ents hear Their children when they cry, If they, with love sin-cere, Their children's
3. Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther Thou! We, chil-dren of Thy grace: O let Thy Spir-it now De-scend, and
4. O send Thy Spir-it down On all the na-tions, Lord, With great suc-cess to crown The preaching

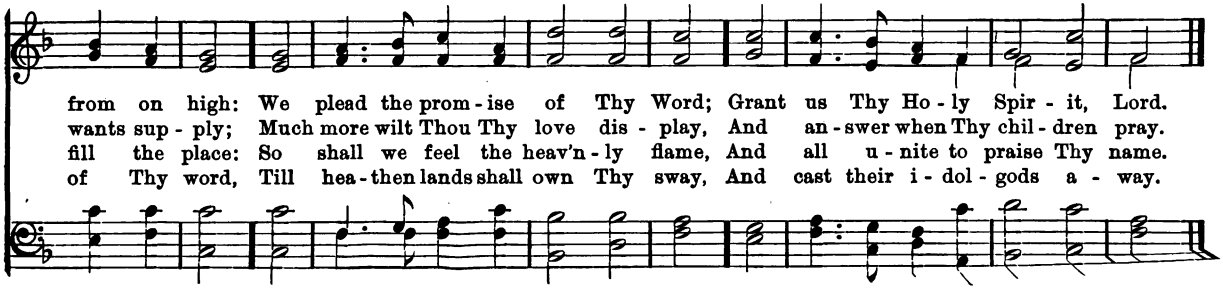
# 280 God Chooseth out the Place.

Miss Esther Wiglesworth (1827— ). "CARY." Fr. Ludwig Spohr (1784—1859).

1. God choos - eth out the place, Where we can serve Him best; And bids us la - bor
2. Then, though our work be mean, We must not it de - spise; Since we can of - fer
for Him here, And win in heav'n our rest.
it to God, A dai - ly sac - ri - fice.

3 Then help us every day,
To do with all our might,
With single eye and ready mind,
Our work as in Thy sight.

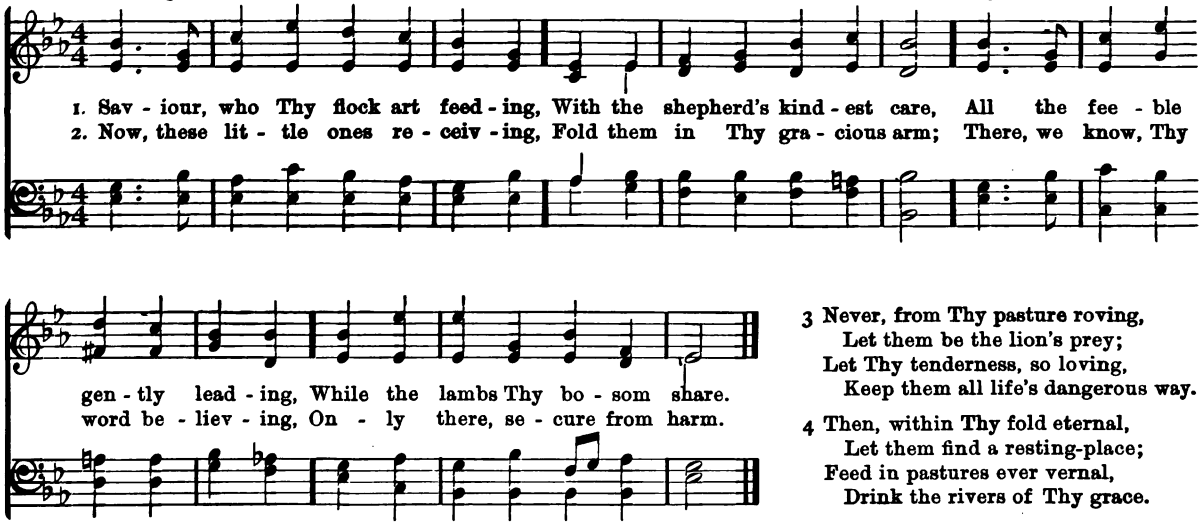
4 So may we hear at last
The Master's words, "Well done,
Faithful in small things ye have been,
A Kingdom ye have won."

## O Thou that Hearest Prayer.—Concluded.


from on high: We plead the prom - ise of Thy Word; Grant us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.
wants sup - ply; Much more wilt Thou Thy love dis - play, And an - swer when Thy chil - dren pray.
fill the place: So shall we feel the heav'n - ly flame, And all u - nite to praise Thy name.
of Thy word, Till hea - then lands shall own Thy sway, And cast their i - dol - gods a - way.

## 281 Saviour, who Thy Flock art Feeding.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg (1796—1877), 1826. "OSWALD." Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823—1876), 1860.

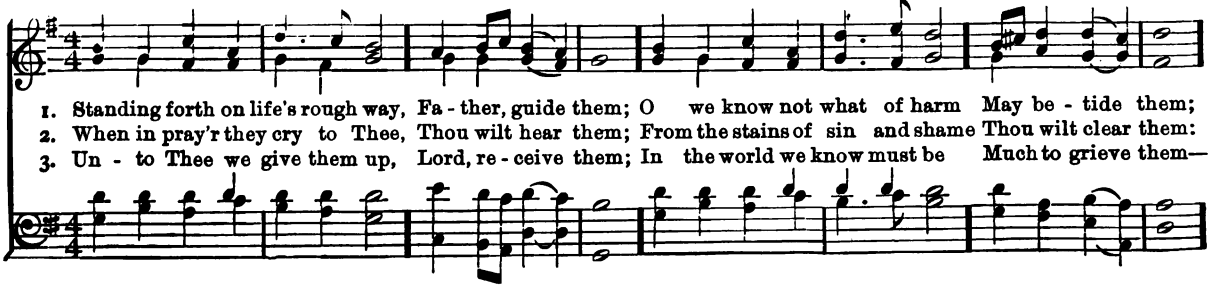

1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm; There, we know, Thy
gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.
word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

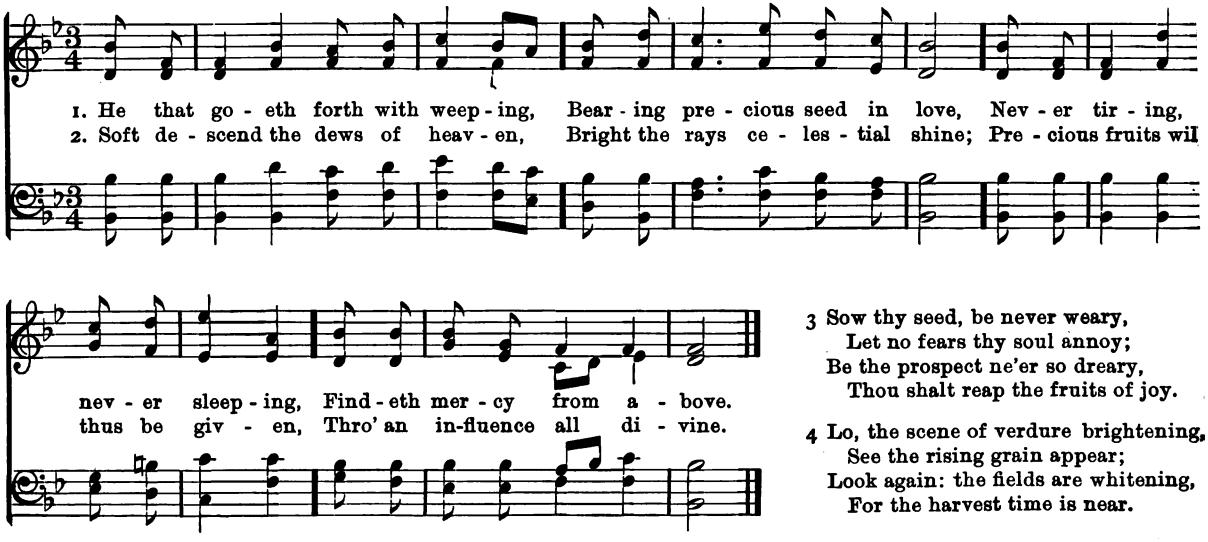
## 282 Standing forth on Life's Rough Way.

William Cullen Bryant (1794—1878), 1878. "PRINCETHORPE." William Pitts.


1. Standing forth on life's rough way, Fa - ther, guide them; O we know not what of harm May be - tide them;
2. When in pray'r they cry to Thee, Thou wilt hear them; From the stains of sin and shame Thou wilt clear them:
3. Un - to Thee we give them up, Lord, re - ceive them; In the world we know must be Much to grieve them—

# 283 He that Goeth forth with Weeping.

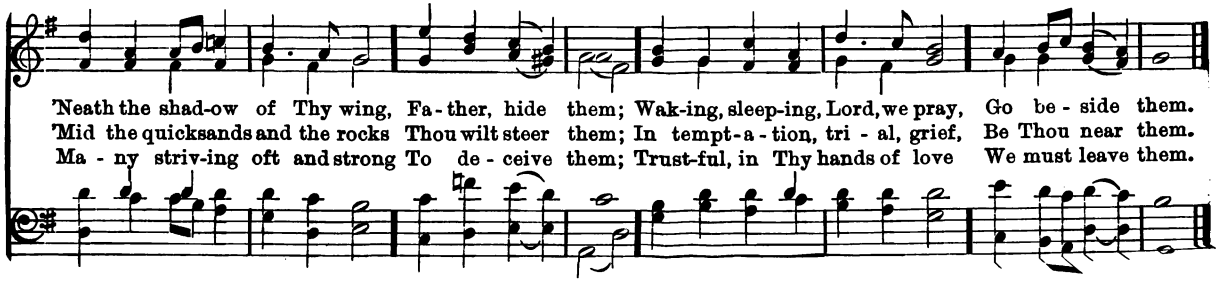
Thmas Hastings (1874—1872), 1836. "STOCKWELL." Rev. Darius Eliot Jones (1815— ), 1848.


1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing,
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine; Pre - cious fruits wil
nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
thus be giv - en, Thro' an in-fluence all di - vine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

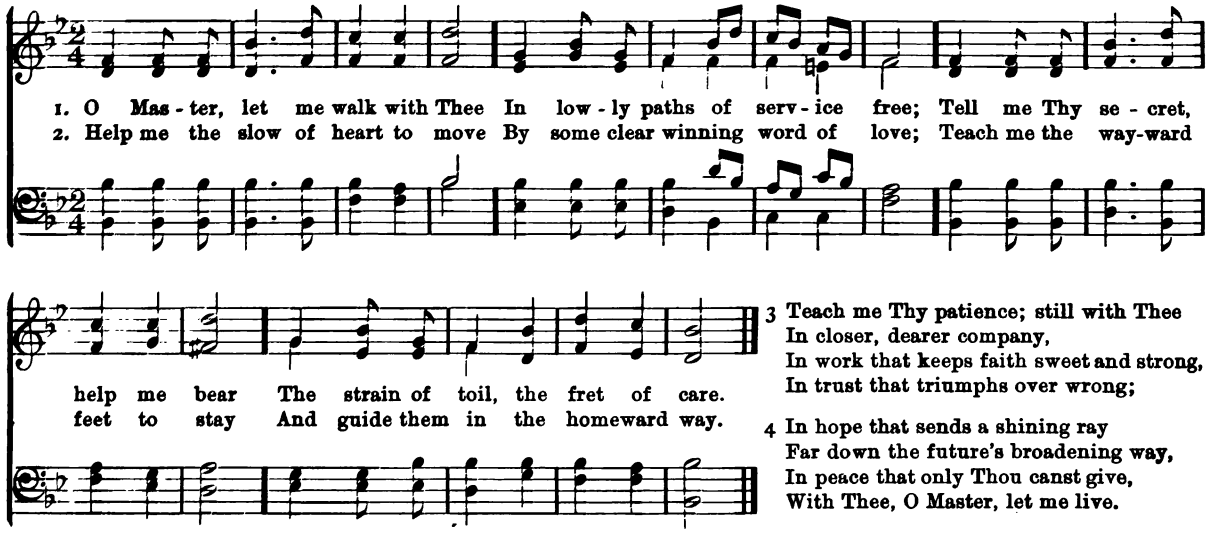
4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

## Standing forth on Life's Rough Way.—Concluded.


'Neath the shad-ow of Thy wing, Fa-ther, hide them; Wak-ing, sleep-ing, Lord, we pray, Go be - side them.
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks Thou wilt steer them; In tempt-a-tion, tri - al, grief, Be Thou near them.
Ma - ny striv-ing oft and strong To de - ceive them; Trust-ful, in Thy hands of love We must leave them.

## 284 O Master, let Me Walk with Thee.

Rev. Washington Gladden (1836— ), 1879. "WELTON." Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan (1787—1864), 1830.

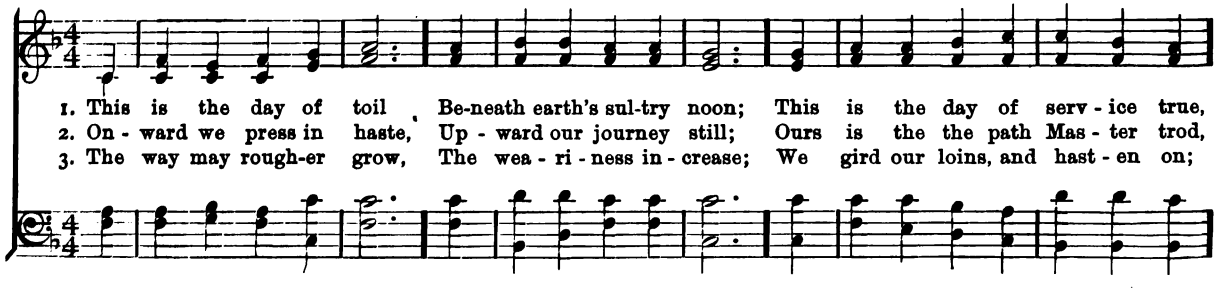

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret,
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love; Teach me the way-ward
help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
feet to stay And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

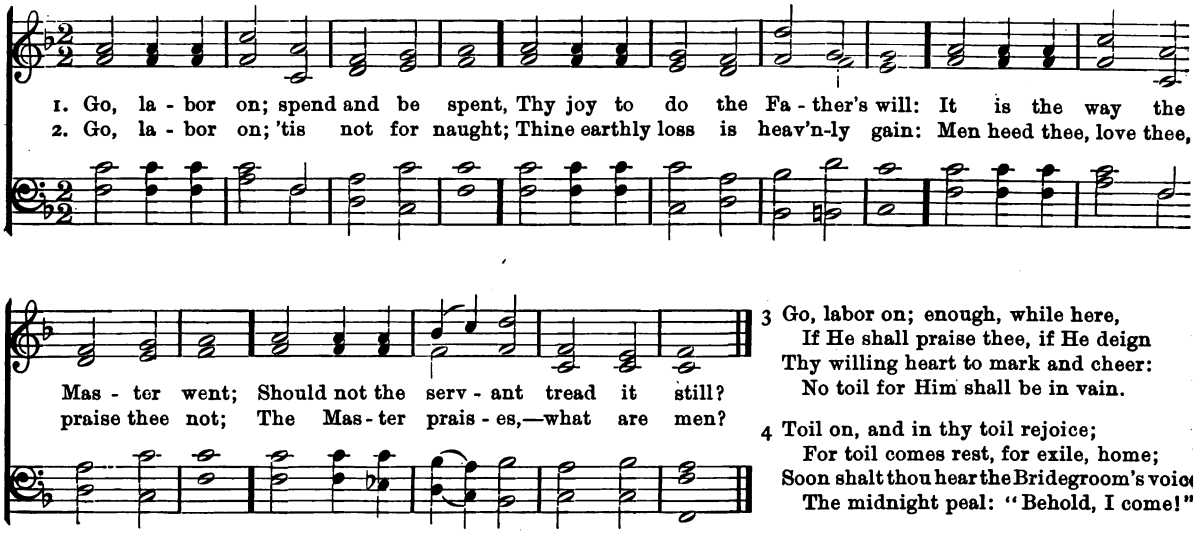
4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

## 285 This is the Day of Toil.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1866. "PILGRIMAGE." Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842— ).

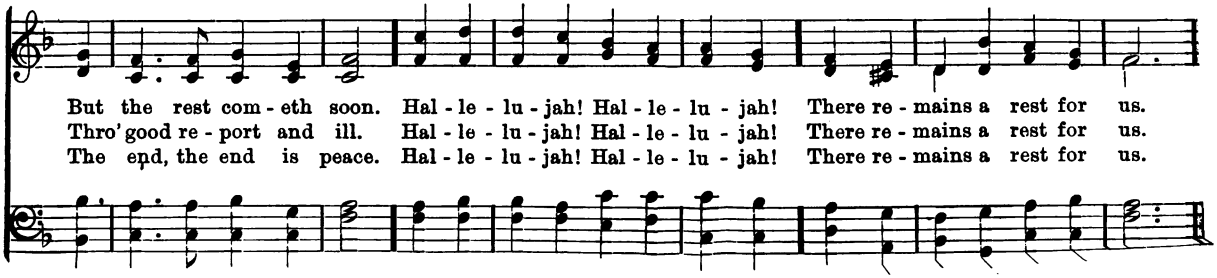

1. This is the day of toil Be-neath earth's sul-try noon; This is the day of serv - ice true,
2. On - ward we press in haste, Up - ward our journey still; Ours is the the path Mas - ter trod,
3. The way may rough-er grow, The wea - ri - ness in - crease; We gird our loins, and hast - en on;

# 286 Go, Labor On; Spend and be Spent.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1843. "BISHOP." Joseph Perry Holbrook (1822—1888), 1862.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will: It is the way the
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain: Men heed thee, love thee,
Mas - ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es,—what are men?

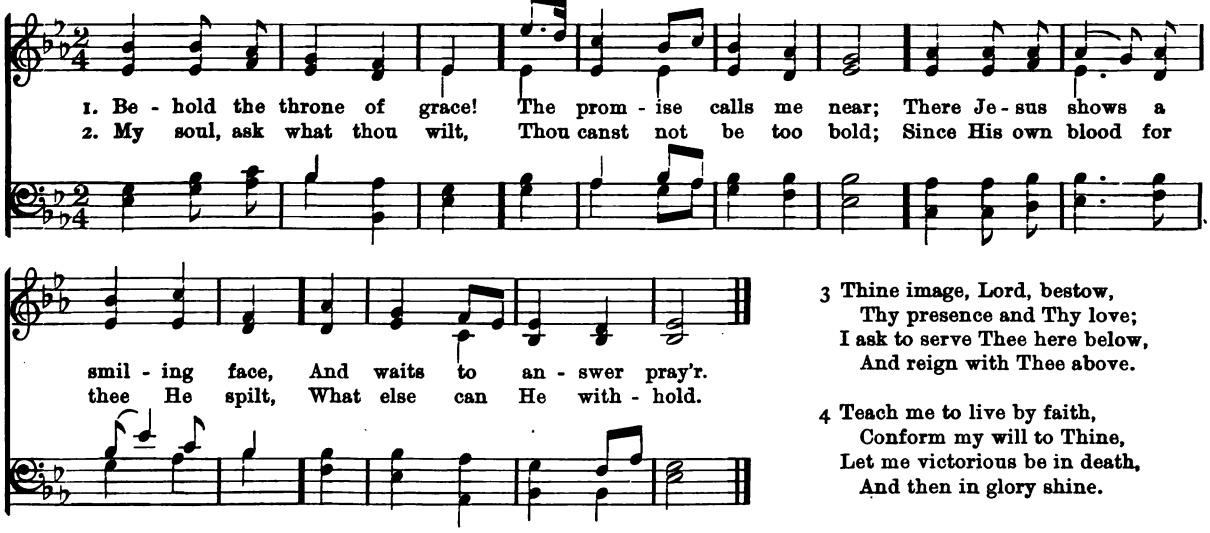
3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

## This is the Day of Toil.—Concluded.

But the rest com - eth soon. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! There re - mains a rest for us.
Thro' good re - port and ill. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! There re - mains a rest for us.
The end, the end is peace. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! There re - mains a rest for us.

## 287 Behold the Throne of Grace.

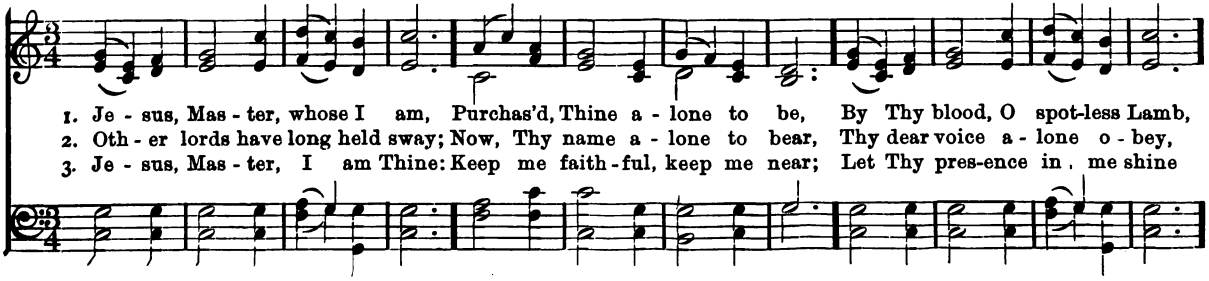
Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. "MORNINGTON." Garret Colley Wellesley (1735—1781), 1760. Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1822.


1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near; There Je - sus shows a
2. My soul, ask what thou wilt, Thou canst not be too bold; Since His own blood for
smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
thee He spilt, What else can He with - hold.

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

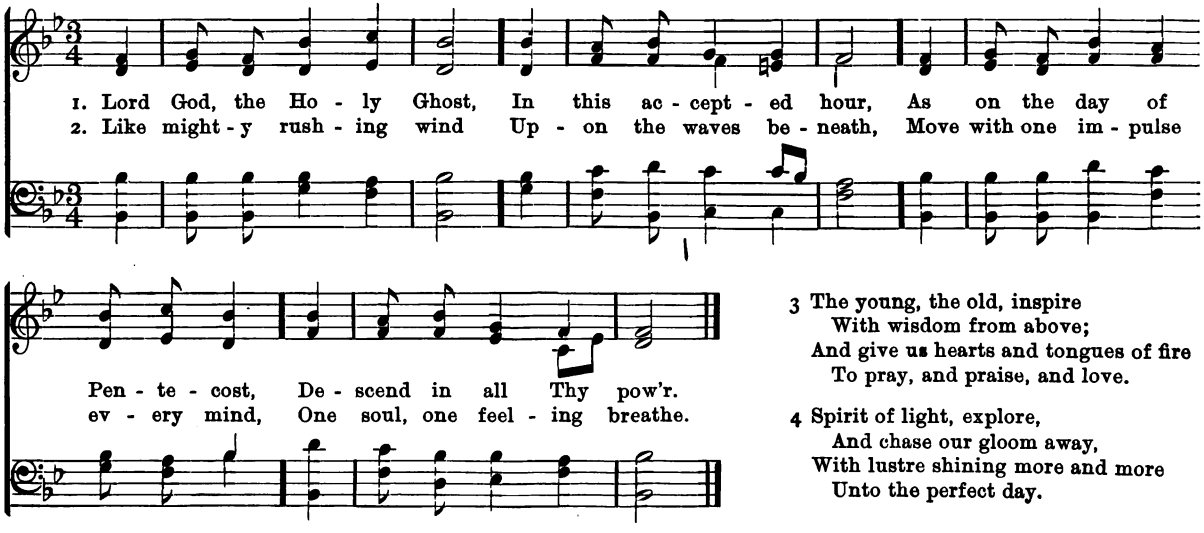
4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

## 288 Jesus, Master, Whose I Am.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), 1865. "SERVICE." Arr. fr. Dimitri Bortinianski (1752—1825).

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchas'd, Thine a - lone to be, By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb,
2. Oth - er lords have long held sway; Now, Thy name a - lone to bear, Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey,
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine: Keep me faith - ful, keep me near; Let Thy pres-ence in me shine

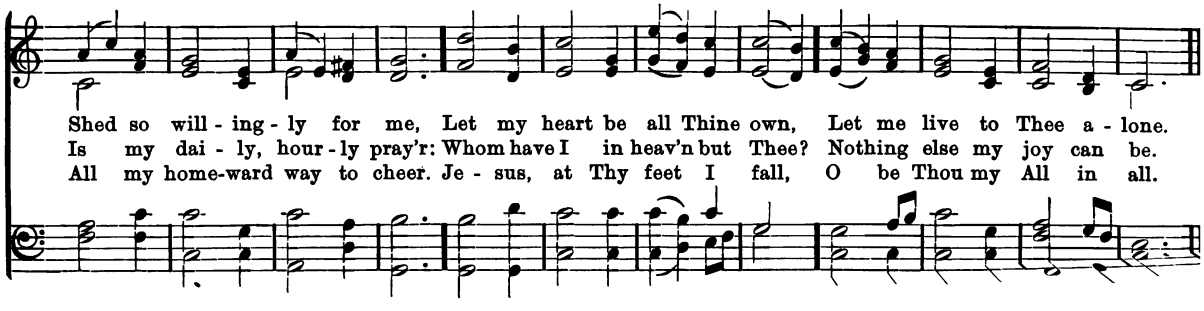
# 289 Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825. "OLMUTZ." Gregorian. Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792—1872), 1832.


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As on the day of
2. Like might - y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath, Move with one im - pulse
Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r.
ev - ery mind, One soul, one feel - ing breathe.

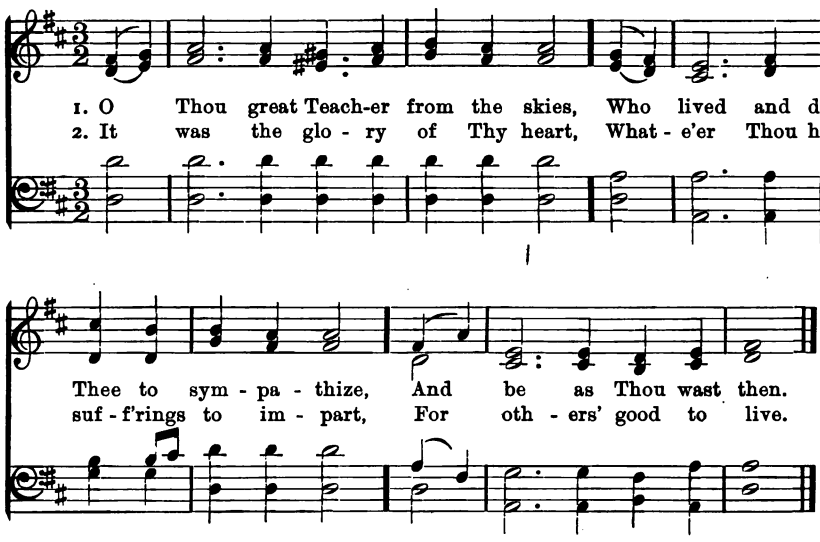
3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

## Jesus, Master, Whose I Am.—Concluded.

Shed so will - ing - ly for me, Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Is my dai - ly, hour - ly pray'r: Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.
All my home-ward way to cheer. Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O be Thou my All in all.

## 290 O Thou Great Teacher from the Skies.

Thomas Cogswell Upham (1799—1872), 1872. "COOLING." Alonzo Judson Abbey (1825— ), 1868.

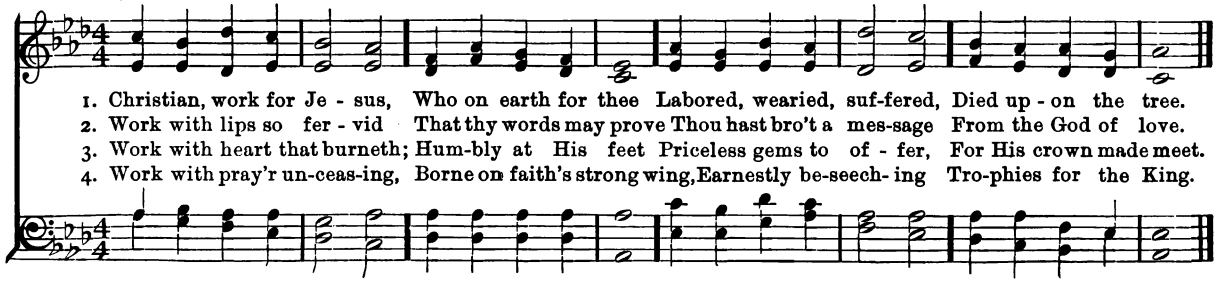

1. O Thou great Teach-er from the skies, Who lived and died for men; Teach us with
2. It was the glo - ry of Thy heart, What - e'er Thou hadst to give; For oth - ers'
Thee to sym - pa - thize, And be as Thou wast then.
suf - f'rings to im - part, For oth - ers' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;
Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

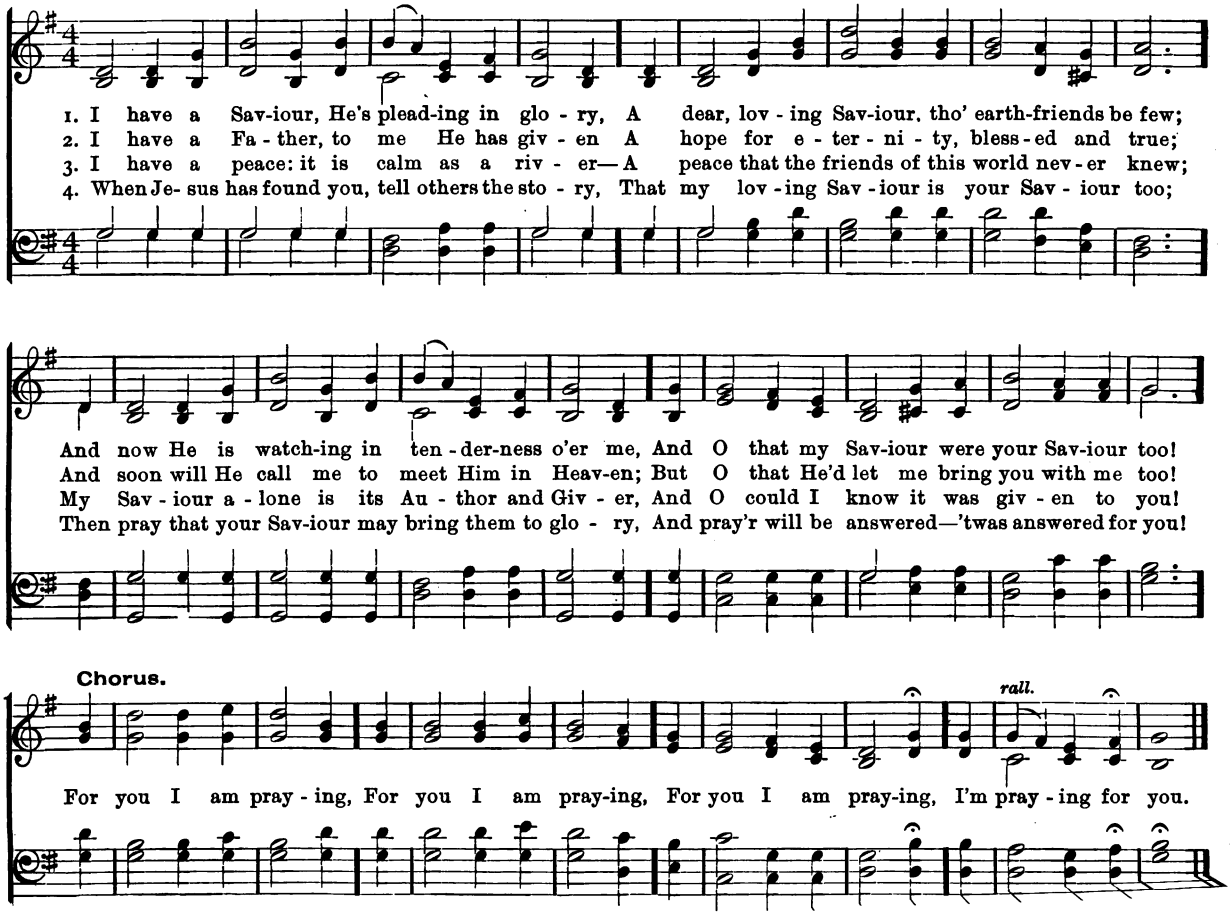
## 291 Christian, Work for Jesus.

Miss Mary Haslock, 1887. "CASTLE EDEN." R. W. Dixon.

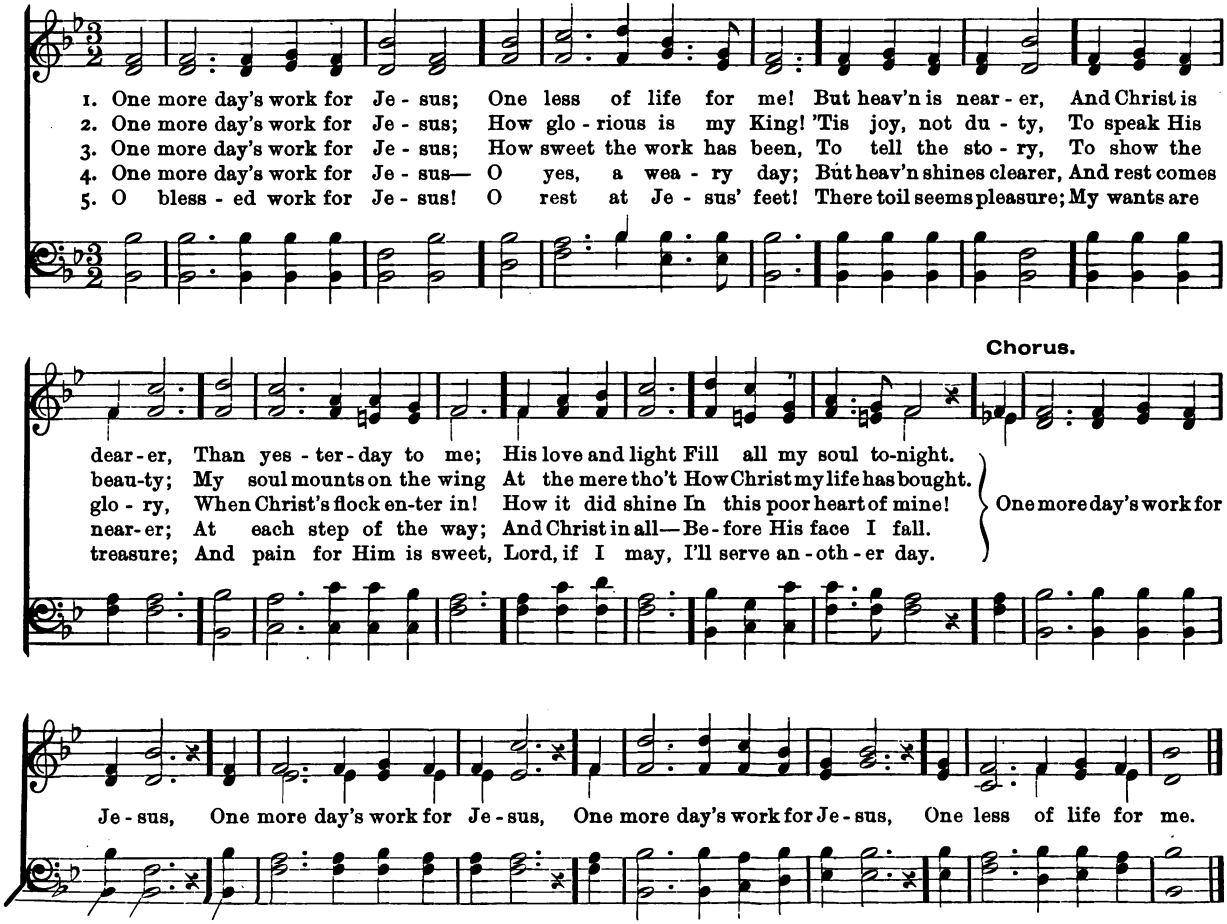

1. Christian, work for Je - sus, Who on earth for thee Labored, wearied, suf-fered, Died up - on the tree.
2. Work with lips so fer - vid That thy words may prove Thou hast bro't a mes-sage From the God of love.
3. Work with heart that burneth; Hum-bly at His feet Priceless gems to of - fer, For His crown made meet.
4. Work with pray'r un-ceas-ing, Borne on faith's strong wing, Earnestly be-seech- ing Tro-phies for the King.

# 292 I have a Saviour, He's Pleading in Glory.

S. O'Maley Cluff. "CLUFF." Ira D. Sankey (1840— ).


1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few;
2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true;
3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew;
4. When Je- sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too;
And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
And soon will He call me to meet Him in Heav-en; But O that He'd let me bring you with me too!
My Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!
Then pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
Chorus.
rall.
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

# 293 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1869. "PLAINFIELD." By per. Rev. Robert Lowry (1826— ), 1869.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus— O yes, a wea - ry day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes
5. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure; My wants are
Chorus.
dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
glo - ry, When Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
near - er; At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Be - fore His face I fall.
treasure; And pain for Him is sweet, Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
One more day's work for
Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

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| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| A Child this day is born | 61 | | S. M. & Chorus. |
| A few more years shall roll | 270 | Chalvey | S. M. D. |
| A fitly spoken word | 216 | Carlisle | S. M. |
| Above the clear blue sky | 8 | Children's Voices | 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. |
| Above yon clear blue sky | 53 | Nearer Home | S. M. D. |
| Again the morn of gladness | 41 | Wir Pflügen | 7s, 6s. 12 lines. |
| Again returns the day of holy rest | 39 | Ellers | 10s. |
| Ah, Christian, if the needy poor | 218 | Bethlehem | P. M. |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name | 25 | Miles Lane | C. M. |
| Angels, from the realms of glory | 56 | Regent Square | 8s, 7s, 4. |
| Angel voices ever singing | 6 | Angel Voices | 8,5,8,5,8,4,3. |
| Another year is dawning | 271 | Vesper | 7,6,7,6. |
| Around the throne of God in heaven | 249 | Children's praises | C. M. & Chorus. |
| Art thou weary, art thou languid | 124 | Geneva, Stephanos | 8,5,8,3. |
| As helpless as a child who clings | 171 | Herzog | C. M. D. |
| As to His earthly parents' home | 84 | St. Agnes | C. M. |
| As with gladness men of old | 68 | Epsom College | 7s. 6 lines. |
| At even, ere the sun was set | 78 | Sunset | L. M. D. |
| Awake, glad soul! awake | 89 | | C. M. D. |
| Before the Lord we bow | 277 | Darwall | 6s & 4s. 8 lines. |
| Behold, a Stranger at the door | 120 | Zephyr | L. M. |
| Behold the throne of grace | 287 | Mornington | C. M. |
| Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine | 142 | Assurance | P. M. |
| Break Thou the bread of life | 112 | Bread of Life | 6s, 4s. D. |
| Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest | 157 | Schell | 10,10,11,12. |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the morning | 67 | St. Ninian | 11,10,11,10. |
| Brightly gleams our banner | 159 | St. Theresa | 6s, 5s. 12 lines. |
| Brother, though from yonder sky | 235 | Vienna | 7s. |
| Calm on the listening ear of night | 63 | Carol | C. M. D. |
| Carol, sweetly carol | 65 | Carol, Sweetly Carol | P. M. |
| Childhood's years are passing o'er us | 189 | Weston | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day | 90 | Easter Hymn | 7s, 4s. |
| Christian, work for Jesus | 291 | Castle Eden | 6s, 5s. |
| Come, children, lift your voices | 259 | Harvest | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Come! come! Jesus is calling | 116 | Jesus is Calling | P. M. |
| Come, dear children, Jesus calls you | 121 | | 8,6,8,3. |
| Come forth, come forth, brave reapers | 263 | Harvest Carol | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Come, let us join our cheerful songs | 94 | Nativity | C. M. |
| Come, let us sing of Jesus | 141 | Savoy Chapel | 7s, 6s. D. |

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| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Come, praise your Lord and Saviour | 18 | Ellacombe | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Come, Thou Almighty King | 10 | Italian Hymn | 6s, 4s. |
| Come to Jesus, little one | 119 | St. Piran | 7s, 5s. |
| Come to the Saviour now | 114 | Invitation | 6s. D. |
| Come unto Me, ye weary | 135 | Messiah | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Come, ye thankful people, come | 261 | St. George's | 7s. D. |
| Crown Him with many crowns | 93 | Diadem ata | S. M D. |
| Day by day the manna fell | 173 | Theodora | 7s. |
| Day by day we magnify Thee | 14 | Day by Day | 8s, 7s. |
| Dear Jesus, ever at my side | 181 | St. Agnes | C. M. |
| Each little flower that opens | 256 | Eden | 7s, 6s. |
| Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord | 103 | Emmanuel | C. M. |
| Ever would I fain be reading | 113 | | 8s, 7s. |
| Every morning the red sun | 255 | Londonderry | 7s, 5s, 7. |
| Fair waved the golden corn | 146 | Chiselhurst | S. M. |
| Far out on the desolate billow | 180 | Never Alone | 9s, 6s & Chorus. |
| Father, Holy Father | 20 | Bourne | 6s, 5s. |
| Father, I know that all my life | 174 | St. Bede | C. M. 6 lines. |
| Fierce was the wild billow | 196 | Rossini | 6s, 4s. D. |
| Fill Thou my life, O Lord, my God | 47 | Springtime | C. M. |
| Fling out the banner, let it float | 232 | Ensign | L. M. |
| For all the little children | 205 | Children's Crown | 7s, 6s. D. |
| For the beauty of the earth | 252 | Pentecost | 7s. 6 lines. |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace | 267 | Ferrier | 7s. |
| Forward, be our watchword | 160 | St. Boniface | 6s, 5s. 12 lines. |
| From Greenland's icy mountains | 226 | Missionary Hymn | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Gentle Jesus, meek and mild | 192 | Dijon | 7s. |
| Gently think and gently speak | 194 | Justin | 7s. |
| Give Thou thy youth to God | 118 | Newland | S. M. |
| Glory and praise and honor | 9 | | 7s, 6s. |
| Glory be to the Father | 7 | Gloria Patri | Chant. |
| Glory to the Father give | 23 | Innocents | 7s. |
| Go forward, Christian soldier | 163 | Webb | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Go labor on; spend and be spent | 286 | Bishop | L. M. |
| Go when the morning shineth | 204 | Genesis | 7s, 6s. D. |
| God be with you till we meet again | 29 | Parting Hymn | P. M. |
| God bless our native land | 276 | Dort | 6s, 4s. |
| God chooseth out the place | 280 | Cary | S. M. |
| God hath sent His angels | 88 | | 11s & Chorus. |
| God is love, that anthem olden | 54 | Sarum Hymnal, 244 | P. M. |
| God make my life a little light | 208 | Holy Cross | C. M. |
| God of heaven, hear our singing | 231 | Oswald | 8s, 7s. |

# GENERAL INDEX.


| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| God of mercy, God of grace | 50 | Dix | 7s. 6 lines. |
| God who hath made the daisies | 52 | Cushman | 7s, 6s. D. |
| God who made the earth | 51 | Beechwood | 5,6,6,4. |
| God will take care of you | 175 | Church Songs | 10s. |
| Golden harps are sounding | 92 | St. Alban | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd | 186 | Closter | 8s, 7s. 6 lines. |
| Gracious Spirit, Dove divine | 101 | Paraclete | 7s. |
| Gracious Spirit, dwell with me | 98 | Kelso | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Great God, with wonder and with praise | 111 | Eventide | C. M. |
| Hail the day that sees Him rise | 95 | Ascension | 7s, with Alleluia. |
| Hail to the Lord's Anointed | 228 | Westwood | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling | 238 | Pilgrims | P. M. |
| Hark, the song of jubilee | 233 | Onido | 7s. D. |
| He that goeth forth with weeping | 283 | Stockwell | 8s, 7s. |
| Heavenly Father, God alone | 265 | Harvest Carol | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing | 38 | Bethany | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest | 250 | Clare Market | 11s. 10s. |
| Holy Bible, book divine | 110 | University College | 7s. |
| Holy Father, hear my cry | 131 | Cyprus | 7s. |
| Holy Ghost, the Infinite | 105 | Septem Voces | 7,7,7,5. |
| Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty | 2 | Nicæa | P. M. |
| Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain | 260 | Blessed Saviour | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Holy Spirit, hear us | 104 | Lyndhurst | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Hosanna we sing, like the children dear | 69 | Hosanna we sing | P. M. |
| How blest are they who strive | 225 | Greenwood | S. M. |
| How blest the righteous when he dies | 236 | Rest | L. M. |
| How dearly God must love us | 168 | Leavitt | 7s, 6s. D. |
| How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky | 86 | Beethoven | 11s. |
| How precious is the book divine | 107 | Bethlehem | C. M. D. |
| Hushed was the evening hymn | 109 | St. Maura | 6,6.6,6,8,8. |
| I bring my sins to Thee | 128 | St. Maura | 6,6.6,6,8,8. |
| I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory | 292 | Cluff | P. M. |
| I heard the voice of Jesus say | 134 | Iona | C. M. D. |
| I lay my sins on Jesus | 140 | Homeland | 7s, 6s. D. |
| I love to hear the story | 139 | Angel's Story | 7s, 6s. D. |
| I need Thee, precious Jesus | 133 | St. George's, Bolton | 7s, 6s. D. |
| I think when I read that sweet story of old | 83 | Judea | P. M. |
| If I come to Jesus | 123 | | 6s, 5s. D. |
| I'm but a stranger here | 158 | Heaven is my Home | 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4. |
| In our work and in our play | 193 | St. Salvador | 7s. |
| In the fields with their flocks abiding | 57 | In the Fields | P. M. |
| In the vineyard of our Father | 211 | Paddock | 8s, 7s. 6 lines. |
| *It came* upon the midnight clear | 62 | | C. M. D. |

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| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| I've found a Friend, O such a Friend | 137 | Constance | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Jerusalem, the golden | 240 | Ewing | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Jesus, from Thy throne on high | 201 | Children's Litany | 7s. |
| Jesus, I live to Thee | 149 | Earl | S. M. |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul | 169 | Hollingside | 7s. D. |
| Jesus, Master whom I serve | 213 | Child's Book of Praise, No. 11 | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Jesus, Master whose I am | 288 | Service | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Jesus, Name of wondrous love | 72 | Tichfield | 7s. D. |
| Jesus, Saviour, pilot me | 182 | Pilot | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun | 230 | Missionary Chant | L. M. |
| Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me | 33 | St. Sylvester | 8s, 7s. |
| Jesus, we love to meet | 45 | Beechcroft | 6s. D. |
| Just as I am, without one plea | 136 | St. Crispin | L. M. |
| Kind words can never die | 188 | Kind Words | P. M. |
| Lead, kindly light | 155 | Lux Benigna | 10,4,10,4,10,10. |
| Let children proclaim their Saviour and King | 74 | Lyons | 10s, 11s. |
| Let me learn of Jesus | 81 | Eudoxia | 6s, 5s. |
| Light of light, enlighten me | 3 | Lux Lucis | P. M. |
| Little children, Advent bids you | 58 | St. Casimir | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Little children, come to Jesus | 115 | Warner | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Little drops of water | 191 | | 6s, 5s. |
| Lo, He comes with clouds descending | 97 | Cum Nubibus | 8s, 7s. 6 lines. |
| Looking upward every day | 197 | | 7s, 6s. |
| Lord God, the Holy Ghost | 289 | Olmutz | S. M. |
| Lord, have mercy upon us | 17 | Response | P. M. |
| Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice | 108 | St. Ann | C. M. |
| Lord, I have sinned, but pardon me | 125 | Holy Cross | C. M. |
| Lord, I'm trusting, Lord, I'm hoping | 187 | Trusting | P. M. |
| Lord, lead the way the Saviour went | 214 | Southport | C. M. |
| Lord of my life, whose tender care | 36 | Wessex | 8,6,8,6,8,8. |
| Lord, speak to me, that I may speak | 219 | | L. M. D. |
| Lord, this day Thy children meet | 46 | St. Bees | 7s. |
| Lord, Thou hast taught our hearts to glow | 206 | St. Leonard | C. M. D. |
| Lord, Thy children lowly bending | 11 | | 8,5,8,5,8,7. |
| Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven | 5 | Faben | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Lord, Thy mercy now entreating | 126 | | 8s, 7s. |
| Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing | 221 | Rex Gloriæ | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Lord, Who hast made me Thy dear child | 129 | Lambeth | C. M. |
| Love Divine, all love excelling | 100 | Beecher | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Loving Saviour, Thou art calling | 147 | | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Loving Saviour, we Thy children | 223 | Dulce Sonans | 8s, 5s. |
| Low at Thy piercéd feet | 143 | | 6,4,6,4,6,6,4,4. |

| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Make use of me, my God | 210 | Zurich | S. M. |
| Mercy, O Thou Son of David | 82 | Dornance | 8s, 7s. |
| My country 'tis of thee | 275 | America | 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. |
| My days are gliding swiftly by | 247 | Shining Shore | 8s, 7s. D. |
| My dear Redeemer and my Lord | 76 | Hamburg | L. M. |
| My faith looks up to Thee | 178 | Olivet | 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. |
| My God, is any hour so sweet | 202 | Almsgiving | 8,4,8,4. |
| My God, my King | 1 | Bracondale | C. M. |
| My hope is built on nothing less | 145 | Stella | 8s. 6 lines. |
| Nearer, my God, to Thee | 176 | Bethany | 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4. |
| No, not despairingly | 127 | Bethel | 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. |
| No room within the dwelling | 55 | Barton | P. M. |
| Now a new year opens | 272 | Eudoxia | 6s, 5s. |
| Now God be with us | 35 | Flemming | 11,11,11,5. |
| Now that the daylight fills the sky | 19 | | L. M. |
| Now the day is over | 37 | Merrial | 6s, 5s. |
| Now, when the dusky shades of night | 26 | Laus Matutina | 11s, 10s. |
| O come to the merciful Saviour | 122 | Koschat | P. M. |
| O day of rest and gladness | 42 | Mendebras | 7s, 6s. |
| O for the death of those | 237 | Gorton | S. M. |
| O have you not heard of a beautiful stream | 245 | Beautiful Stream | P. M. |
| O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me | 190 | Beatitude | C. M. |
| O Jesus, I have promised | 152 | Richards | 7s, 6s. D. |
| O Jesus, Thou art standing | 132 | St. Hilda | 7s, 6s. D. |
| O let us all rejoicing | 262 | Harvest Carol | 7s, 6s. D. |
| O Lord of heaven and earth and sea | 48 | Almsgiving | 8,8,8,4. |
| O Master, let me walk with Thee | 284 | Welton | L. M. |
| O mother dear, Jerusalem | 241 | Caldwill | C. M. D. |
| O Paradise! O Paradise! | 246 | Paradise | C. M. & Chorus. |
| O the bitter shame and sorrow | 150 | St. Jude | 8,7,8,8,7. |
| O Thou great Teacher from the skies | 290 | Cooling | C. M. |
| O Thou that hearest prayer | 279 | Zebulon | H. M. |
| O what can little hands do? | 209 | Grace | P. M. |
| O where is He that trod the sea | 77 | Varina | C. M. D. |
| On our way rejoicing | 32 | | 6s, 5s. D. |
| One more day's work for Jesus | 293 | Plainfield | P. M. |
| One there is above all others | 75 | Gounod | 8,7,8.7,7,7. |
| Only a word for the Master | 215 | Ernesta | 8,7,9,9,7,7. |
| Onward, Christian soldiers | 161 | Gertrude | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed | 99 | St. Cuthbert | 8,6,8,4. |
| Our country's voice is pleading | 227 | Lancashire | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Our Father, Who art in heaven | 13 | Gregorian | Chant. |
| Praise, O praise our God and King | 269 | Monkland | 7s. |

# GENERAL INDEX.


| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire | 198 | Belmont | C. M. |
| Ring, ring the bells | 66 | Christmas Bells | C. M. & Refrain. |
| Ring the joy-bells, Christ has risen | 91 | | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me | 170 | Rock of Ages, Toplady | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Sadly bend the flowers | 177 | Trust | 6s, 5s, 6. |
| Saints of God, the dawn is brightening | 224 | Regent Square | 8s, 7s. 6 lines. |
| Saviour, again to Thy dear name | 38 | Pax Dei | 10s. |
| Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us | 156 | Wildersmouth | 8,7,8,7,8,3. |
| Saviour, now the day is ending | 30 | Gounod | 8,7,8,7,7,7. |
| Saviour, teach me day by day | 148 | Gibson | 7s. D. |
| Saviour, while my heart is tender | 144 | Children's Prayer | 8s, 7s. |
| Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding | 281 | Oswald | 8s, 7s. |
| See, amid the winter's snow | 60 | Mitchell | 7s & Chorus. |
| See Israel's gentle Shepherd | 80 | Louise | C. M. |
| Shepherd, sweet and fair | 199 | Alleluia | 8s, 7s. 6 lines. |
| Sing a hymn to Jesus | 172 | Deva | 6s, 5s. 12 lines. |
| Singing for Jesus | 16 | Singing for Jesus | 10s. |
| Sing to the heart of Jesus | 79 | Heart of Jesus | 7s, 6s & Refrain. |
| Sinners Jesus will receive | 130 | Glastonbury | 7s. 6 lines. |
| Soldiers true and faithful | 220 | Ralph | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Songs of praise the angels sang | 4 | Honiton | 7s. D. |
| Spirit blest, who art adored | 203 | Evelyn | 7,7,7,6. |
| Stand up, stand up for Jesus | 164 | Unseld | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Standing at the portal of the opening year | 273 | New Year | 6s, 5s. 12 lines. |
| Standing forth on life's rough way | 282 | Princethorpe | 7s, 4s. D. |
| Summer suns are glowing | 258 | Ruth | 6s, 5s. D. |
| Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear | 31 | Hursley | L. M. |
| Sweetly dawns the Sabbath morning | 44 | Gebhardt | P. M. |
| Take my life and let it be | 151 | Ellingham | 7s. |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand | 239 | Alford | 7,6,8,6,7,6,8,6. |
| The Church's one Foundation | 229 | Aurelia | 7s, 6s. D. |
| The day is past and over | 24 | Anatolius | 7s, 6s, 8s. |
| The Day of Resurrection | 43 | Miriam | 7s, 6s. D. |
| The glory of the spring | 253 | Burnham Market | C. M. |
| The Homeland, the Homeland | 242 | Homeland | 7s, 6s. D. |
| The joyful morn is breaking | 59 | Christmas Morn | 7s, 6s. D. |
| The King of love my Shepherd is | 183 | Dominus Regit me | 8s, 7s. |
| The Lord be with us as we bend | 34 | Coatham | C. M. |
| The morning bright with rosy light | 22 | Lexden | C. M. |
| The sands of time are sinking | 243 | Rutherford | 7s, 6s. D. |
| The shadows of the evening hours | 27 | St. Leonard | C. M. D. |
| The Son of God goes forth to war | 162 | Cutler | C. M. D. |

# GENERAL INDEX.


| *First Line of Hymn.* | *Number.* | *Name of Tune.* | *Metre.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower | 251. | Raphael | C. M. |
| The world looks very beautiful | 153. | Cliftonville | P. M. |
| There came three kings, ere break of day | 64. | Epiphany | 8,6,8,6,8,8,7. |
| There is a green hill far away | 87. | There is a Green Hill | C. M. |
| There is a happy land, far, far away | 248. | Happy Land | 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4. |
| There is a home where angels dwell | 244. | Gabriel | C. M. D. |
| There is an eye that never sleeps | 200. | Bradfield | C. M. |
| There is no Name so sweet on earth | 70. | The Blessed Name | 8s, 7s. D. |
| There's a Friend for little children | 179. | In Memoriam | 7s, 6s. D. |
| There's a wideness in God's mercy | 49. | | 8s, 7s. D. |
| This is the day of light | 40. | Schumann | S. M. |
| This is the day of toil | 285. | Pilgrimage | 6,6,8,6,8,7. |
| Thou bidst us seek Thee early | 138. | Blairgovie | 7s, 6s. D. |
| Three in One, and One in Three | 21. | Capetown | 7,7,7,5. |
| Thy way, not mine, O Lord | 184. | Lee | 6s. D. |
| Time is winging us away | 268. | Amsterdam | 7s, 6s. D. |
| To Thee, O Comforter divine | 102. | Pietas | 8,8,6. |
| To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise | 264. | Golden Sheaves | 8s, 7s. D. |
| To-day the Saviour calls | 117. | To-day | 6s, 4s. |
| Tossed upon life's raging billow | 234. | Pilgrim | 8s, 7s. D. |
| Trustingly, trustingly, Jesus, to Thee | 185. | Camborne | 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. |
| Up in heaven | 96. | Up in Heaven | 8.7,7,7,5. |
| Upward, where the stars are burning | 12. | Bonar | 8,8,7,8,8,7. |
| We are but little children weak | 207. | | L. M. D. |
| We are soldiers of Christ | 165. | Mont Dol | 12s, 9s. |
| We give Thee but Thine own | 278. | St. Thomas | S. M. |
| We love the good old Bible | 106. | Savoy Chapel | 7s, 6s. D. |
| We march, we march to victory | 166. | Greatheart | P. M. |
| We, O Lord, are little pilgrims | 154. | Little Pilgrims | 8s. 7s. D. |
| We plough the fields and scatter | 257. | Dresden | 7s, 6s. D. & Refrain. |
| We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth | 254. | Morning Hymn | L. M. |
| We'll bring Him hearts that love Him | 15. | Greenland | 7s, 6s. D. |
| What shall we sing for Sabbath songs | 71. | Cutler | C. M. D. |
| When for some little insult given | 195. | Jerusalem | C. M. |
| When His salvation bringing | 73. | Loretto | 7s, 6s. D. |
| When I survey the wondrous cross | 85. | Doncaster | L. M. |
| While the sun is shining | 212. | Ellwood | 6s, 5s. D. |
| While with ceaseless course the sun | 274. | Benevento | 7s. D. |
| Who is on the Lord's side? | 167. | Armageddon | 6s, 5s. 12 lines. |
| Winter reigneth o'er the land | 266. | Clarence | 7s. D. |
| Work, for the night is coming | 217. | Work | 7,6,7,5. D. |
| Yield not to temptation | 222. | Temptation | P. M. |

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